

















# LACY'S ACTING EDITION

OF

## PLAYS,

DRAMAS, FARCES, EXTRAVAGANZAS,

ETC. ETC.

AS PERFORMED AT THE VARIOUS THEATRES.

### VOLUME 30.

CONTAINING

LIFE'S TRIAL.  
MY FRIEND FROM LEATHERHEAD.  
QUEEN OF ARRAGON.  
SPLENDID INVESTMENT.  
LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS.  
CASTLE SPECTRE.  
KING O'TOOLE'S GOOSE.  
LORD LOVEL & NANCY BELL.  
DON'T LEND YOUR UMBRELLA  
WICKED WIFE.  
QUIET FAMILY.  
CHARLES THE SECOND.  
ATALANTA.  
MOMENTOUS QUESTION.  
ROBERT MACAIRE.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(*Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market*),

LONDON.





# A LIFE'S TRIAL.

An original Drama,

IN THREE ACTS,

BY

BAYLE BERNARD, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF

*"The Evil Genius," "Leon, or The Iron Mask," "The Round of Wrong," "The Passing Cloud," "Lucille," "The Farmer's Story," "St. Mary's Eve," "Marie Ducange," "Robespierre," "His Last Legs," "Irish Attorney," "Nervous Man," "Dumb Belle," "The Boarding School," "Man About Town," "The Middy Ashore," "The Mummy," "Balance of Comfort," "A Splendid Investment," &c. &c.*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,)

LONDON.

## A LIFE'S TRIAL.

*First performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket,  
March, 1857.*

### Characters.

WYNDHAM ( <i>a West Indian</i> ) .....	MR. FARREN.
HAWKSWORTH ( <i>his Friend</i> ) .....	MR. HOWE.
LAMBOURNE ( <i>a Gambler</i> ) .....	MR. E. VILLIERS.
MONTAGUE SPICER ( <i>a natural Man of Fashion</i> ) .....	} MR. BUCKSTONE.
CAPTAIN TATTERS ( <i>of the Company's service</i> ) .....	
HOOKHAM ( <i>a Librarian</i> ) .....	MR. COMPTON.
JOE ( <i>Spicer's Boy</i> ) .....	MR. ROGERS.
CHEEKS ( <i>a Bailiff</i> ) .....	MR. CLARK.
JACOBS .....	MR. BRAID.
ADAMS .....	MR. COE.

*Tradesmen, Gamblers, &c.*

MISS ROCHDALE ( <i>engaged to Wyndham</i> ) .....	MISS REYNOLDS.
ELLEN GRANTLEY ( <i>her Friend</i> ) .....	MISS E. SABINE.
MRS. SPICER .....	MRS. E. FITZWILLIAM.
MADAME RUSPINI .....	MRS. POYNTER.

### Periods, Scenery, &c.

ACT I.—1825.

#### BEACH AT TENBY.

(O'Connor.)

THE CLIFFS NEAR TENBY. MARINE VILLA.

(Callcott.)

(O'Connor.)

ACT II.—1828.

THE "GOLDEN TEA-POT," HOLBORN. (Morris.)

Gray's Inn Passage.—First Floor at the "Golden Tea-pot."

(O'Connor.)

ACTS III. AND IV.—1835.

Old Inn Yard, "The George," Southwark.

(Morris.)

A STREET IN THE BOROUGH.

(Morris.)

VILLA AT RICHMOND (MOONLIGHT).

(Callcott.)

Interior of Villa at Richmond.

(O'Connor.)

Lodgings at Spicer's.

(Morris.)

A WEST END CLUB HOUSE.

(Callcott.)

Costumes—Modern.



# A LIFE'S TRIAL.



## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Beach near Tenby, in South Wales. The town is seen to the L. of the bay; a circulating library, R., with verandah, under which are chairs and tables covered with books, papers, telescopes, &c.; L. 2 E., an old-fashioned tavern, with bow window, table and chairs before it; the sea flows at the back; a yacht is seen at anchor; bathing machines in the distance.*

HOOKHAM comes from the back, L. U. E., with an open newspaper.

HOOK. So here's the county paper, and now what's the news? What more of this panic—this commercial tornado which has blown down half the old houses in England? Any more gone? Yes—one at Bristol, and another at Plymouth—the fourth in the west of England in the course of this week. Phew—what a wreck! Well, goodness be thanked, we're all right at home—the old Carmarthen Bank stands as firmly as ever—the old steady bank of my friend, Colonel Rochdale; and—eh! (*looking off*) here comes his daughter and her young friend from town—she's coming for another volume of Sir Walter Scott's last, so I'll go in and get it—an exquisite girl—a first-rate advertisement—she never comes to my door but I think it's as good to me as five hundred hand bills.

*Exit into library, R.*

MISS ROCHDALE and ELLEN GRANTLY, come from the beach, L. U. E.

ELLEN. And so, here ends our tour.

MISS R. Yes, love, our tour of this little Welsh haven—which presents such a contrast to your great world of London—where, when you are all enlightened, we are still in the dark, and we catch fashions and books a year after they're launched, as the Indians do timber at the mouth of the Amazon.

ELLEN. Well, at least it's antiquity has not touched your spirits—they were never more buoyant.

MISS R. And is there not reason—after all our disquiet, our terror at this panic, which has produced so much ruin. Our only terror now is something under our roof—something that embodies the storm in order to vary it's discipline.

ELLEN. You don't mean Mr. Wyndham?

MISS R. Yes; Mr. Wyndham, that favourite of yours, whose tropical soul is so true to his climate. When the bank was in

danger he wanted to sell his estate, and now the peril's over he's just as uneasy, just as anxious to do or to sacrifice something, which we just as promptly are forced to decline.

ELLEN. And yet, Carry—yet——

Miss R. Why he would have run home to Barbadoes if we had consented, and that the week too I had agreed to a certain happy event—a novel mode, certainly, of showing devotion—we often hear of men carried away by their feelings, but we hardly expect them to go as far as America.

*WYNDHAM is heard L. U. E.*

WYNDHAM. Caroline, Caroline!

Miss R. Now he's been to the post, and if again disappointed, ten to one but he'll talk of an appeal to the Government.

*WYNDHAM comes from the beach, L.*

WYND. Well, Carry, as usual—no letters—no letters, though my factor at Bristol must have had advices last week.

Miss R. But you may hear from him to-morrow. Dear, dear, what a face—what a boon to the tropics, where they're thankful for clouds.

WYND. Now, Carry, don't laugh; the neglect is too shameful.

Miss R. Well, but your misery won't cure his neglect. Really one would think, to judge by your countenance, that your West India property grew nothing but lemons. Where's Mr. Hawksworth?

ELLEN. Mr. Hawksworth!

Miss R. Yes, Ellen; the gentleman we encountered at Baden, last summer, and who's here in his yacht—a great friend of Edward's—they're never apart.

WYND. And nothing so strange, I think, for he's a capital fellow.

Miss R. Well, he's certainly very sensible.

WYND. Yes; and generous to a fault.

Miss R. And yet, with all his good qualities—he has something about him which——

WYND. Which, it's plain, makes you shun him—and what are your reasons?

Miss R. Well now, Ellen, I ask if that's a gallant question?—is a lady bound to give reasons for anything?

WYND. Not for her sympathies, perhaps, but certainly her aversions; and where it's a case that demands one's respect——

Miss R. Respect I admit; but I may be allowed not to like him.

WYND. On condition you'll be good enough to say what you do like.

Miss R. Why, for instance, I like you.

WYND. Being the reverse of my friend.

Miss R. Now, Ellen, did I say that?—did you ever hear such a man? But I see I must run away, or my lamb here is in a humor to change skins with a porcupine. So, Edward, we'll leave you, for we've to go to the cliffs; but we shall see you at dinner, where

you'll bring Mr. Hawksworth, and I shall try to atone—I really feel I ought. I've learnt to like olives, in order to oblige you, and what can there be so unpleasant in him? *They go off, R. 1 M.*

WYNDHAM *sinks into a seat, R.*—HAWKSWORTH *advances from L. U. E.*

HAWKS. No news, I perceive?

WYND. No, Hawksworth, no.

HAWKS. And this remittance, you expect, is rather a large one?

WYND. Yes, 'tis some thousands.

HAWKS. Which I trust I need not say, if it's in my power to manage—

WYND. No, no, Hawksworth, thank you; you've done enough already.

HAWKS. And yet not enough, it seems, to have a claim to your confidence. I've observed for some days you've been sadly cut up, and yet, whatever are your difficulties, if you'd only explain them—

WYND. Mine—they're not mine! But I deserve your reproach, and now will be frank with you. It's the Colonel wants aid.

HAWKS. The Colonel!

WYND. Even he.

HAWKS. You amaze me!

WYND. It's the fact. Though he has stood his ground, this crisis has tried him, and in a couple of months will try him still more;—he has some bills coming due which are unusually heavy. The fact is, he has been dabling in some mines about here, and you know what they are.

HAWKS. Oh yes;—grim mouths, always gaping to swallow more capital.

WYND. So you may judge what I suffer in perceiving his danger, and yet giving no help; for need I say what I owe him—my father's old friend, to whom I was consigned when a boy—who, when I was sent here to college gave me more than his home, who opened his heart to me, could I have had a higher proof of it?—Did he not give me his child?

HAWKS. I feel your case sensibly;—but then what are you to do if this remittance doesn't come, and you require large advances?—West India property is so depreciated of late, your only hope is in other markets—America, for instance—where capital is abundant. But as you're going—(*crosses*) there is a step, which the Colonel and Miss Rochdale would be sure to object to.

WYND. I'd dispense with their consent, if I saw there were grounds for it.

HAWKS. You would?

WYND. Why, of course;—would it be justice to themselves even to pause in that case? No! Shew me it's my duty, and you shall see I respect it.

HAWKS. Well, then, since you say this, I have no hesitation in disclosing some news. I told you I'd a friend who'd gone over to Barbadoes, and with whom I should communicate in regard to your affairs, when you apprized me, some months since, of your straight-



ened position. Well, I've had an answer (*he takes a letter from his pocket*)

WYND. Indeed!

HAWKS. And oddly enough he confirms my advice. He says if you'd go over to Barbadoes in person, he thinks he sees a way of meeting your wishes.

WYND. Is it possible?

HAWKS. There's his letter.

WYND. Hawksworth, this is a service.

HAWKS. Well, well, see if its practicable.

WYND. But not here, I should be interrupted: excuse me, my friend, I'll read this on the beach.

*He rises and goes off with it, R. U. E.*

HAWKS. And read it, to what end? That letter should suffice: it's well considered—comes in time—has every inducement to decide him; and should it succeed, and he return—once home he must remain—his affairs are such a wreck, that years only could retrieve them. Whilst meanwhile, as he has confessed, the Colonel is in need—wants aid which I could give him—I, who am at hand. Why, then, the way would open: I am his friend, and that established—I am the friend also of his child; the casual and cold acquaintance would then become the councillor—the ordinary visitor would grow into the guest—I should share her home, her confidence, would have a claim on her esteem—her esteem, but not her heart! that would still be his. She dreams not of my own—dreams not of the passion that ever heaves into its recesses, as the waves of some abyss down which no sunbeam penetrates. Well, then, in what's my trust?—why Time, the common comforter; the mould of life is circumstance; the hour which changes most things might possibly change her.

TATTERS *enters, L. U. E., with a heavy moustache and whiskers, blue braided coat, &c.*

TATT. Good morning, Mr. Hawksworth.

HAWKS. Ah! good day, Captain, good day.

TATT. Magnificent weather—had your bath, I suppose; anything in the papers? 'spose not, though, 'spose not—all the news, like the oysters, seems to be sent up to town.

HAWKS. Why certainly, certainly!

TATT. Unless it's this panic, and a panic's a thing which we East India fellers don't at all understand—we who've done our work amongst the Burmese and Mahrattas—know the way to Burrumpootah and Mahoolygojaub—market's poor to-day, not a bit of fish in it; and I really don't know how I can dine without fish, I really don't know how I shall manage—to dine.

HAWKS. (*aside*) And now shall I follow him and learn his decision.

TATT. By-the-bye, talking of fish, rather an odd one out yonder wants to see Mr. Wyndham.

HAWKS. Indeed?

TATT. Yes, a person I fancy that's come over from Bristol.

HAWKS. (*aside*) Bristol—there's his factor; what if there should be news for him?

TATT. I heard him enquiring as I passed the hotel, and——

HAWKS. (*aside*) This remittance he expects; why then he defeats me—he remains by their side, and—I have but one chance—to urge his instant departure.

TATT. Any billiards to day?

HAWKS. Billiards—well no, Captain, no I—Captain, my friend Wyndham's engaged just this instant, if you should see this person again would you tell him as much?

TATT. Oh, certainly, certainly.

HAWKS. And say he'll be here shortly. (*aside*) All hangs on a thread—but a moment only is left me, and yet that moment may do much. *He goes off at back, R.*

TATT. Not a shilling from him then—what a miserable place this, not a match to be made with either a man or woman; I'd done Brighton so often, and Ramsgate and Margate, I thought I'd try Wales, and see if there was a chance here of any gentlemanly tastes—or a woman to be found who could make a man comfortable. And I don't ask for much—no youth or beauty, or nonsense of that sort; don't require luxuries—but just a fair temper and two hundred a year—don't even object to a little infirmity, so it's not expensive, something genteel about an invalid wife, and also convenient if she's confined to the house—she can't always be dogging the steps of her husband; and yet, moderate as are my views, here I've only one chance—that Madame Ruspini, that artist on the Terrace, whom every one says makes four guineas a week—so I shall sit to her for my likeness, and perhaps while she's taking me I may do something in the mesmerizing line.

SPICER. (*heard outside, L. U. E.*) Boy, have you seen anything of my curriele about here?

TATT. Halloa, who's this?

SPICER. My curriele, I say, and my scoundrel of a groom?

TATT. Oh, it's this person who wants Mr. Wyndham.

SPICER *enters showily dressed, L. U. E. with eye glass, stick, &c., followed by a Boy.*

SPICER. Haven't seen it, you say?

TATT. Your currycomb, sir?

SPICER. My curriele, sir,

TATT. What be it like, sir?

SPICER. Like, you stupid ass, like a carriage and horses—run, and if you find it I'll give you a shilling.

Boy. Thank'ee, sir, thank'ee.

*He runs off at back, L.*

SPICER. And if you *do* find it I'll give you a pound. I've always observed at these places, that a man goes for nothing unless he's got an establishment—say you've got a curriele and every one looks at you—hopes to get something out of you—mercenary devils, they deserve to be punished; (*aloud*) why where is that fellow, where can he have got to? (*he walks about surveying*)

TATT. (*aside*) It strikes me that this gentleman is something in my line, one of the leech species.

SPICER. Really not a bad place this, not at all a bad place, eh— isn't that Lady Jane Twankington, yonder?

TATT. (*aside*) Well, I'll soon ascertain; seen the London paper, sir?

SPICER. (*turning*) The London paper, no, sir—(*aside*) military I see! a colonel at least; I had once a major-general in my second pair back, and I could swear those moustaches came off the same hide (*he seats himself, L., opening the paper*)

TATT. (*aside*) Plated goods, clearly; a pewter spoon wash'd!

SPICER. Well, who's in town? eh, bless my soul, my old friend at last—arrived at Mivart's, Lord Algernon Hardup.

TATT. (*turning*) Lord Algernon Hardup?

SPICER. Yes, sir.

TATT. Why how very extraordinary—an old friend of mine!

SPICER. (*aside*) The devil he is!

TATT. We were at Sandhurst together.

SPICER. (*aside*) Now how precious unlucky!

TATT. And now I observe you; I must have seen you at Hardup's!

SPICER. Wal, sir, it's pausable.

TATT. You've served, I believe?

SPICER. Served, sir, served!

TATT. Yes, served—been in the Peninsular?

SPICER. Oh, yes—Peninsula! (*aside*) Thought he meant Holborn.

TATT. Stay any time here?

SPICER. Only a day or two.

TATT. Dreadfully dull!

SPICER. Wal, so I suppaue.

TATT. Nothing but billiards you play, I suppose?

SPICER. Wal, a little—a little, when I'm in Pawris.

TATT. In Paris!

SPICER. In Pawris.

TATT. Why, how singularly fortunate—the French game I've been trying to learn all my life—perhaps you'll not object to give me a lesson?

SPICER. A lesson!

TATT. For they've a capital board here which is just disengaged.

SPICER. (*aside*) Well, as I never could manage to hit a ball yet—

TATT. You'll, of course, give me odds?

SPICER. Very happy I'm sure, sir; but—

TATT. (*rising*) I'm really impatient to receive your instruction.

SPICER. The fact is, I'm engaged, sir—engaged all this morning—got to call on a Mr. Wyndham that's living in Tenby.

*Enter HAWKSWORTH from R. U. E.*

TATT. A West Indian gentleman.

SPICER. Perfectly right! I've a letter to give him, and I think



some good news. I was staying at Clifton, and a Bristol friend of his asked me to take it.

HAWKS. (*advancing*) Well, sir, Mr. Wyndham will be here in a moment, he sails with me to-day, and we lunch at this inn. By-the-by, Captain, they've some sherry here that's rather peculiar, I should like you to taste it.

TATT. Very happy, I'm sure——

HAWKS. And perhaps your friend here will join us.

SPICER. What me, sir?

HAWKS. If disposed—and give me his opinion also.

SPICER. Sir, I should be proud.

HAWKS. Then as I fancy it's all ready. Roberts, our sherry! (*he goes to the inn door and calls*)

SPICER. (*aside*) 'Pon my word now that's civil.

HAWKS. And meanwhile, sir, that letter which you have brought for Mr. Wyndham; if you'd like him to have it at once——

SPICER. You'd give it, sir? I'm a thousand times obliged.

*He gives him the letter; WAITER then comes from inn with wine on tray, which he puts on table; HAWKSWORTH advances.*

TATT. (*pointing to chair*) After you, I beg.

SPICER. Sir, I couldn't think of it.

TATT. You really must allow me—we East Indy fellers always take the lead in the field, but at home we always follow. (*they take seats at table*)

HAWKS. It's in my hands—the means—the only means of his detention—and there is a hope of his compliance; my missive has not failed—he only hesitates about bidding them farewell, yet that would be as fatal—one hint of his intention and they would chain him to the spot—no, no; there must be no meeting—he must go this very instant. The Plymouth Packet sails to-morrow, and I have offered him my yacht to reach it. I have told him that with this wind he could reach home in twenty days—might be back in abundant time to preclude the Colonel's danger—he can need then but little urging—the game is on the board—this last throw to decide!

*He goes off at the back, R.; TATTERS and SPICER rise from table.*

SPICER. Ha, ha, ha!

TATT. Famous joke, wasn't it? Well, sir, our affair at Mahoolygogaul—there was a fort on the hill, two redoubts on its side, and a bridge at the bottom, and yet in less than twenty minntes we carried the post.

SPICER. Wonderful, wonderful! (*aside*) Oh, this fellow would carry a whole railing!

TATT. That was sharp work, sir—I call that sharp work. And so you like Tenby—not a bad style of place—only what I detest here is the imposture one meets with—people passing themselves off for something better than they are.

SPICER. Oh, disgusting—dis-gusting!

TATT. But I see an exception—a charming person yonder whose

health I must enquire—so you'll meet your friend, Wyndham, perhaps take a sail with him, and in the evening I shall hope for a lesson in billiards. For the present then, I've the honor, sir, to bid you good morning.

SPICER. Sir, I've the honor to bid you the same.

*TATTERS goes off at the back.*

There, now—there—and yet Selina to tell me that I couldn't mix among people of fashion—hadn't a morsel of style in me. Why, I find I'm in demand here—actually called for. Waiter—more wine! It was the same thing in Bristol; the agent of Mr. Wyndham only saw me a moment, when he begged me to take the letter. And that foreigner, again, I met at the inn—that distinguished Italian, who asked me to call on him—gave me his card—hope I haven't lost it—no—here it is—the Chevalier Ruspini (*drawing it out*)—So what does it all prove? 'Twasn't my fault, I suppose, I was born in a shop—served like a bad shilling, and nailed to a counter. In spite of it all, the truth oozes out. Nature, like coffee, will boil to the top—if the gentleman's in you, the gentleman blazes—it's what they call a case of spontaneous combustion. Waiter, more wine!

*(he throws himself on a chair, putting his legs on the table)*

*WAITER enters with decanter.*

WAITER. More sherry?—yes, sir.

*TATTERS and MADAME RUSPINI enter, L. U. E.*

TATT. And now, then, we'll go in for your volume of fiction—fiction being a matter of which I think I'm a judge.

*(as he hands her into the library, a BOY runs in at back, L.)*

BOY. (to TATTERS) Please, sir, have you seen Mr. Spicer about here?

TATT. Spicer!—who's Spicer?

SPICER. Yes, Spicer,—who's Spicer?

BOY. Mr. Spicer, of Lunnun, sir—comes from "The Golden Teapot."

SPICER. (*jumping up*) Teapot!—get out, sir—don't you see we are gentlemen!

BOY. But master said he se'ed him, sir.

SPICER. Get out, you young scoundrel—teapot, indeed!

*(he drives him off at the back)*

TATT. (*aside*) I fancy I see the handle—to this golden teapot.

*He enters the library—SPICER returns from the back.*

SPICER. Really, the way one's insulted at times! Waiter, more wine!

*HOOKHAM comes from the library.*

HOOK. (*aside*) Ah! an arrival! Good-day to you, sir—happy to see you at Tenby—trust I may have the pleasure to put you down for the season.

SPICER. Oh, certainly, certainly—two, if you like.

HOOK. Thank you, indeed, sir—what name shall I say?

*(he opens his subscription book on table, R.)*

SPICER. What name?—why—(*aside*) Well, now, that's awkward—can't give my own. S'pose Mr. Wyndham should ask me to sail with him—I don't think my name is quite the thing to go yachting with (*draws out a card*)—not like this foreigner's; that's the real article; that's got a ring in it; and as he's gone up to town, what if I borrowed it!—I don't see the harm—he'd never know it—and—quite clear—I shall. (*aloud*) The Chevalier Ruspini.

HOOK. The Chevalier Ruspini!

SPICER. Am I not distinct, sir?—the Chevalier Ruspini!

HOOK. And so you're come at last, sir!—most happy to see you.

SPICER. (*aside*) Oh, then, they expected him!

HOOK. (*aside*) And now I'm all safe about his wife's little bill. One guinea, if you please.

SPICER. A guinea?

HOOK. A guinea for a season subscription.

SPICER. (*aside*) And I'm off to-morrow. Well, I suppose I must pay it; I must consider it the fee for the title I've taken. Well, sir, there's your money.

HOOK. Thank you, indeed, sir; you'll find Tenby very full—a great number of nobility, whom I dare say you know, sir.

SPICER. Oh, I dare say.

HOOK. And all pleased to see you; for one person's feelings I can certainly vouch; your amiable little woman has been pining about you.

SPICER. My amiable little woman!

HOOK. For she fully expected you a fortnight ago; you know she's in the library.

SPICER. In the library—who?

HOOK. Your amiable lady, sir.

SPICER. Nonsense, sir—where?

HOOK. Why there, sir; don't you see her? don't you know your own wife?

SPICER. My what, sir?

HOOK. Your wife, sir—Madame Ruspini. Oh, if you haven't met her, I'll tell her you are here.

*He enters the library.*

SPICER. Why, confound it all, have I got into a firm? I never dreamt of this—never thought that a name was to help me to a family. What can I say to her! Oh, I can say nothing—I must be off. (*he is going*)

*MADAME RUSPINI comes from the library.*

MADAME R. Stay, sir, I must first know how long I've had the honour of your alliance.

SPICER. Why, really, to say the truth, ma'am, I—what am I to say?

MADAME R. Or am I to understand this as merely a watering place jest?

SPICER. Exactly, exactly, ma'am—merely a jest.

MADAME R. In which you borrow my husband's name as you might his coat or his cloak?

SPICER. Precisely so, madame, I borrowed it as a cloak.

MADAME R. Well, sir, as you've been pleased to assume some of his rights, perhaps you'll not object to a share of his courtesy to see me to the coach, by which I'm going to London.

SPICER. See you to the coach, madame, I shall feel highly honoured.

MADAME R. Then, I suppose, I must allow you to keep up your character?

SPICER. Well, really, as my character is of some value.

MADAME R. And yet, I think you'll admit you've taken a great freedom?

SPICER. Well, perhaps so—perhaps—but—and 'pon my soul, a fine woman.

MADAME R. And, indeed, I don't know whether I ought to forgive you.

SPICER. Ha! ha! don't you really? (*aside*) A positive angel!

MADAME R. Only—as there can't be much danger in quarter of an hour!

SPICER. No, as there can't be much danger in quarter of an hour.

MADAME R. Ha! ha! why so, my dear husband—

SPICER. Ha! ha! and so my dear wife—

(*she takes his arm, HOOKHAM comes from library, TATTER appears at its door*)

MADAME R. Good morning, Mr. Hookham.

SPICER. Good morning, Hookham, going to see off my darling.

HOOK. Oh, indeed, sir, indeed!

SPICER. Yes, going to leave me for a week, I shall be wretched till she is back, shan't I, my angel?

MADAME R. I fear you will, my dearest. (*aside*) Oh, you deceiver!

SPICER. (*aside*) Oh, you enchantress, 'pon my soul, she's a goddess!

*They go off at back, L. U. E.*

TATT. So I'm beaten again.

HOOK. I've made out her bill, five pounds two and two-pence.

(*TATEERS sinks into a seat with a look of reflection, HOOKHAM draws out the bill.—Scene closes*)

SCENE II.—*Cliffs near Tenby.—The sea in view, L.*

MISS ROOCHDALE and ELLEN enter R. 1 E.

MISS R. Yes, Ellen, yes, there's the yacht—she's still in sight.

ELLEN. And that boat we saw put off to her.

MISS R. Conveyed Edward and Mr. Hawksworth, they've gone for their usual sail, and I must say I'm glad of it; Edward was so excited, and this sailing always calms him, you'll scarcely know him when he returns.

ELLEN. And he deserves the good it brings him.

MISS R. He does, Ellen, he does, his very faults have something noble in them, his very wildness and imprudence have such forgetfulness of self—so you must not suppose if I speak carelessly—I value him the less—or—



ELLEN. Nay, nay.

MISS R. Well, well, I know it's very foolish, and so now where shall we go? Yes, to the cliff yonder, where you'll say the view's magnificent—that is if you can climb as high?

ELLEN. Can climb as high, indeed—and do you think a girl who's been in Switzerland, isn't equal to a cliff in Wales?

MISS R. Well, to test your Alpine powers, I should like to make some dreadful wager?

ELLEN. I'll accept the most extravagant, what shall it be—a pair of gloves?

MISS R. Very good, now there's the cliff.

ELLEN. Which I can't climb, indeed.

MISS R. Now, no boasting, let us see.

*They run off* L. 1 E.

HOOKEHAM. (*outside* R. 1 E.) Miss Rochdale, Miss Rochdale!

*He enters hastily*, R. 1 E.

Yes, yes, I'm sure it's her running up the rocks there, and knowing nothing of this news—this dreadful news that's come—this danger of the bank—the Colonel's bank, of all things—the old Carmarthen bank that we all thought as lasting as the banks of Newfoundland—why, the world is at an end!

HAWKSWORTH. (*outside*, R. 1 E.) Hookham, Hookham!

HOOKEHAM. Mr. Hawksworth, he's heard the news, I see, and it's moving him like others.

HAWKSWORTH *enters* R., *hastily*, followed by TATTERS.

HAWKS. Answer me, I beg—this report about the Colonel?

HOOKEHAM. All true, sir, quite correct.

HAWKS. In danger?

HOOKEHAM. It's a fact, sir, owing to a crash it seems in Bristol—a run set in this morning, and unless he gets assistance, down it comes as sure as night.

HAWKS. (*aside*) I dream!

HOOKEHAM. All Carmarthen they say is crazy—the whole neighbourhood in fact will soon rock with it, as with an earthquake.

TATTERS. Very horrid, really.

HOOKEHAM. A man so much respected, everybody's friend.

TATTERS. And now that he's unfortunate, everybody's enemy.

HOOKEHAM. But the ruin, sir, the ruin—the sinking it will cause?

TATTERS. Yes, and what's worse, the rising—the general insurrection of everybody's creditors.

HOOKEHAM. Well, I must run home again, I dare say I shall be wanted there, and—

HAWKS. Stay, friend, stay an instant, I must enquire into this matter, and see if I can be of service, and as it's possible I may want assistance, perhaps you'll join me in a task which would be as useful to yourself.

HOOKEHAM. Of course, sir, pray command me.

HAWKS. Then I'll follow you to the hotel, where you shall know what I propose.

HOOKEHAM *goes off*, R. 1 E.

(*aside*) Now, now, my purpose dawns; dimly it's true, and doubtfully, but ere long it may take shape.

*He follows* HOOKHAM, R. 1 E.

TATT. Why what's he going to do—not pay the Colonel's debts? I wish he'd pay mine, generosity is a fever which oughtn't to be intermittent; well, this panic's general—I shall have to suspend—there will be a run in my case before morning, and I fancy towards London. It's clear my game is up here, my last card has been trumped by that impostor of a Chevalier—for that's the thing that goads me, it's the imposture that one meets with; to think how I've been trifled with—how led to indulge hopes of that woman's four guineas a week—the want of a moral sense in some people is perfectly appalling.

SPICER. (*heard, R.*) Ha, ha, ha—now 'pon my word, it's capital!

TATT. Ah, they're coming, and in high spirits, well now really such deception ought to be exposed, it's such impudence—such an insult to even Welch people's credulity—that an impostor like that should attempt to deceive the world, merely because he has imposed on such a ninny as himself.

*He goes off, L. 1 E.*

SPICER and MADAME RUSPINI enter, R. 1 E.

SPICER. And I say again, it's capital, to walk you all about the town and make every one believe that I'm actually your husband.

MADAME R. But you must allow it's very impudent?

SPICER. Poh, poh! I say it's fun, a first-rate bit of fun; and after all where's the harm, no one will ever hear of it, neither your dear rib nor mine!

MADAME R. Oh, then you are married, are you?

SPICER. Oh, yes, I'm married—got a sweet little soul in town—a treasure of a woman—a woman I appreciate.

MADAME R. So it seems!

SPICER. She's so charmingly domestic, such a genius too for management—such talent for arranging and weighing various matters.

MADAME R. I see; as we paint justice—she's a lady with the scales!

SPICER. Ahem—now I, on the contrary, am just as fond of travelling—had my portrait taken to shew it—with my hand upon a globe to prove I'd been round it—and Mount Vesuvius at my back, in order to throw me out! (*coach horn is heard, L. 1 E.*)

MADAME R. Ah, the coach at last!

SPICER. Then here I suppose we part?

MADAME R. We do.

SPICER. Never to meet again?

MADAME R. Never, unless some day in London I should call on your little wife—in order to judge of her talent in arranging and weighing matters.

SPICER. (*aside*) Ahem—then I'll hand you to the door; but I say, we must keep up appearances—when I put you in I must give you a salute.

MADAME R. Oh, no!

SPICER. Oh, but I must though!

MADAME R. I really must decline that——

SPICER. But I must, upon my honor;—I really must insist on it, for the sake of keeping up appearances.

*They go off, L. 1 E.*

HOOKHAM *runs in, R. 1 E.*

Hook. And so it's gone!—the crash is come!—the bank is down! Why, then, everything is going. Yes, there's Madame Ruspini going; the coach is just come up, and—ah! horrid thought! what if both of them are going, and my bill still in my pocket! Both of them are at the door;—now she enters—now he follows—no he don't—yes he does—no he don't! The door shuts; my heart opens; my vital current flows again!

SPICER *returns, L., waving his hand.*

SPICER. Agew, my love, agew! 'Pon my life, I'm a lucky fellow! All the coach was envying me, and no wonder, with such a woman—such a splendid soul as that!—much finer than my Selina! Selina's very amiable—the soul of domestic goodness—but no style in her;—nothing high, except perhaps her voice; and if she were to hear of this—pshaw! there'd be a stir in the teapot!

Hook. (*looking off, R.*) Yes, 'tis them, sure enough;—a string of fellows coming, and all with their accounts. Good day to you again, sir. Seen your lady off?

SPICER. Yes, Hookham, yes. The star of my existence!

Hook. It's easy to see you love her, sir.

SPICER. Love is not the word, sir;—it's adoration—it's absorption!

Hook. A woman for whose sake I'm sure you'd make any sacrifice.

SPICER. Anything, sir, anything;—what would be too great for her? (HOOKHAM *draws out his account*)

Hook. You're aware she'd a little account with me——

SPICER. A little what, sir?

Hook. A little account, sir.

SPICER. What the devil do you mean, sir?

Hook. Merely five pounds two and two-pence, which she told me you would settle.

SPICER. Five pounds two and two-pence?

Hook. And having, sir, this morning to meet a very heavy bill——

SPICER. But I tell you it's all nonsense!

Hook. And hoping, sir, you'll pardon this very great intrusion——

SPICER. But I say, sir, it's all nonsense!

Hook. Being pushed, sir, greatly pushed——(*aside*) I shall be in a moment.

SPICER. The horrible impostor! I've been regularly done!

Hook. Having a deal coming on me, sir——(*aside*) There's six of 'em at least.

SPICER. Pay five pounds for a walk, a dirty walk, about a town?—why, I shouldn't pay five shillings to walk about a palace.

Hook. Being pressed, sir, greatly pressed——

SPICER. A downright piece of robbery! Well, sir, there's your money—five sovereigns and two shillings.

HOOK. Thank you indeed, sir;—the two-pence I can post.

SPICER. Was there ever such a swindler?—such a horrible impostor? However, it's a lesson, it's a lesson, and now it's over.

TRADESMEN *enter hastily*, R. 1 E.

1ST TRADESMAN. I say, Hookham, have you seen Madame Ruspini's husband?

HOOK. Seen her husband?—why?

1ST TRADESMAN. Because I hear she's off, and she owes me twenty pounds.

2ND TRADESMAN. Yes, and she owes me fifteen.

3RD TRADESMAN. Yes, and me too, seven pun ten.

SPICER *runs off*, L. 1 E.

1ST TRADESMAN. Hollo, is that him? Here!—haye!—haye!—stop!

*They run after him, HOOKHAM opposite.*

SCENE III.—*Parlour of a Marine Villa opening at back on a lawn, with the sea in the distance; doors R. and L., the latter open.*

ELLEN *is discovered looking through L. door; a MESSENGER stands at the back, in a great coat and top boots, with whip, &c.*

ELLEN. What a sight is this I witness? still he lies there hushed and motionless, and Caroline beside him covering his face with tears and kisses, and can I give them but useless sympathy? my father could assist him—and surely must, when he knows all—let me write to him then, at once—yes, yes, this very instant—at least I should make the effort—whatever its result.

*She goes off through R. door.*

*Enter ADAMS from L. door.*

ADAMS. (to MESSENGER) There's no answer for you yet, my master is too ill to write, you'd better step in again.

*The MESSENGER goes off at back.*

To write—he can scarcely speak—'tis a wonder he's alive; but he wants to be alone—my young lady leaves him. Well, I can do no good—I can only grieve for them, and what help is there in that?

*He goes off by the lawn.*

*Enter MISS ROCHDALE from L. door slowly, and sinks into a chair.*

MISS R. We dream sometimes by day—see forms and listen to voices that exist but in the brain; and am I not dreaming now—is not all I've heard too pitiless, too monstrous to be true? I want proofs of this—good proofs—'tis no ordinary wreck, it had no preparation—when the gale was at its height he stood firmly and defied it. (*she pauses—turning to L. door*)

HAWKSWORTH *appears on the lawn.*

Yet, who is it lies yonder, bowed and feeble as a child,—mourning no loss, no wealth, save that of his good name? And must this be his fate—must he indeed endure this same——?



HAWKSWORTH *advances, R.*

HAWKS. Not so. (*she turns and recoils, pausing a moment*)

MISS R. Who's this?

HAWKS. The man you least expected, whose presence is then in harmony with the affliction that besets you.

MISS R. Mr. Hawksworth,

HAWKS. 'Tis but a part of life's daily riddle—the last one in our thoughts is often first in our emergencies.

MISS R. You cannot mean to trifle with me at an hour such as this. Speak, sir.

HAWKS. Well, then, you had claimants in this neighbourhood—claimants that in the terror which this news was sure to cause might have been driven to your door. It was not in my power to avert what has befallen you, but still I dared to hope I might in some degree allay it. (*he gives her a paper*)

MISS R. Paid!

HAWKS. Do not thank me—I can remember but what I wished—I can think but of other clamourers whose demands amount to thousands.

MISS R. No, no!

HAWKS. Who must be met? for they endanger more than can be measured by mere gold—that which in itself includes all wealth, your father's honour—his old name—you must have friends then, and there is one who if till this hour almost a stranger—is proud to give this evidence that he was not unconscious of your claims.

MISS R. You, you!

HAWKS. Is this a marvel? it has its counterpart, its solution. May I detail it? may I tell you of a man who had grown up from his youth without one aim or joy to stir the calm stream of his life? Who had health, position, fortune—all the instruments of good, yet felt them to be worthless, wanting the end that could apply them—who was cold, perhaps repellant, but who beneath his rigid looks felt at length a new emotion, a growing life, a rising fire—that ever surged as that of Hecla under a covering of ice.

MISS R. Well, sir, well.

HAWKS. He loved then, but without hope; for she he gazed at was another's—knew not of and cared not for the madness she aroused, the passion that inspired—could only torture, not requite him. Yet vain as it was, and frenzied, still 'twas vital—'twas enduring there, was a power in his heart that bore him up as on a flood—a strength that gave him courage to confront the worst look of despair.

MISS R. No, no, you cannot dare?

HAWKS. I can, I dare avow to you these tortures long concealed.

MISS R. Villain!

HAWKS. And if it be so, not unpunished—not unscathed.

MISS R. This, this to the wife—the betrothed wife of your own friend?

HAWKS. I grant it.

MISS R. That friend who is by her side—who in an instant may confront you.

HAWKS. Or shall we say—some days hence—some months, perhaps—some years—when wearying of that home to which he is now flying back so eagerly—that birthspot in the West, to which his vessel's prow is turned.

MISS R. Slanderer!

HAWKS. Well, then, his own words. (*he draws a letter from his breast*)

MISS R. His own words.

HAWKS. And his last ones!

(*he gives her the letter, she tears it open, reads an instant and falls in the chair transfixed.—The curtain slowly descends*)

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—“*The Golden Teapot*” in Holborn; its parlor in the foreground; the shop at back, opening on the street; and scene through a centre door and wide glass partition, L.; doors R. and L. opening on inner room and passage, L.; a settee, R., chairs and table L.

MRS. SPICER is discovered sewing, L., at the table; JOE brushing a dress coat, R.

MRS. S. Montague, Montague, haven't you shaved yet? You never had a beard till you brought home a dressing-case—and two years ago you would wash at the tap. There, there, Joe—that's enough; you'll brush that coat to pieces.

JOE. But I must do it nicely, ma'am. Master says if there's a speck on it—his friends wouldn't speak to him.

MRS. S. Wouldn't they indeed—how mighty particular—they don't care a straw if there's a speck on his character.

VOICE. (*outside*) Shop!

JOE runs in with coat to inner room and then returns to the shop.

MRS. S. A nice time I think, for a tradesman to get up—between one and two—to be dressing himself when he ought to be dining—and all because Mr. Montague must go to the Opera—must throw away 8s. 6d. to look after his friends—and look after them he's likely—for they'll all walk away from him; so of course he goes to bed when he ought to be rising—and when he does rise he's too tired to work. And what's caused it all? Three years ago he was industrious enough—all this is come since he went down to Wales. That visit to Tenby, that was the thing; ever since that he's got foolish and lazy, and been going to ruin just as if he had been born to it.

JOE runs in from the shop,

JOE. Letter if you please, ma'am,

MRS. S. Oh, for the first floor,

JOE. And boy wants to know when the gentleman will get it?  
 MRS. S. When he comes home to dinner, between five and six.

HOOK. (*heard outside*) Shop! JOE runs off again.

MRS. S. Well, there's one comfort, if the business is neglected, the house seems to let—I've excellent lodgers—who'll make the rent easy, if I can only get them to stop. All I care about now is my second pair back, and —

HOOKHAM comes from the shop in a great coat, wrapper, &c.

HOOKHAM. Very good, then—I'll ask. Good day to you, ma'am, you've a bed-room to let?

MRS. S. Yes, sir, I have.

HOOK. I'll see it if you please. I've come to town on some business, and as my coach stops in Holborn, the only coach I think that goes straight on to Tenby.

MRS. S. Tenby, dear me, my husband was there, sir, about three years ago.

HOOK. What in the time of the panic?

MRS. S. Yes, in the panic; and we've cause to remember it, for the County Bank broke, and he lost twenty pounds by it.

HOOK. Colonel Roohdale's, ma'am?—yes, we all lost by that. A hard case for everyone—hard even for the Colonel, for it killed him poor man; though even his fate wasn't so sad as his daughter's.

MRS. S. His daughter's?

HOOK. Yes, ma'am, didn't you ever hear of it? the sacrifice she made to protect him, poor girl. She was engaged to be married to a West India gentleman—but when the Colonel, you see, got in danger of jail, in order to prevent it she married a Mr. Hawksworth.

MRS. S. Did she indeed, sir!

HOOK. Yes, ma'am, she did—gave up a worthy fellow—a man she loved dearly, everything you may say, she had hoped for and prized.

MRS. S. Why, what a good noble girl.

HOOK. Noble indeed, 'twould take a long day to say all on that point—everyone grieved for her, and so she left Tenby and I did hear that her husband himself had met with misfortunes—but I trust it's not true, 'twould be a hard return indeed if she should want money—she who never had it—but her first thought was always who wants it the most.

(*a gentle knock is heard, L.*)

MRS. S. (*calling*) Jane—the first floor. Well, what adversity!—only that trouble, like typhus, seems to seize upon every one. Here's the lady coming in—I should say she's had her share of it, to judge by her looks, she's so pale and so careworn a person—that has evidently seen better days—and she's been in Wales too.

HOOK. In Wales!

MRS. S. So she says.

HOOK. And—and—what sort of lady? a young person, pray?

MRS. S. Well, about five-and-twenty.

HOOK. And very gentle and quiet and——?

MRS. S. Quiet, indeed—you wouldn't know she was alive if it wasn't for her sighing.

HOOK. (*aside*) Why, it never can be—living over a shop—she's going along the passage! (*he looks off through the door which is open*) No—yes—it's herself!

MRS. S. Herself, sir—who, pray?

HOOK. Who? Mrs. Hawksworth.

MRS. S. Mrs. Hawksworth!

HOOK. Herself, ma'am. I should know her from a thousand.

MRS. S. Why, they call themselves Mordaunt.

HOOK. Poor lady—poor lady, and so bad off as that—even forced to change their names.

MRS. S. Well, here's a piece of news!

HOOK. And so, now, ma'am, you won't wonder if—if I don't take the room.

MRS. S. Don't take it!

HOOK. Why, you see, I should have to meet her—pass her perhaps daily; she's not a proud person, but she would scarcely like that—I shouldn't it myself, ma'am, 'tisn't because she's now poor, that I'm placed on her level—goodness like her's never loses its rank; so I hope you won't be angry if——

MRS. S. Angry, indeed! you're a good worthy man, and if you ever want the room again you shall have it for nothing.

HOOK. Thank you, ma'am, thank you—I wish you a good day!

*Exit through shop.*

MRS. S. Well, I thought my case was bad enough—but it seems in this world one can always find some one worse off than oneself. Eh! isn't that her coming down—she steps so very softly, that—yes, yes—it is!

MRS. HAWKSWORTH *appears at the door L., genteely but plainly dressed.*

MRS. H. May I ask if you're disengaged?

MRS. S. Oh, certainly, Mrs. Mordaunt, pray step in, I beg.

MRS. H. (*advancing slowly*) I—I would say a few words which——

MRS. S. But do take a seat, for I can see you're very tired. (*she places a chair Mrs. HAWKSWORTH sits*)

MRS. H. Thank you. Indeed—I am rather weary—I have been some little distance, and——

MRS. S. And you're not at all strong, it's easy to see that—so do let me get you a bit of cake and some wine—we've some famous in the shop, and I'll open a fresh bottle.

MRS. H. Oh, no—many thanks; rest is all I want, and need I say, I gain strength from your kind expressions. To proceed then—you must have inferred from my husband's appearance that he was not always in the position you see him at present.

MRS. S. Oh, easily, Mrs. Mordaunt!

MRS. H. Like others, he has had reverses, and known what it is to exchange affluence and ease for restricted enjoyments; you

will believe it is very painful to me to witness this change, and that it would afford me great happiness were it in my power to relieve it.

MRS. S. Well, madam.

MRS. H. Were I able for instance to turn to use any accomplishment—so as I believe I possess a little talent for music—I wished to ask whether in the event of my being able to obtain pupils, you would object to my occasionally receiving them here?

MRS. S. Not I, ma'am, I'm sure, the only thing is whether—

HAWKSWORTH *appears at the door.*

MRS. H. Mr. Mordaunt will approve of it;—he is sensitive, of course, and feels our change keenly; but he's abroad all the day—need in fact never know it, and—— (HAWKSWORTH *advances*)

MRS. S. Oh, here is Mr. Mordaunt.

HAWKS. Mrs. Spicer, I regret to say, that owing to the demands of business, I must cease to be your tenant.

MRS. S. You'll leave me, sir?

HAWKS. I must, madam. I am in your debt, I believe, for some expenses as well as the week's notice; if you will put the sum on paper, I shall be happy to pay you.

MRS. S. Certainly, sir, certainly; but I am really very sorry. Here's a note for you, sir. I had made up my mind so you were going to stop, that——(*aside*) Now, was ever a woman so unlucky as I am? *She goes off to the shop, he opens the note and reads it.*

MRS. H. You—you are going, and from London?

HAWKS. From London.

MRS. H. And may I ask whither?

HAWKS. That you will know in time; enough that there is now no occasion that my wife should become a governess.

MRS. H. But you'll do justice to my wish?

HAWKS. Or again be under the necessity of making a confidant of a shopkeeper.

MRS. H. If—if I do make such confidences, it is because I am denied them—have to beg for a privilege which others inherit.

HAWKS. And which others deserve—others, whose anxiety has reference to their husbands and not to themselves.

MRS. H. And can you charge me with this feeling? Oh! in what have I shown it?—have I failed to avow the great debt I owe you?

HAWKS. Well, well.

MRS. H. From the hour you saved my father from that shame that awaited him—that you guarded his door, and soothed the sad pillow on which he soon sank to rest—what proof have I failed in that was justly your due?

HAWKS. My due is the question, if mere gratitude sums it.

MRS. H. And more I could not give you—more you did not ask.

HAWKS. But I asked for some appearance, some feeling, some tenderness towards the man you made yours;—yet what is it I receive? a settled coldness that repels me, a silence that upbraids—and if to this daily welcome I presume to demur, the still more



appeasing and tender answer of tears—always tears—that skilful resource with which you sex can make reproaches, and at the same time avert them.

MRS. H. Oh, mercy, mercy! Do not wound me in this way;—it were more generous to kill me than to——

LAMBOURNE *comes from the shop.*

LAMB. Still here?

HAWKS. (*to her*) You can leave us.

MRS. H. (*aside*) And life itself with how much joy!

*She goes off by L. door.*

LAMB. And you can stay here—you can linger when you know what's at stake—your freedom! Your very life even—which you have still the power of saving.

HAWKS. My safety includes two persons.

LAMB. What would you take her with you—Hawksworth are you mad?

HAWKS. The resolved are often thought so.

LAMB. This woman! who already has dragged you to your ruin—to obtain whom you have spent thousands—till sinking stage by stage you lose at last even self-restraint—and are urged to commit a crime by way of counteracting folly.

HAWKS. Have you done?

LAMB. And all this for a being who requites you with contempt—who having learnt you were a gambler, from that moment has despised you—and, yet whose loathing you repay with the same passion, the same worship—or is it that you fear she might again meet her old lover—who has returned to this country, and returned to it in prosperity.

HAWKS. Will you cease?

LAMB. A lover too, who can boast that he's not been unrevenged—that he has sought out his enemy, and twice foiled his schemes.

HAWKS. And therefore it's extraordinary the defeated should delay—should remain here 'till his antagonist is placed within his reach.

LAMB. Within your reach!

HAWKS. Thanks to a friend. (*shews the letter*) He lives in the Regent's Park, and not a great way from the fields, dines at six and usually leaves home at nine—the hour and the spot you see are equally propitious.

LAMB. So, then, all's explained?

HAWKS. Yes, sir, that life has some ends that outweighs life itself—still I shall leave this house, but have a note or two to write of which you must be the bearer—so come with me to my room. nay, nay, no reluctance—you see, Lambourne, at last I had some cause for my delay.

*They go off by L. door.*

SPICER. (*singing and calling in room, R.*) Di tanti palpiti—la, la, la, la—de, de, de—joe—dah, daha—dah, dah—joe.

*He comes from room, R., in a morning gown, a newspaper in his hand.*

—Dah—da, ha—da, ha—dah—Well certainly, Pasta was en-

chanting last night; I can't get that aria out of my head. Dah, dah, a—dah a dah—can't say which music I like her best in—that. or "Medea." "My dear!" rather a familiar name to give to a queen!—why not, "my adorable." What's in the paper. (*throws himself on the sofa, R.*)

*JOE comes from the shop.*

JOE. Did you call, sir,

SPICER. Call, sir!—of course I did,—called till I was hoarse. Hark you, Mr. Joe,—I've promised when I leave business, that I'd give you a place, that I'd make you my tiger!—do you hear, sir—my tiger!

JOE. Yes, sir, I know; when you gits a cab, I'm to hold on behind.

SPICER. Then I should certainly advise you to hold on before—unless you attend, sir —

JOE. But what's a chap to do sir—there's the shop to be minded, and unless I tends to that, missus will sack me.

SPICER. And what if she does?

JOE. What if she does, sir!—why, shouldn't I starve?

SPICER. Only for a month or two—and what's a little hunger; it's a part of your character—tigers are always hungry.

MRS. SPICER (*heard in the shop.*) Joe!

*JOE runs to the back—then hesitates—*

SPICER. Very good sir—very good sir—take your choice—I discharge you.

JOE. Oh, don't now, Mr. Spicer, don't now—what do you want, sir?

SPICER. Want—look at my boots—do you call that brushing 'em? if you're able to see your face in 'em—see it, and blush.

JOE. Well, I can soon settle that matter—the blacking's under the stairs—I can fetch it in a jiffey.

*He runs off by L. door, and returns directly with brushes, bottle, &c.*

*SPICER stretches out a foot—he operates.*

SPICER. Di tanti palpiti—Ah! here's the account—but what fashionables were present, some of my friends of course (*reads*) Prince and Princess Muffinuffsky—Duke de la Vesuvio—Lord and Lady Larrydandrum—

*MRS. SPICER comes from the shop.*

MRS. S. Oh! it's that what you're about?

JOE. Yes, ma'am, it is—just finishing master,

MRS. S. And you'll finish yourself if you don't keep in the shop, there's a pint of oil wanted.

JOE. Pint of ile—yes, ma'am.

*He runs off to shop.*

MRS. S. Now, really it's too bad, Mon.! you're wasting his time so—doing nothing yourself, and—why, you're not going out?

SPICER. Yes, darling, yes—just a turn in the park to see if any of my friends are there.

MRS. S. And what good will that do?

SPICER. Now, really, my precious; we've settled that matter—they're all people of rank.

MRS. S. That only know you by sight.

SPICER. Well—but every thing has a beginning—some day we

shall speak, and of course when we get intimate, they'll help me to something—I shouldn't at all wonder but some post under Government.

MRS. S. A post under Government!

SPICER. Perhaps at the Horse Guards!

MRS. S. What, the post at the gateway—where they'll want you to sweep? Montague, are you mad, sir—I say are you mad?

SPICER. No, my love, but I shall be if you bawl in that manner.

MRS. S. Don't you see you're going to ruin—that you're killing the business?

SPICER. Oh, bother the business.

MRS. S. Bother it indeed, it's lucky you've got it to keep you in bread. Your father had the business, and your grandfather before him; they both kept the Teapot, and why shouldn't you; you were born in the Teapot, and why are you ashamed of it?

SPICER. (*singing*) Di tanti palpiti.

MRS. S. Very well, sir, very well—I see your design, you want to kill your poor wife, and then you'll be satisfied—kill her and be happy—a wife you don't love, sir.

SPICER. Indeed but I do. I love her so much, I hope never to see another.

MRS. S. I've been a good wife to you, sir—a martyr I may say, and this is the way I'm abused and neglected; it wouldn't cost you much to lay me in my grave.

SPICER. Oh but it would though—it would cost me ten pounds.

JOE *looks in from the shop.*

JOE. Please, ma'am, you're wanted.

SPICER. (*looking at the paper*) And so the Duke de Vesuvio will go down to Chatsworth.

MRS. S. Mr. Spicer, since affection's thrown away upon you, I shall come to plain words; you shan't go out to-day, sir—do you hear me? you shan't. If you dare to go off, sir, I go off too.

SPICER. Very good, my darling, only put on your bonnet.

MRS. S. I hope I am plain, sir—I hope I am plain.

SPICER. You are, Mrs. Spicer; not to say ordinary.

JOE *looks in again.*

JOE. It's a gentleman, ma'am, shall I ask him to come in?

SPICER. A gentleman, of course; and give him a chair.

JOE *disappears.*

(*he rises*) So, Silly, my darling, I'll go to my room, and do now compose yourself; pray do be calm, you worry me much; you make me quite nervous. I really haven't power to—Di tanti palpiti.

*He enters room, R.*

TATTERS *comes from the shop in a shabby genteel suit of black, minus his moustaches, a book in his hand.*

TATT. I have the honor, I believe, to address the lady of this establishment?

MRS. S. Yes, sir, you have.

TATT. May I be allowed to beg the favor of a few words on business?

MRS. S. On business, oh, certainly; pray do take a seat.

TATTERS *takes a chair, L., she R.*

TATT. Ahem! It's easy, ma'am, to perceive by a countenance so intelligent and amiable as yours, that you're a person whose feelings are always well exercised.

MRS. S. Oh, you're very good, sir.

TATT. Nature on some faces makes its "hall mark,"—says this is true gold which must always pass current. Inspired by this conviction, I venture to hope that I may have the honor of your support to a great national project.

MRS. S. A what, sir?

TATT. You must be aware, my dear madam, it has long been our reproach that we pay but small respect to our illustrious dead—we honor their lives, but what do we do for their memory—eager I confess to wipe off such a stain, I have founded a society, which proposes to erect monuments to all our past geniuses—statues, which shall be placed in all our principal streets, and near lamp-posts, to remind us that they lived to enlighten us—we thought of beginning with Shakespeare—you admire him of course, madam?

MRS. S. Well, sir, I suppose so; I always go when I get orders.

TATT. However, Shakespeare will keep, madam; Shakespeare will keep—so we've resolved on commencing with a great light of science. What do you think of Sir Isaac Newton?

MRS. S. Can't say I ever heard of him.

TATT. What, madam—not the immortal discoverer of gravity?

MRS. S. Was he anything of a clergyman, sir?

TATT. An astronomer, madam—the prince of astronomers. We have him up first—and we are regularly constituted—with a patron, a president, and a long list of vices—manager, treasurer, secretary, and consulting physician. But as concentration is a principle that always gives vigour, I'm the manager, treasurer, and secretary, myself, ma'am.

MRS. S. (*rising*) Well, sir, I don't think this is in my way at all.

TATT. And now you'll permit me to read a list of subscriptions—"the Archbishop of Ethiopia, five pounds; the Commissary-General of the Pilliloo Islands, five pounds."

MRS. S. (*aside*) Oh, I must get rid of this man; I must send Montague to him. Montague! Montague!

TATT. Seventeenth page, continued subscriptions—a working man, a pound; a lover of science, a shilling—you see we've all classes—a father, five shillings; a mother, two shillings; dear baby, sixpence. There, ma'am, you see we can even count upon babies.

MRS. S. Montague! Montague!

SPICER *comes from L. room, dressed.*

(*aside*) There's a man wants a subscription, now we've nothing to give him—so do you send him off?

SPICER. Of course, love—of course.

MRS. S. (*aside*) Not a penny—remember and do it at once.

SPICER. But compose yourself, darling, compose yourself, pray—I'll do it of course—but calmly—like a gentleman.

TATT. Twenty-fourth page, concluding subscriptions—Bolingbroke Baggs, Esquire, seven shillings and sixpence.

SPICER. (*crosses to him*) Sir, not having the honour of your personal acquaintance, I must beg to inform you that in the matter of charity I subscribe to a hospital; I pay heavy poor rates and—

TATT. Who do I see?

SPICER. Good gracious, powers!

TATT. My friend the chevalier.

SPICER. A—a—Captain Tatters.

TATT. Delighted to meet you, delighted beyond measure. (*he rises and shakes his hand warmly*)

SPICER. Well, you're very good—I—

TATT. And allow me to ask how is Madame Rus—

SPICER. (*stopping his mouth*) Hish!

MRS. S. What did he say, Mont?

SPICER. Ha! ha! nothing, darling, nothing, merely a remark that—so allow me to introduce him, an old friend of mine—the Honourable Captain Tatters of the Company's Service.

TATT. (*bowing*) Of the Company's Service, madame.

MRS. S. (*aside*) At any Company's Service—who'd give him a shilling?

SPICER. Ha! ha! and so we've met again, captain—well, how very extraordinary. Been to the opera?

TATT. No, chevalier, no—as I've told your good lady, I'm busy just now in erecting a monument to a great light of science—the imperishable Newton.

SPICER. And very right too—the imperishable Newton!

TATT. A great man you'll allow.

SPICER. Oh! a wonderful man! the inventor of pippins.

TATT. Then I hope you'll allow me to put you down for a pound?

MRS. S. A pound!

SPICER. Ha, ha—of course love, of course—the imperishable Newton!

MRS. S. (*aside*) Montague! are you mad?

TATT. (*writing with pencil*) The Chevalier—a pound!

MRS. S. (*aside*) But I say you shan't sir!

SPICER. Now, Silly, my precious! Such a genius as Newton—

TATT. So sublime! and yet simple—who could discover his great law by merely an apple happening to fall on his head.

SPICER. There, Silly, there—why I should discover nothing if a whole bushel fell on mine—

JOE looks in at back.

JOE. Please, ma'am—there's a lady been arter the room, and she says she'll come again.

JOE disappears again.

TATT. Oh!—you've a room to let—well, how very odd, I'm in want of lodgings—I'll take it myself.



SPICER. Well that's very kind of you—very kind really!

MRS. S. (*aside*) But do you mean to say he'll pay for it?

SPICER. Pay for it; Silly!—in the Company's service—

TATT. It will be so pleasant you know to be under the roof of an old friend! (*stretching himself out in a chair*)

MRS. S. (*aside*) Without costing him sixpence—is that what he means?

SPICER. (*aside*) Now, Silly, my cherub!—your words are quite painful—so unworthy of a woman—woman that always trusts.

MRS. S. (*aside*) Not if she has lodgers—I'll tell you what, Mr. Spicer, it strikes me you are either a great fool or a rogue!

SPICER. (*aside*) And it strikes me, my seraph! that I'm a something between both.

*JANE comes from L. door, with table cloth.*

JANE. Dinner's ready, if you please, ma'am.

*She spreads the cloth, and goes out again.*

MRS. S. (*aside*) Then you'll tell him to go—we've a very small leg of mutton.

SPICER. (*aside*) And you wish to show you've a heart just as small as your leg!

MRS. S. (*aside*) What's he to board as well as lodge with us?

TATT. Well, I must be off—and yet do you know, chevalier, there's such comfort in the place—such an air of enjoyment—of domestic felicity—

SPICER. (*aside*) And to be prejudiced against a man who can utter such sentiments—really, Silly, I'm ashamed of you. Captain, you'll dine with us—we've nothing to offer you, but I trust that you'll stop?

TATT. Well, since you press me—very happy I'm sure.

*The MAID brings in the dinner—they seat themselves, SPICER, R.*

*HOOHAM comes from the shop.*

HOO. Excuse my return, madame, I hope you'll excuse it—but I just wish to say, that—eh! bless my soul—

SPICER. Why, an old friend again!—another old friend—well, how lucky I am to day.

MRS. S. Lucky indeed!—you'll have in the whole street—

HOO. And pray may I ask how is Madame Rus—

SPICER. Hush!—ha, ha! delighted too see you—delighted indeed, you'll dine with us to day—yes, yes, you must dine—I'll take no refusal—Jane! bring a plate—

*SPICER seats himself at the top of the table, HOOHAM, R., and*

*TATTERS, L. JOE looks in at the back again.*

JOE. If you please, ma'am, the lady's come back about the room.

SPICER. Oh, bother the lady! Say we're at dinner.

MRS. S. But that needn't matter;—ask her to step in.

JOE. (*calling*) Step in, if you please, ma'am.

MRS. S. What sort of a person?

JOE. Oh, quite respectable;—she has given me her card—it's a French lady, I think. (*reads*) It's a Madame Rus—

SPICER. (*jumping up*) Who?

JOE. Madame Rus—pi—ni.

HOOKHAM and TATTERS rising—SPICER dives under the table, and re-appearing in front, with the table cloth over his head, goes off by L. door, dragging the dinner after him, TATTERS and HOOKHAM picking it up—MADAME RUSPINI appearing at back, and MRS. SPICER standing speechless. Closed in by

SCENE II.—A Street near Holborn.

*Enter WYNDHAM, R., looking round.*

WYND. Yes, 'tis the next turning; but a step then to Gray's Inn—my last visit, and a brief one. A few minutes with my solicitor will now adjust my affairs in England, and then welcome the brighter skies and warmer pulses of the south. Let me see, his letter says to me—

*He opens a note and stands reading as LAMBOURNE enters, L., and pauses.*

LAMB. (*aside*) Can it be possible?—himself?—and Hawksworth gone to meet him? Could I prevent his returning home, the lives of both might be preserved. Mr. Wyndham, I believe.

WYND. (*turning*) Sir.

LAMB. A stranger, as you perceive, but you must allow me to add, a friend.

WYND. You must excuse me if I'm not in the habit of making friends so publicly.

LAMB. Nor anywhere, I hope, without such proof as I can give you. I am acquainted with your history.

WYND. Well, sir?

LAMB. You were once on the point of marriage.

WYND. Silence, sir; that is a subject that I forbid, even to the dearest.

LAMB. I am to infer then, that she you lost—

WYND. I loathe as I do him. The traitress that could forfeit the holiest vows her soul could pledge; who could be false to its first love; and without the outcast's want could descend to her pollution, speak of her no more, sir.

LAMB. And do you deny that her excuses—

WYND. What were they? an hour's pang—her father's transient peril—which I could have requited, if unable to prevent; yet I—she should have flown to—I that was her own.—But it's over, all is past, sir.

LAMB. All but her own punishment; and what if she has expiated this error you denounce by deep and various sufferings; what if she is now in danger of absolute privation—

WYND. Caroline!

LAMB. Is on the point of being abandoned by the man to whom she gave herself.

WYND. No, no, base as he is—he is not monster enough for that.

LAMB. Yet if it were so, I presume—

WYND. Would you waste my time in questions?

LAMB. You'd require only the proof——

WYND. The proof which you can give, for you can conduct me to her door—and you will do so—you will. I now see you are a friend. Deserted, homeless, sorrowing—No, Caroline, no—I may have ceased to love you—may have ceased even to respect—but when can I refuse to pity—when, when cease to remember. Come, sir, I will go with you.

*They go off, L. 1 E.*

*SPICER enters opposite, without his hat.*

SPICER. What am I to do?—that's the plain question. What's a man to do who's got under an avalanche? Ought I to act boldly? go home at once or stay away for an hour 'till the storm has blown over? blown over, indeed—my Silly's a trade wind, she'll blow for six months—and the worst of it is, that say what I would to her she'd never believe me—the more I explained the more she'd suspect. My case is quite horrible. Here's a gentleman in the streets walking about without a hat. I must look like a lunatic, the police might come up and insist on knowing my keeper. I shall certainly get desperate if I don't get advice—go and buy laudanum. Only who'd sell me laud'num in the state I am in?—they'd tell me I'd taken it.

*TATTERS enters L. 1 E.*

TATT. Chevalier!

SPICER. Ah! my dear Captain, is that you?—is that you?

TATT. Why, what a horrid affair this is—I've followed you to see if I can't explain away matters.

SPICER. Well, you're very good.

TATT. If I can't heal this sad breach. A blow such as this, to overturn everything—even a man's dinner.

SPICER. And all through an impostor—an impostor who cost me five pounds for a joke.

TATT. Then, as that's the case, of course you'll go home again?

SPICER. Go home!

TATT. Go home, state the fact and sit down.

SPICER. Impossible, Captain.

TATT. Impossible, nonsense, I can't see your happiness wrecked in this fashion—your hearthstone deserted—your altar profaned, sir.

SPICER. And do you believe then, there's room to—to——

TATT. Room, ample room—I see plenty of room for me.

SPICER. When everything's cut up so?

TATT. Cut up—not at all, there's is nothing cut up yet—so come home, sir, I say—I've a craving on this point that can't be resisted.

SPICER. Well, then, if you think so, we will go home, Captain, but coolly you know—coolly, coolly, like gentlemen.

TATT. Exactly, exactly, and then a word settles it—state but the fact and she'll open her arms to you.

SPICER. Well, that I dare say, only I can't help remembering that when I'm once in her arms, I'm in reach of her fingers.

*They go off, L. 1 E.*

SCENE III. — *Drawing Room, at Spicer's, opening through a French window on leads; door R. to a passage; door L. to a bed room; table and chairs, L.*

MRS. HAWKSWORTH *is discovered at the table—a letter in her hand.*

MRS. H. What is the mystery—the purpose of this letter; it contains Edward's address—states when he is to be found at home. Is it to him my husband's gone? and if so, with what aim? My heart frames an answer that would die upon my lips—rather than that conviction. Oh! how merciful were doubt. I hear a step—it's he returning—oh! what happiness. I can appeal to him, and I must do so—I must, though the prayer be on my knees.

WYNDHAM *comes through R. door; she recoils and supports herself by the table.*

Great heavens!

WYND. Be not alarmed, madam, I am aware this is an intrusion—that it is capable even of being misconstrued; let me state to you at once then, that I am here by the merest accident, and on grounds only of humanity.

MRS. H. Will you explain?

WYND. In a word, then, I know your husband's history. And though I might have guessed—that he who has ceased to respect himself must soon be untrue to others. I confess I was not prepared for the news of your position——

MRS. H. My position——

WYND. I see then you've to learn it—you're ignorant that this man has enhanced his crime to me, by treachery to yourself—that he has deserted you?

MRS. H. What say you?

WYND. Has quitted you this evening never to return.

MRS. S. Oh, no—you must be deceived.

WYND. I have had proof, or I were not here—'tis to your position then, I speak—not to your heart—not to your memory. I have done, madam, with the past, your misery is sacred, and I'll not profane it by reproaches.

MRS. H. Well, sir?

WYND. If, therefore, from this necessity—to which you see yourself subjected—you will permit me to offer you the means of extrication.

MRS. H. I thank you—thank you deeply—do every justice to your motives; but you will pardon me if I feel that so long as I can exert myself, to do so is most accordant with the respect I owe another.

WYND. Then you cling to him—this man who has degraded and who deserts you? You cling to him—when to know him further is but to sink to his own level!

MRS. H. He is my husband.

WYND. You cling to him because you love him—be honest and confess it—clear up in these few words the whole mystery of your conduct—it may pain you, it may humiliate; but 'tis but justice to

my sufferings. I will own even it excuses you, speak then, and I am satisfied—acknowledge that you love him.

MRS. H. (*pausing—with emotion*) He—he is my husband.

WYND. And this is she whom I so honored—so trusted in—so worshipped, that—

HAWKSWORTH *appears at the door, R.*

MRS. H. Edward!

WYND. Yes, yes—enjoy your triumph—see the proofs it has wrung out; man, as I boast myself, see how abject you can make me.

MRS. H. No, no—I can endure your anger, I could almost say, your scorn—but add not to the wretchedness, the despair I bear already, by telling me that I have burthened your heart as well as mine. (*HAWKSWORTH advances*)

HAWKS. To your room!

MRS. H. Ah! what is it you would do?

HAWKS. Will you obey me? *She bows and goes off, L. D.*  
I regret, Mr. Wyndham, to have disturbed this secret interview, which it's easy to perceive was not without its purpose.

WYND. A purpose I avow, sir—to save one whom you'd abandon.

HAWKS. And of course it would be impertinent to ask on what conditions.

WYND. Beware, sir, beware! You know what's in my heart, that naturally I would harm no man—would bear pain, not inflict it—but with all this you know—that there is no serpent—there's no tiger that could spring across my path, whose life I would take so willingly, so eagerly as yours.

HAWKS. I thank you for this candor; hatred has at least this merit, superior in this to friendship, that it's marked by no imposture. I was in search of you, Mr. Wyndham—was on my way to your very door, when missing an important letter, I fortunately turned back. There is now no occasion to delay the wish of both. (*he draws pistols from his pocket*)

WYND. Here?

HAWKS. In this room.

WYND. And your wife in the adjoining.

HAWKS. Is it for her sake you are so anxious, or is it for your own?

WYND. Be it so. (*he takes a pistol and examines it*)

HAWKS. We must have a signal. Here's a book; when you are ready, it shall fall.

WYND. Agreed. (*they take their stations—WYNDHAM in front, R., HAWKSWORTH at back, L., a book in his L. hand; they level—the book falls—HAWKSWORTH'S pistol snaps*) Your life is in my hands.

HAWKS. Well, sir—do I tremble?

WYND. Your life is in my hands, and yet I hesitate.

HAWKS. Trusting I will pray for it—will crouch to you for mercy. Ah! there are footsteps! Fire, sir, at once! (*WYNDHAM still hesitating*)

LAMBOURNE *comes from R. D.*

LAMB. Hawksworth, you're pursued! the officers are below!



HAWKS. Fire, if you're a man!

WYND. And you pursued? Not I; I have no partners in my quarrel. (*he throws away the pistol*)

LAMB. Now but an instant's left you: there is still escape this way; steps lead to the yard, and there's a door to the adjoining street.

WYND. Go, then; and till you're in safety I will keep the door.

HAWKS. And owe you my life again? Not I; here I remain.

WYND. Go, sir, and if you will—our contest shall be suspended; live that we may meet again.

HAWKS. Aye, be it so: life has a value now, for it may yet bring compensation.

*He goes off by the window with LAMBOURNE, WYNDHAM closes and holds the door.*

MRS. HAWKSWORTH *totters feebly from door, L.*

MRS. H. I can endure this suspense no longer. Speak! what is it you have done—Edward? (*she recoils leaning on the table*)

LAMBOURNE *looks in at back.*

LAMB. You have saved him.

WYND. You hear, Caroline, I have saved him—he you cling to, he you love; 'tis a last proof of my own for you, and now, farewell for ever!

*He goes off through R. door, Mrs. HAWKSWORTH falls on the table.*

END OF ACT II.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An old Inn Yard in the Borough, opening through its gateway at back, on the street, the sight of which is shut out by an empty coach; R. side of Inn visible—gallery running along it; tap, R. 2 E.; entrance to coffee room, R. 3 E.; booking-office opposite, L. 2 E. beyond it projects the tail of a waggon, and between that and the gateway are crates, boxes, hampers, &c., as well as round the yard.*

JACOB *is discovered moving about the boxes; HOOKHAM comes from the office, writing in book.*

HOOK. Well, Jacob—what for you?

JACOB. Why, here's some goods for the City, sir, and a whole lot of luggage to go down to Richmond.

HOOK. Oh, ah! come from Brighton—all out of the waggon?

JACOB. Yes, sir, I think so—all but this man, here.

HOOK. (*still writing*) What, man?

JACOB. Why, some poor starving chap, they picked up on the road.

HOOK. And who's now fast asleep; well, let him stop—hard to

grudge a man, who's as well off as crockery, gets packed up in straw. What things are here?

(turning to L., JACOB goes off L., moving boxes; JOE comes through the gateway, dressed as a page, and walks about looking at the boxes)

JOE. (reading) "Wiggins and Company," no, not for us—"Sawkins and Saunders,"—all City things. I say, my good man, have you any luggage here for a lady, named Hawksworth?

HOOK. (turning) Hawksworth!

JOE. Yes, Hawksworth, of Auburn Lodge, Richmond.

HOOK. Here's a cart-load, from Brighton.

JOE. Well, that's the lot.

HOOK. And Hawksworth, do you say?—I knew that name once, ten years ago, now—when I was in Wales.

JOE. Well, it's the same—she comes from Wales.

HOOK. What, wife of a Mr. Hawksworth, who went to America.

JOE. Yes, and who died there.

HOOK. Died there —

JOE. He did, about a twelvemonth ago—was drowned off the coast.

HOOK. And so, that was his end.

JOE. My missus, you know, having been left in this country—left to live as she could.

HOOK. And now, she's well off, do you say?

JOE. Yes, sir, she is—her father had some lead mines, which had turned out a failure—'twas they, I think, ruined him. Well, a friend of his bought 'em—and soon after that, sir, they turned up a prize.

HOOK. A prize!

JOE. It's a fact—began to yield beautiful, so as every one said, they belonged of rights to my missus, and this gentleman was a friend, and knew how she'd been treated—he settled at once, she should have a part of the profits.

HOOK. He did?

JOE. Yes, he did, sir; he made her quite easy.

HOOK. Why, what capital news!

JOE. So, as she had lodged with Mrs. Spicer, she took her for housekeeper—and as she had a great respect for me she made me her page.

HOOK. What a just piece of fortune?

JOE. Not a common page though, I'm better than that—more of a wally—a groom perhaps some day—as I want to see the world. Though, what I should like best is to go abroad as a currier, a chap as speaks French and wizzes a passport—however, as it is I've got plenty to do:—what with this coming from Brighton and our maid's falling ill; she had to stop at your house here, and as missus is in town to-day she's coming to see her.

HOOK. Coming here?

JOE. Yes, she is, about two o'clock, and what's the time now? why, it must be near that—so I think I'll step in and let Susan know.

*He enters the inn by the coffee room.*

HOOK. Why what a change to be sure—the storm all blown over and she once more at ease—come, then, we mustn't say fortunes so blind if she does wear a bandage, she contrives to see through it—gets mesmerised perhaps, and by the fair hand of goodness—

(TATTERS comes through the gateway in a shabby military undress coat, cap with band, and carrying a jug in each hand)

TATT. Ah, Hookham, good day to you.

HOOK Good day, Captain, good day.

TATTERS goes to the tap and puts in jugs.

TATT. Mrs. Baggs, ale for Madame R. if you please, and porter for me.

*He returns drawing out a bill.*

Hookham, allow me the pleasure of offering you a bill—a bill which if accepted I'm sure will be honoured.

HOOK. Oh, of the panorama!

TATT. Yes, the panorama, our morning exhibition—we intend to have two, in order to get the two effects—of “with candles” and “without candles”—including the attraction of “first time by candle light.”

HOOK. Well, and how are you doing?

TATT. Oh, poorly, Hookham, poorly, the Borough's not the place for us—a region of tan-pits! No soul, but all hides.

HOOK. And yet it's a good painting?

TATT. Good, sir, it's a grand one, Madame Ruspini's best effort—to say nothing of the subject, the Siege of Seringapatam, with the further advantage of being explained by myself.

HOOK. Well, that it wants—she has put so much smoke in it—all you can see is a gun or two, and a bit of the wall.

TATT. But that's art, sir—high art—you can't fight without smoke, and the less that you see—the more's left to the imagination. You should hear what a judge says, we've had a good one to-day—you remember Mr. Wyndham?

HOOK. Who?

TATT. Mr. Wyndham—our old friend in Wales.

HOOK. Of course, and is he here?

TATT. Yes, just come home after a long stay in Italy, where he's been devoted to art—he has brought back some specimens, a Baachanal among others, who's slightly in rags—so having met Madame Ruspini, he has engaged her to mend him—and grandly she'll do it, sir—her repairs will stand out!

HOOK. That I dare say.

TATT. So not to lose time he has brought it over this morning, and I left them discussing rather a critical point—whether the Bacchanal's nose didn't interfere with the sunset.

VOICE. (heard in tap) Beer!

TATT. Thank you, Mrs. Baggs.

*He goes to the tap, puts in coppers and takes jugs*

*JOE comes from the inn, R.*

JOE. Didn't I hear a carriage?—yes—it's Mrs. Hawksworth.

*He goes off at the back, R.*

TATTERS returns from tap with the jugs.

HOOK. Well, and I say, is Mr. Wyndham a single man still?

TATT. Single! of course—and likely to be, with his passion for art—art, as I tell you, is all he loves now. Faces on canvas—they are the things now;—canvas, in his case, has neutralized muslin.

JOE comes from the gateway, R., followed by MRS. HAWKSWORTH, who turns and pauses, looking off, R.

JOE. This way, Mrs. Hawksworth.

TATT. Mrs. Hawksworth!

HOOK. Herself—and I'm in this pickle, when I wished so to speak to her, about the old times. Something has engaged her—if she'll stop but a minute, I'll make myself tidy.

(he enters the office, L.; she turns and advances; TATTERS puts the jugs behind him and bows)

TATT. Mrs. Hawksworth, I believe; fancy we had the pleasure of meeting in Wales—great pleasure, I'm sure, to meet you again—quite unable to say how much I carry away with me.

He goes off at back, L., bowing, and keeping the jugs behind him.

JOE. Now, just through this door, ma'am, and straight up the stairs.

MRS. H. Thank you, Joseph, thank you; if you'll go in I'll follow you.

JOE. Certainly, ma'am, certainly. (aside) And as we ought to do something for the good of the house, I'll have a half-pint of ale.

He goes into the inn; she stands a moment, then returns to the back and looks off, R.

MRS. H. He's gone—yes, yes—he's lost new in the crowd—but 'twas he, and how strange he should pass as I alighted, and he knew me—for our eyes met—he knew me, and yet passed on. (she advances) No greeting—no enquiry—no delay even for a word—he did not turn even to assure me, that though renounced I was not forgotten—it is then as I feared—I have died out of his thoughts, or live there but as a shadow from which he turns with pain and loathing. Well, then—freedom—ease—do you indeed return to requite me; do you not rather come to deepen the fate you should relieve—to make me more conscious that I am poor—that I am alone.

She pauses struggling with her feelings; MRS. SPICER comes from the gate, R.

MRS. S. Mrs. Hawksworth!

MRS. H. My—my friend—oh! I remember Susan—of course—I'll go to her.

She turns and enters the inn slowly; HOOKHAM comes from the office in another coat, &c.

HOOK. Mrs. Spicer, I think; I hope you're quite well, ma'am?

MRS. S. Quite well, I thank you, sir; I hope you're the same.

HOOK. Yes, ma'am, I am; and pray, how's your good husband?

MRS. S. My husband—my punishment. Don't speak of the wretch, sir.

HOOK. Well, I beg pardon.

MRS. S. It's enough for me to say, sir, that you see me alive.

HOOK. Very sorry, I'm sure.

MRS. S. Mrs. Hawksworth will tell you what I endured from that man. What I bore—what I pardoned—if I hadn't been an angel—I—ahem.

HOOK. And, may I ask—what's become of him?

MRS. S. Become of him, sir,—why, he's tramping about the country, with a parcel of horse-riders.

HOOK. Horse-riders!

MRS. S. Yes, sir, says it's the life of a gentleman, though at the same time, he's starving. I believe at this moment he's begging a meal.

HOOK. You don't mean to say that, ma'am?

MRS. S. Yes, sir, I do—that he's begging a meal.

*SPICER is heard inside of the waggon.*

SPICER. Waiter.

MRS. S. Who's that?

SPICER. Waiter—breakfast ready?

HOOK. It's that man in the waggon.

SPICER. Coffee, remember, and ham not overdown.

HOOK. Coffee and ham—the poor devil must be dreaming.

*(he lifts up the tilt, and looks in; JOE comes from the inn, and goes off at back, R.)*

Yes, fast asleep, enjoying in memory, a substantial breakfast.

SPICER. Grill me a chicken.

MRS. S. *(aside)* Why, I could swear, that that voice—

SPICER. And waiter, do you hear, sar, a box of cigars?

MRS. S. *(aside)* I could swear that was Montague!

*JOE returns, and looks in at back.*

JOE. Oh, I say, here's an accident—a gentleman run over.

HOOK. Run over!

JOE. Yes, knocked down in crossing by a new safety cab.

HOOK. But of course he's picked up.

JOE. Yes, he is now, but there's a nice lot about him; his money I fancy, will go after his senses.

*HOOKHAM goes to the back, and looks off R.*

HOOK. A nice lot, indeed—and—eh—why, no—yes—I can't be deceived—it's surely Mr. Wyndham.

JOE. Mr. who?

HOOK. Mr. Wyndham—I'm certain it is; and see, he can't stand—he'll be down in a minute. Here! hollo!

*They go off through the gate, R.*

MRS. S. And, then, see my dream; two nights in succession I dreamt about rats—and what could that mean, but that he was coming back?

SPICER. *(from wagon)* Waiter! do you hear, sar? Do you call



this the Clarendon?—this the proper way of conducting a coffee room! Why, where is that rascal who plagues me in this way? Where is my plague, I say?

*(he lifts the tilt and puts his head out, the straw sticking about it)*

MRS. S. Where, sir?

SPICER. My wife!

*(he drops the tilt and disappears)*

MRS. S. I knew it, I knew it—my rat—and as lean as ever.

MRS. HAWKSWORTH *returns from the inn*; JACOB *appears at the back, L., with a broom.*

MRS. H. Mrs. Spicer, I'm happy to find Susan's much better—may be removed by to-morrow. So I have but one more thing to think of—my errand to the city—and here I see the means, my good friend.

JACOB *advances.*

I have a hamper here, amongst other things, which came from Brighton to-day, and which is to go to Cheapside; can you take it directly?

JACOB. No, ma'am, I can't—I must stop in the yard.

MRS. H. Well, then, could you find some one?

JACOB. Well, I'm afraid not to-day, ma'am—our cart has gone out.

MRS. H. What, no one who would be willing to earn a few shillings?

JACOB. Well, really, I—eh, there's that chap in the wagon.

MRS. S. In the wagon?

JACOB. He's likely.

MRS. S. No, no, don't ask him.

JACOB. Why not, ma'am? he's poor enough; if you'll wait, I'll just see.

*He goes off, L. 3 E.*

MRS. S. *(aside)* Montague! good gracious! she'll never permit that; she'll know him, of course, and——

JACOB *looks in at L.*

JACOB. All right, ma'am, he'll do it. *(he disappears)*

MRS. H. Well, I'm glad of her recovery. This, at least, is some offset to the pain of to-day, which——

SPICER *comes from L. 3 E., in a worn-out fashionable suit of the day, buttoned up to his throat, one hand in his breast, his hat drawn over his eyes; pausing opposite to Mrs. HAWKSWORTH, he bows with dignity.*

What a sad looking object!

MRS. S. *(aside)* And he isn't discovered—come, that's some comfort.

MRS. H. *(to him)* You have heard what I require; will you oblige me so much?

SPICER. A gentleman, madam, must always oblige a lady.

MRS. H. And can you take the box at once?

SPICER. And can pause at no obstacles.

MRS. H. Then, if you would consider five shillings a sufficient repayment——

SPICER. Not, madam, a repayment; I take it as a remembrance.

MRS. H. Then, there is the address, and you will not forget to convey it as speedily as possible.

*(she gives him the card and money, he bows again with dignity)*

MRS. S. *(aside)* And still she doesn't know him; she thinks him a vagrant; then, of course, my mind's easy, and——

JOE runs in at the back, R.

JOE. Oh, Mrs. Hawksworth, here's such a sad business—a gentleman run over, and carried into a shop, and Mr. Hookham wants to know, if I may run for a doctor.

MRS. H. Of course, how could you think you required my consent.

JOE. Well, so I said, ma'am—only he wished me to come—it's a Mr. Wyndham, he says, and ——

MRS. H. Wyndham?

JOE. Yes, ma'am—some one you know, I think.

MRS. H. And injured—in danger—where, where—let me see him. Oh, Edward—Edward, is it in misery only, we part—and we meet.

*(she goes off at the back, R., followed by JOE and MRS. SPICER; JACOB advances to SPICER with the broom)*

JACOB. And she's given you five shillings—well, that's not so bad—so I suppose you won't mind helping me in return; this yard's in a precious mess, just sweep it up a bit.

SPICER. Sweep it up!

JACOB. Yes, whilst I get your hamper.

*(he puts the broom into his hand, and goes off, R.; SPICER falls on its handle, in a reflective attitude)*

SPICER. And it has come then to this—! Sawdust wasn't low enough—horseriding, wasn't the worst circle a gentleman could move in! there was a yard—a common yard—where he was to be handed a broom—and when the broom was laid by—where he was to take up a hamper. And yet, we're to be told that the world is all right—the world, which can crush with such infamous burthens—I say, it's a great tyrant, and I am its victim. Talk of its love of gentlemen—how does it use one—why, as it does his best coat—very well, whilst he's new—admires him—then, praises him—copies him—but let him get worn a little—get spotted and rubbed—why, then it calls names, says he's only a rag—pulls at him—treads on him, and when he's once down—does it pity him—no, it says—sweep him out. *(he sweeps vehemently, then pauses)*

JACOB returns, L., dragging the hamper.

JACOB. Now, old chap, here's your load—but, I say, you ain't done?

SPICER. Leave me, sir, leave me.

JACOB. Leave you—to what?

SPICER. Leave me, to my reflections—don't you see, I'm engaged.

JACOB. Yes, for a job.

SPICER. Well, and I shall do it, sar,—when I'm at leisure.

JACOB. Leisure, indeed! the Brighton coach will be up soon, and drive into the yard—now, how will you have it?

SPICER. How, like a gentleman.

JACOB. Well, as I never saw a gentleman carry a hamper.

SPICER. Well then, sar, any way.

(SPICER *throws away the broom, and prepares, JACOB lifts the hamper on his shoulders; he pauses a moment, poising it with dignity*)

JOE *comes from the gateway.*

JOE. Well, I say—where's this hamper, is it going to day—

JACOB. All right, lad—all right.

JOE. All right, you're precious slow with it; come, I say, you sir, stir your stumps, will you.

SPICER. (*pausing*) "You, sar," sar! "you, sar."

JOE. Hollo! why, it never—

SPICER. Miserable menial, who do you presume to "you, sar?"

JOE. It never can be.

SPICER. It can't be—it can be. Look on me, sar—look on me, and know me.

JOE. Mr. Spicer.

SPICER. Your master.

(*he throws down the hamper, and folds his arms*)

JOE. My goodness—why, here's a come down.

*He runs off through the gate.*

JACOB. Why, plague take this fellow, he'll be here all day. Here!—haye!—I say, Jim, will you take this hamper?

*He goes off, L. U. E.*

SPICER *sinks on the hamper in abstraction; TATTERS comes from the gateway.*

TATT. Mr. Wyndham knocked down? I must learn the particulars, or the blow will be double; Madame R. will be upset—Eh! why, no—yes—is it possible? Chevalier!

SPICER. Captain, old friend, how are you, how are you? (*he rises and shakes hands with him*)

TATT. Delighted to see you in town again. Eh—well—and what are doing?

SPICER. Conceive, but don't ask. (*he sinks back on the hamper, folding his arms*)

TATT. Badly off still?

SPICER. Degraded, sir—crushed! you don't see my misery; no, I conceal it. (*he closes his legs over the hamper*)

TATT. Well, we've both of us been victims; a pair of geese on a common; turned out to starve, or taken in to be plucked.

SPICER. Or two birds in a trap; put up to be shot at.

TATT. A couple of overalls; always out in bad weather.

SPICER. And which the world chucks aside—as soon as it has muddled them.

TATT. And yet some, you know, are lucky: see the advertisements—"If Brown will apply to Solomons he'll hear of something to his advantage."

SPICER. That's a swindle—I've tried it: I once went to Solomons, and what was my advantage?—I was served with a writ. Tatters, I'll be frank with you, I'm revolutionary; is there any insurrection that's going on anywhere!

TATT. Why, there's one in the Netherlands, that's going on always. (*he rubs his stomach*)

SPICER. Tatters, all's wrong, sir, and all must be altered; all must come down, sir, and all must go up. Tatters, I'm a worm—I'm a worm the world's trod on till it rises against it.

TATT. Why, you're grown quite a misanthrope.

SPICER. I am, sir, I am; and shall I give you the reason? shall I say why I've no longer any faith in my species? It's a painful confession;—but listen, sir, listen. I once had a child—not my own, 'twas my landlord's—a young tender being of not more than seven years; she always shared my breakfast, sometimes shared my walks; I loved this infant creature that seemed to twine round my heart—I pitied her ignorance, I taught her to write—when what was her gratitude? What was the first use that she made of this faculty?—she made out my bill.

TATT. The cockatrice!

SPICER. After that do you wonder if I'd done with humanity?

TATT. A hard trial, certainly. However, as you must live 'till you find something better, what if you join my panorama?—I'm in want of a gentleman to invite the world in, and if you'd like to do it, I'll give you a share, and if we get on, I'll improve your position; you shall explain the painting—a great mental exercise.

SPICER. I agree! I'm your man!

TATT. Well, then, come along, for we're going to begin. Stop, though, you ought to do something to your toilette; a uniform wouldn't be bad for you.

SPICER. A uniform?

TATT. Yes, that would be an advertisement; or, at least, a clean shirt.

SPICER. That would be a disguise.

TATT. But, I say, what's this box?

SPICER. The proof of my degradation;—I'm to carry that to Cheapside.

TATT. You?—not at all; any one can do that.

*A Box goes by whistling at back.*

Here! hollo, boy! do you want a job?

BOY. (*advancing*) A job? Yes, if you please, sir.

SPICER. Well, then, take up that hamper and follow me, sar.

TATT. But you'll first come to our door, and see where we live—so courage, Chevalier; be a philosopher.

SPICER. Well, Captain—I ought since a philosopher's a gentleman who has nothing to lose. Follow me, boy.

*He tilts his hat, and taking TATTER's arm, lounges out with him through the gate, BOY following with hamper.*

SCENE II.—*A Street in the Borough.—An open door of a house, R., and over it "Gallery of Art."*

MRS. SPICER enters *hustily*, R. 1 E., and *pausing*, looks back.

MRS. S. Goodness me, what a fright—I can scarcely breathe yet—scarcely know whether I've run here or somebody carried me. I can't see him now, he's certainly not following—but 'twas him!

it was him ! I'm quite sure of that—though he was so much altered, so furrowed and worn—it was still the same face, the same stern chilling look—and—and yet living ! when we were all of us so sure of his death—living—after the proofs Mrs. Hawksworth has had——

HOOKHAM. (*heard calling, R.*) Mrs. Spicer ! Mrs. Spicer !

MRS. S. Oh, Mr. Hookham.

HOOKHAM *runs in, R. 1 E.*

HOOK. I'm so glad I've overtaken you—you're to buy the things for Susan, and then go home by coach. Mrs. Hawksworth has used the carriage—and what do you think for ? to carry home Mr. Wyndham.

MRS. S. Mr. Wyndham ?

HOOK. Himself, restored to her, ma'am—to more than his senses, restored even to her. His arm was not broke as we all thought at first, it only got bruised—and that will soon heal now his heart is all right.

MRS. S. Good gracious ! but yet, sir——

HOOK. And 'twas just as I said, they only wanted to meet—a few words, a gush of tears, and they were as happy as ever.

MRS. S. As happy, impossible !

HOOK. Impossible, ma'am !

MRS. S. Oh, Mr. Hookham, who do you think I've just seen. As sure as I'm living, I've met Mr. Hawksworth.

HOOK. Mr. Hawksworth ?

MRS. S. Himself, sir, as I turned down this street.

HOOK. Why, my good friend, you're raving ?

MRS. S. Indeed, it's the truth.

HOOK. He was drowned in a storm off the coast of America.

MRS. S. So we were told.

HOOK. And hadn't you proofs of it ?

MRS. S. Why, yes, we had letters.

HOOK. But even if you hadn't, he couldn't be here. Don't you know that Mr. Hawksworth committed a forgery—and if he returned here 'twould cost him his life.

MRS. S. Bless my soul !

HOOK. It's the fact—and as that is the case——

MRS. S. I must have been deceived.

HOOK. Why, of course, ma'am, you must—that's plain enough, so you may make your mind easy you'll never see him again ; but I must be off, I've to go to her doctor's and ask him to run down to Richmond this evening. I don't think he's wanted, he'll be in the way—but as she is so anxious I must jump on a bus—on it do I say—I feel as if I wanted the whole roof to myself.

*He runs off, L.*

MRS. S. And so 'twas but fancy, it was not him I saw. Sure as I felt—it was all a delusion, and my mistress—my poor mistress will be happy at last—will marry Mr. Wyndham her first and only love—and be rewarded for all she has lost and endured.

HAWKSWORTH *totters in miserably clad, R., and pauses, holding by the house.*

HAWKS. It is——



MRS. S. (*turning and recoiling*) Ah, goodness!

HAWKS. You know me then?

MRS. S. Sir.

HAWKS. You know and yet avoid me.

MRS. S. A—avoid you, sir?

HAWKS. Yes, you feared I should beg from you—and I do—but not much—a word—a word only—my wife—where she lives?

MRS. S. What, sir?

HAWKS. You know and will tell me.

MRS. S. (*aside*) And so bring back her sufferings.

HAWKS. You hesitate?

MRS. S. Why, yes, sir—when I think how you left her, and when too, I remember—

HAWKS. That she hates me—no matter!

MRS. S. And yet you seek her?

HAWKS. I do.

MRS. S. Though you know too—if discovered.

HAWKS. The cost; I know it all.

MRS. S. Gracious powers!

HAWKS. That she is the destiny that drags me back to my doom—what but this purpose has beaten off death already—given me power to baffle shipwreck—bear famine—cross deserts—to live on, during the months that I've searched for her in London—crouching in it wolf-like—stealing forth but with night—to watch its thousand faces—and see if hers—hers might pass.

MRS. S. And now?

HAWKS. When hope had perished—all revives—I see you!

MRS. S. But who cannot assist you.

HAWKS. Cannot!

MRS. S. I must not—much as I pity you, I owe a duty to her, sir, which is above all compassion.

HAWKS. Ah! beware—beware, withered, weak, as I am, you may find life can rally, and that its last strength is terrible.

MRS. S. I cannot, sir.

HAWKS. Tell me—or I'll tear the truth from you.

MRS. S. Would you harm me? help!—help! *She runs off, L.*

HAWK. And you would escape me—fool, fool, you shall find I have still power. (*he crosses feebly and falls against the house, L.*) Power—power, did I say.

TATTERS and SPICER enter arm-in-arm, R., followed by the BOY with the hamper.

TATT. Well, here we are—good position you see—close to the bridges.

SPICER. (*aside*) And not far from the Bench.

TATT. And a world at the back of us, rich and intelligent.

SPICER. But, I say, how very odd that you should be going to marry my old attraction, Madame Ruspini.

TATT. Well, you know, I always pined for her—pined for a wife and domestic felicity—a quiet worthy woman, with something solid about her.

SPICER. But a woman, I thought, that was always in search of a victim.

TATT. But who'll now have a husband.

SPICER. And therefore a legal one. Well, that's all right. Boy, you can wait.

*They go into the house; Boy puts down the hamper, L., and looks in at door; HAWKSWORTH rises from the wall.*

HAWKS. 'Tis in vain—life is ebbing—sinks fast—and yet, that door—I might beg there—some assistance—if only a cup of water—let me see if I can reach it—yes, yes—no, I fail. (*tottering a few steps, he sinks on the hamper*)

Boy. (*turning*) Hallo, mister. you mustn't sit there, you must move, sir—well, if you won't I'll tell 'em in doors.

*He enters the house.*

HAWKS. I die then—I die—when all I ask is but a word—is but one trace of where she lives—small would be the bounty—yet even that to be denied. (*his head sinking on the hamper, he pauses gazing at its direction*) What's here? my brain's feeble—long suffering has weakened it, plays with it—makes me think that I now gaze on my own name.

*TATTERS comes from the house.*

TATT. A starving man at the door! why, they'll think he belongs to us.

HAWKS. Yet—no, no—I see it—I'll swear 'tis no delusion.

TATT. Mr. Hawksworth!

HAWKS. Ah! this name, then—speak, sir—speak!

TATT. Your wife's, of course.

HAWKS. My wife's! I live again—I live! (*he falls on the hamper*)

TATT. But he mustn't live here; people will think something's happened—an execution inside—Seringapatam has been taken, not by the British, but bailiffs.

HAWKS. (*reviving*) And, yet, what avails it—have I power to reach her door?

TATT. Power!—of course, sir; there are coaches to Richmond—one passes the corner; you mustn't stay here, sir—I really can't suffer it; humanity forbids you should stay here an instant.

HAWKS. But I am penniless.

TATT. You are?—then allow me, I beg, to lend you your fare—two shillings, (*aside*) which, luckily, I borrowed from Spicer.

HAWKS. Oh, thanks, thanks! I can go, then.

TATT. Yes, you can, sir; you can go and—Eh— isn't that the coach passing now?—Here! hollo! stop! room for one—eh?

*He runs off, R.*

HAWKS. I strengthen—I re-animate—again, again, hope kindles—says I shall yet see her—I shall yet—yet reach her side.

*He totters off, R.*

SPICER comes from the house, in a clean shirt with a big frill, bills on his breast—followed by the Boy.

SPICER. Boy, you may carry that hamper in doors; when the performance is over, it shall proceed to Cheapside.

*(Boy drags the hamper into the house)*

And, so, now then, to begin. I'm afraid, though, the neighbour-

hood is rather low about here—can't find the aristocracy are connected with it much—no Earl of Bermondsey, or Lord Rotherhithe; well, then, the more need of some style in the visitors. The first thing's a proper diffusion of programmes. There's a very great art in the diffusion of programmes—and I undertake it, to shew what can be done by a dignified bearing, and a superior delivery.

A GROUP OF PEOPLE *pass from L., SPICER stops them, bows with dignity to each, and then presents bills.*

I beg your pardon—one moment—will you allow me to have the honor, in the great cause of art—

1ST MAN. Is that all?

2ND MAN. Confound you—when I'm late for the coach.

*They tear up the bills and go off, R.*

SPICER. Vulgar people—vulgar people—just as I said—a decidedly low neighbourhood—eh, here's a lady coming—ought to tell there—so I'll arrange myself, and—

*(turning away to R., to pull out his frill)*

MRS. SPICER *enters, L., looking round.*

MRS. S. No, no—he's not here—he's certainly gone—so as I've got everything for Susan—why—

SPICER. *(turning)* I beg pardon, madam—but will you allow me one moment in the great cause of art?

*(bowing, he recognises her, and, turning to run, she seizes him)*

MRS. S. Why, I can't believe my eyes.

SPICER. Well, then, can you believe your hands—for you pull hard enough?

MRS. S. You, sir—you—you—

SPICER. Yes—I—I—I, madam—though I hate so much egotism.

MRS. S. And, the hamper—the hamper! what have you done with that?

SPICER. And is it possible, madam, you dare allude to that infamy?

MRS. S. Allude to it—and why not?

SPICER. Why not, madam—a wife sworn to honor her husband—who could consent to his becoming a mere beast of burthen.

MRS. S. Well you've made me bear enough—then you've lost it, I suppose.

SPICER. No, madam, I've deferred it—till our performance is over—the public must be attended to before individuals.

MRS. S. Why, what are you at now then—do you belong to a show?

SPICER. A bombardment, Mrs. Spicer—and as you're a good hand at it, would you like to join?

MRS. S. And so do all I can, then—you will stay in the streets.

SPICER. Decidedly, till the evening—when I shall go to a cafe!

MRS. S. And you to come to this—who've been a respectable tradesman—you, who had once a good house over your head.

SPICER. Over my head—I deny it—'twas always about my ears.

CHEEKS *enters slowly, L. 1 E.*

MRS. S. Oh, very well, sir—very well—pray do as you like—

since you're so fond of the streets—pray stay here, and starve—stay here, I say, and starve, Mr. Spicer.

CHEEKS. (*coming between them*) Mr. who, ma'am?

MRS. S. Mr. Spicer.

CHEEKS. What, ma'am, Mr. Spicer, that once lived in Holborn.

MRS. S. Yes, sir, in Holborn—its principal tradesman, and look at him now, sir—just look at him, now.

CHEEKS. Well, I've been wanting, ma'am, to look at him—wanting this four year—the wery thing I was wishing. How do you do, Mr. Spicer.

SPICER. Will you allow me then the honor, in the great cause of art. (*bowing and presenting a bill*)

CHEEKS. Oh, werry good, and as I likes to follow suit—will you allow me to give you a little bill in return. I've an account agin you, for twenty-three, two, and twopence. (*he taps him*)

SPICER. Arrested!

CHEEKS. At last, sir,—and I think it was time.

SPICER. Woman—you have betrayed me.

MRS. S. Oh—no, no—you don't mean to say that.

SPICER. Betrayed me—you basilisk.

MRS. S. And you'll take him to jail?

CHEEKS. Yes, ma'am, direct—unless you likes to pay for him.

MRS. S. Oh—no, no—you can't be so cruel.

CHEEKS. Well, I know it's werry hard, ma'am—but what can I do, 'twould ruin a public man to have any feelings.

MRS. S. But you can't, sir—you can't—a wife can't be witness against her own husband.

CHEEKS. Well, now that's not a bad notion—raaly not a bad notion—why, you'd do werry well, ma'am, in our profession.

SPICER. (*pausing*) I see it all—it's this shirt—it's this shirt's been my ruin; I was not content with safety—with freedom—with ease—no, ambitious fool—I must put on a clean shirt.

MRS. S. Oh, my poor Montague.

SPICER. Viper, begone.

MRS. S. You know, I didn't mean to do it.

SPICER. Begone, I say, crocodile—gaze on your victim—but dare not approach him—I'm prepared, sir—lead on——

(CHEEKS goes off, R.; SPICER marches after him; MRS. SPICER follows, with a howl)

SCENE III.—*Gardens of a Villa near Richmond. The house stands L., a verandah projecting over the door and drawing-room windows, which is filled with plants and flower stands; a wall stands opposite, curving off L. U. E., trees bending over it, a seat placed against it; the gardens extend at the back, and the country is seen beyond them; garden chairs, &c. are about the ground—the moon is risen.*

JOE comes from the house, and looks off, R.

JOE. Yes, there they turn—that's the tenth time, at least, they've been down that long walk. Talk of love having wings, I'm sure it has very good legs. And so now Mrs. Hawksworth will be

married, of course, and then, I suppose, go abroad, and have a regular courier?—think of that, she'd have me if I only knew French. Well, and why can't I learn it? I know a man that teaches it for sixpence a lesson; a sort of Swiss, Spanish, Dutch, Polish, Jew gentleman, and he says if I'd go to him, he'd teach me to speak it like nobody else. (*a gate bell rings loudly, L. U. E.*) Eh! there's a visitor; but I don't think he's wanted, so I shall just go and say that she isn't at home.

*He enters the house.*

WYNDHAM and MRS. HAWKSWORTH come from the garden, R. U. E.

MRS. H. And so silent.

WYND. Should I not be? Are there not times when words reproach us? When they deny what they should evidence? When their very sound seems an ingratitude?

MRS. H. It's true.

WYND. Times when, in the soul's fulness, we scarce enjoy—we can but doubt? Think Caroline, think; ten years without one happiness—ten years in which my heart forbad to thrill—could but endure—a life crushed to a torpor, or provoked into a storm; a mere tumult of the senses, in which exhaustion was repose.

MRS. H. And yet—

WYND. 'Tis on their flight we count our treasures. I knew not mine till you were lost; I knew not how entirely that loss would leave me prostrate. I awoke as men in deserts, or the poor exile in his snow, whose doom is lasting winter. Is it so strange, then, that I tremble at the return of life and freedom? that I ask if it be possible I hold you once more to my heart, and view the past but as the interval of some wild and feverish dream?

MRS. H. A dream from which we wake but to a truer sense of morning—wake to feel that the light's delay was but a pledge of its endurance. Edward, you have forgiven me, for love can never punish; if suffering must allay it, it gladly wreaks it on itself. You forgive me, because you feel too that your suffering has been shared—that, at least, I was true in this; if bitter was the cup I filled you, I drained it with you to the dregs.

WYND. I grant it.

MRS. H. And yet, was there no purpose, no reward in all its grief? Yes, yes, be assured the destiny that rules us gives no ill that it can spare, loves not suffering for its own sake—but for the good that suffering yields. Think not the past then was all evil, think not its years were wholly lost—they will yet live in our future to make its richest hours more blest—to make our evening sky grow brighter against the shadows of our morn. (*she throws herself on his bosom*)

*JOE comes from the house.*

JOE. If you please, ma'am, Dr. Musgrave.

MRS. H. Ah! he is arrived, you will see him then at once.

WYND. And yet, is there occasion?

MRS. H. Nay, nay, you will for my sake—you will to still my fears.

WYND. For your sake then? for yours—though it is hard to



end this happiness—my first since the hour I lost you, is it not too sacred to suspend?

*He enters the house followed by JOE, she sinks into a seat, L.*

MRS. H. And yet, I share his feeling—I also pause and ask is this no phantasm? no dream? 'tis hard for a heart to realize—so long crushed—and so benumbed. I needs must wonder—needs must doubt if all this sunshine is no treachery—which only tempts hope into life—to give it up to a deeper blackness—to a colder sudden gloom.

HAWKSWORTH *is now seen mounting the wall, R., by means of the tree bending over it, and resting on it, looks round.*

But no, I'll not believe it; I will have faith in a kinder fate. I will trust in that vision that rose starlike on my soul—was dimmed—but re-emerges, and again makes bright my heavens.

*(HAWKSWORTH during this descends the wall beyond the tree by means of the back and arm of the garden seat, and advances to her chair unperceived—MRS. HAWKSWORTH, absorbed in her reverie, at length turns her head to him, and falls back in the chair, L., stifling)*

No, no—

HAWKS. Himself.

MRS. H. Living—

HAWKS. And beside you—traitress—I have heard all.

MRS. H. Mercy, mercy!

HAWKS. I came to beg it. But an hour since, would have crawled to you for pity; now I ask none, I crave nothing—I stand here to command—

MRS. H. And what—say what at once, if you would leave me power to answer.

HAWKS. Food and shelter. Not in your own house—your people know me, and I'll not trust them. Bring me money to the inn that's at the turning of this lane—and bring it within an hour, that I may return to town to-night.

MRS. S. I will.

HAWKS. That I may plan how I may conceal myself, yet reach you when I wish. I risk much, yet I fear nothing, for I have a guardian within reach—a last friend and a true one—that bids me meet risk with a smile. *(he draws a pistol from his bosom)*

MRS. H. Great heavens!

HAWKS. You'll not fail me?

MRS. H. Do not fear.

HAWKS. Nor betray me?

MRS. H. I am your wife.

WYND. *(inside)* Good evening then, good evening!

HAWKS. Ah! he returns, your loved one—I leave you to him but to-morrow—to-morrow you shall hear all.

*(he retires up the garden and pauses at the corner of the wall, R., behind a tree)*

WYNDHAM *comes from the house.*

WYND. Now, dearest, now, I've seen him as you wished—and—*(she rises and waives him from her deliriously)*

MRS. H. Away, away!—fate laughs at us—its gulf yearns wide as ever—a step nearer, and we are lost! (*losing her strength, and tottering—he catches her in his arms*)

WYND. Speak, dearest, speak. What is this new terror—this new torture you inflict on me?

HOOKEHAM. (*heard outside*) Surround the walls!—he's there; and do you enter the house.

HAWKS. (*at back*) Pursued!

*He disappears, R.*

*JOE comes from the house.*

JOE. Oh, Mr. Wyndham, here are police at the door, they've come with Mr. Hookham in search of some culprit he has met, and they say he is in our garden.

*HAWKSWORTH is heard outside, R.*

HAWKS. Give way there, or I fire!

*JOE runs to the back, and looks off, R.*

JOE. They've seized him, sir!—they struggle—and now——

*(A pistol shot is heard.)*

—He has destroyed himself.

WYND. And who—who—is this unhappy being?

HAWKSWORTH *staggers back from R., and grasping the wall, supports himself.*

HAWKS. Behold him!

WYND. Hawksworth?

HAWKS. Even he.

WYND. Living?

HAWKS. But an instant—an instant only—life rallies only long enough to offer this atonement—Wyndham, you are revenged—revenged; and by my own hand—and now be merciful—forgive!—*(he totters forward,—and falls)*

WYND. Forgive!

HAWKS. You should do so, much as you have been wronged—the fiercest fires should die out in the grave; and you, Caroline—you, whose wrongs are even deeper—you, from whom I tore, youth, hope, enjoyment, all that makes life—life itself—ah, be piteous also, if I parted, I re-unite you—and in that joy—be generous—be merciful—forgive! *(he falls back)*

*Enter HOOKEHAM, at the back, L., followed by OFFICERS.*

*(WYNDHAM turns and waves him back—MRS. HAWKSWORTH kneels and hides her face—WYNDHAM regards the dying man with a pitying expression—the moon shines brightly on the tableau)*

Curtain.

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### STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R.	R.C.	C.	L. C.	L.
Right.	Right Centre.	Centre.	Left Centre.	Left.

FACING THE AUDIENCE.

MY FRIEND  
FROM LEATHERHEAD

A FARCE

IN

ONE ACT

BY

EDMUND YATES,

(MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY,)

AND

N. H. HARRINGTON

AUTHORS OF

*A Night at Notting Hill, &c. &c*

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## MY FRIEND FROM LEATHERHEAD

*First Produced at the Royal Lyceum Theatre,  
February 23rd, 1857*

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### CHARACTERS.

Captain Squiffem	.	Mr. J. G. SHORE.
Mr. Loophole	.	Mr. J. L. TOOLE.
Shanks	.	Mr. HOLSTON.
Mrs. Squiffem	.	Mrs. BUCKINGHAM WHITE.
Lemondrop	.	Miss M. WILTON.



### COSTUMES.

CAPTAIN SQUIFFEM.—Modern gentleman's dress.

LOOPHOLE.—Cutaway green coat, blue cravat with gold sprigs, large pin, large checked trousers, plaid waistcoat, light Brutus wig.

SHANKS.—Exaggerated modern footman's dress.

MRS. SQUIFFEM.—Fashionable morning dress.

LEMONDROP.—Modern chambermaid's dress.

TIME.—1857.

## MY FRIEND FROM LEATHERHEAD.



SCENE.—*A well furnished room in Captain Squiffem's House. Doors R. and L., a large open practicable window in C. flat—the practicable glass roof of a conservatory outside—street seen at back—handsome furniture—table C.—two chairs—writing materials—sofa R. with practicable cover or running string (to form the skirt of a lady's dress)—chairs, &c., distributed about the room—bell on table—pincushion.*

*Enter MRS. SQUIFFEM, R. H. door, looking alarmed, and in a great passion; she throws herself on the sofa, her shawl on the floor, and her bonnet on the table, rings the bell violently, takes a chair, seats herself in the middle of the stage, and bursts into tears.*

Mrs. S. It's too bad! I will bear it no longer. My life is perfectly miserable! ever since my husband, Captain Squiffem, sold his commission and left the army, he spends all his time in that horrid foggy city, watching the eccentric movements of things he calls consols and shares, till my share of domestic consolation has become very small indeed. I've exhausted every amusement—I've worked kettle holders with a brown animal supposed to be a weasel on them, and the words "Pop goes the" at the top. I've sung all the new songs—"I've loved the merry sunshine," and "The bright moonlight." I've been "afloat," and a "Merry Zingara" until I'm quite sick of hearing the piano and my own voice. My hair, too, I've dressed in so many fashions, that the only one left is the Chinese pigtail. Lately I've tried to relieve my *ennui* by taking short walks, but even now that has become impossible. I'm determined to tell Squiffem that every time I venture out, I am watched and followed by an impertinent fellow who pursues me everywhere I go. This morning the wretch had the



audacity to come close to my side, and mutter scraps of poetry, about hearts and darts, and eyes and sighs, and it was by only walking very fast I managed to get rid of him. I know he bribes the Irishwoman, at the end of the street, to let him know whenever I leave the house—for scarcely is the door closed behind me, when out he pops from the hotel at the corner—it's too bad! pretty women are hunted to death in London, by a tribe of horrid old men, with dyed whiskers, and tight boots, who are always prowling about the streets. And yet I'm half afraid to tell Squiffem—he's so uncertain—like a steam engine, always fizzing, and wanting very little provocation to blow up. But yet, I must do it to be relieved from the annoyance. He'll settle the fellow at once. (*looks at watch.*) It is very nearly time for my husband to be at home, and he must not see me in this state of agitation. (*hurried knock and ring, R. H.*) There he is. (*rings bell.*) Where can Lemondrop be? I'll just smooth my hair, come back to Squiffem, and tell him all.

*Exit, door L. H.*

*Enter SHANKS at door, R. H., in great haste, he runs about the room looking for something.*

SHANKS. Oh, good gracious, where's the 'artshorn? oh, dear me—where's the winegar? or the wollatile salts? Lemon-drop is doubled up on the door mat! I heard a knock and an hysterical ringing at the bell. Pulled the door open—Lemon-drop staggered in—looked up in my face, screamed out "Oh! Shanks!" and then fell down in a swoond behind the door. Where is the 'artshorn? not here! never mind, here's the ink-bottle, she won't find the difference until she comes to.

(*exit, R. H. door, but returns immediately to C. with LEMON-DROP in his arms, she just looks vacantly around her, then drops back—SHANKS is anxiously trying to recover her, at last slaps her on the back—she jumps up.*)

LEMON. Oh! Shanks! don't! you hurt me—slapping me on the back always makes me sick. Your hand is heavy, and I'm a tender plant. Oh, Shanks! what I've gone through nobody knows. Silecia, the Roman lady, never was intruded upon, by Tarquin, in such a manner as I have been put upon this morning.

SHANKS. What is it, my charmer? Give it a name. Unbosom to your Shanks! who's been and gone and done it? What's been put upon my Lemondrop?

LEMON. Oh, Shanks! I'm paying the penalty of my charms! I'm worried by a man!

SHANKS. A man? Eh! who? when? why? how?

(*tucking up his sleeves and rushing towards door, R., LEMON-DROP stops him.*)

LEMON. Restrain your manly ardour! I'll tell you all, but I feel quite sure that the peace of the valley is fled. The joy of our once happy home gone for ever!

SHANKS. Eh! happy home! gone! what the deuce do you mean? (*in a loud voice.*)

LEMON. Shanks, smother your indignation! that temper of yours alarms me—a man, small in stature and dazzling in appearance, lays in ambush at the corner house.

SHANKS. The corner house! why that's the Public! I know it well.

LEMON. Every time I pass down the street, he rushes at me—and just now, tried to force a love letter into my hand.

SHANKS. He did, did he? oh, won't I—(*rushing off again.*)

LEMON. (L.) Stay, valiant Shanks—a holtercation with a fellow in the streets would only ruin your reputation, and soil your stockings. (*bell L. H.*)

SHANKS. (R.) You're right, my Venus in arms! I'll bottle up my temper until after dinner, and in the evening slip out to the Public, and polish off your tormentor. (*bell again L.*)

MRS. SQUIFFEM. (*calls from room L.*) Lemondrop! You're very provoking, why don't you answer the bell?)

LEMON. There's the missus! I'm in for it! scrimmage will be the order of the day. Go, my Proboscis of Rhodes!

SHANKS. Proboscis of Rhodes! what does she mean? Oh! Rhodes—I see—the corner of the street. I'll do it in the evening when the "Bloom is on the rye." I must be off now to lay the cloth; the governor said he intended to bring a friend home to dinner. (*Exit R. H. door.*)

(LEMONDROP falls into chair.)

*Enter MRS. SQUIFFEM, R. H. door.*

MRS. S. (L.) Lemondrop, why didn't you come when I called? I've been screaming myself hoarse.

LEMON. (R) I can't help it, ma'am—I was in a faint, with highstrikes impending!

MRS. S. Faint! you faint. How dare you? what was the cause of this absurdity?

LEMON. You know, ma'am, you desired me to take your body to be turned.

MRS. S. Well!

LEMON. Well, ma'am—I scarcely had reached the corner of the street, when I was followed by a man, that is always a worritin' and waylaying me.

MRS. S. The corner of the street, did you say? A man!

LEMON. Yes, ma'am—a real man, alive!

MRS. S. A little man, with curly hair, and white teeth?

LEMON. Yes, ma'am! A little man with curly teeth and white hair!

MRS. S. And wears a brown coat?

LEMON. With railway trowsers, and a thunder and lightning cravat! every day, for the last week, his face has been stuck flat against the parlour window of the public house at the corner! Whenever he saw me, he kept winking, in a most improper manner; but this morning he made a bolt at me, with a piece of paper in his hand—

MRS. S. Oh, heavens! it must be the same wretch that pursues me—trying to deliver a letter by my maid. Why Lemondrop, this very monster persecutes me!

LEMON. You, ma'am! Well I never *did*!

MRS. S. But I've made up my mind to tell my husband.

LEMON. Do, ma'am! I have told Shanks.

MRS. S. The captain's a madman, when he's roused!

LEMON. And Shanks a tiger in his rage.

(*knock at street door, R. H.*)

MRS. S. There, there's the captain! Come, Lemondrop, help me to arrange my dress before I meet him. *Exeunt L. H. door.*

CAPTAIN SQUIFFEM. (*without R. H.*) Come along, old fellow! straight on—first door on the right—that's it—here we are!

*Enter CAPTAIN SQUIFFEM and LOOPHOLE, R. H. door.*

LOOP. (L.) Ecod! those stairs gave me a breather. The contortionist at Cremorne would charge you half-a-crown for climbing up 'em. Phew!

CAPTAIN. Never mind, old boy, here you are at last! I'm devilish glad to see you—sit down. (*gives chair.*) How well you're looking, and I say, Loophole, what an enormous swell you are.

LOOP. (R.) Ha, ha, ha! you think so! ecod! I believe I am the cheese—you see you Londoners think we know nothing of dress in the country, so I thought I'd show you a specimen from Leatherhead—do you see this cravat!

CAPTAIN. (L.) I should think so! never saw so brilliant a pattern—where did you get it?

LOOP. Why though I am from the country, I'm not so green as you might imagine—I didn't go to your infernally expensive shops in Regent Street—I bought this from a smuggler.

CAPTAIN. A smuggler in London! what, T. P. Cooke as Will Watch—all pistols and Guernsey shirt—a penny plain and twopence coloured.

LOOP. Nonsense! nothing of the sort; this was a gentlemanly man with large pockets.

CAPTAIN. And mild Havannahs, eh?

LOOP. Exactly! I was looking into a bonnet shop in Cranbourne Street, when this gentlemanly man tapped me on the shoulder; I turned round, and he expressed a wish that I should follow him.

CAPTAIN. And did you?

SOOP. Of course I did! over a bye street—through a dark door—across a blind alley—into a back yard and down a cellar.

CAPTAIN. The devil! and what then?

LOOP. I bought this handkerchief, and was about to leave when he laid hold of me and swore if I didn't give him five pounds, he'd punch my head.

CAPTAIN. Ha, ha! did you give it him?

LOOP. Why yes, I thought I'd better! I could have thrashed the marine marauder, but I thought fighting was vulgar.

CAPTAIN. Quite right! but I say, old fellow! what's brought you up to London? I thought you fairly settled in Leatherhead.

LOOP. So I am; but you see—a young party—a devilish handsome—

CAPTAIN. I see! the old game, eh? a love affair.

*(poking him in the ribs.)*

LOOP. She came up to see her uncle—a merchant, she said, he was. I followed and called at the address she gave me, but ecod! somehow I *couldn't* stand the uncle; he's a *tripe* merchant!

CAPTAIN. A what!

LOOP. A tripe merchant! Tripe, you know—onions—leather breeches—sheep's tongues, and that sort of thing—his tongues may have been good, but his language was awful—I should have returned to Leatherhead at once, but I had the good fortune to discover—ah! you may laugh; but upon my solemn word, this one is a Venus—the real original, and no mistake.

CAPTAIN. You're a lucky dog! now, if *her* uncle is only a greengrocer, he can supply you with onions for the other one's tripe.

LOOP. Greengrocer! nonsense! she's a marchioness at least. Why, her flounces are right up to her waist, and it would take half an hour to walk round her crinoline.

CAPTAIN. Have you ever spoken to her?

LOOP. Haven't I! I should think so!

CAPTAIN. And she gave you encouragement?

LOOP. No! she said she'd give me in charge!

CAPTAIN. And did she?

LOOP. Nonsense! you know nothing about women, Squiffem, though you are a married man.

CAPTAIN. That reminds me—stay a moment, and I'll introduce you to my wife; but mind, Loophole, you fascinating scoundrel, none of your tricks.

LOOP. My dear boy, don't be alarmed! I'm the soul of honour with my friends.

CAPTAIN. Seriously speaking—that's my weak point; I left the army because the fellows in my regiment were a wild set, and a man with a young and pretty wife was not in the most agreeable position. Damme! if a fellow attempted to make love to my wife, I'd annihilate him on the spot. (*crosses to R. H.*

LOOP. (*aside.*) And he's just the man that would do it. (*aloud.*) Of course; and very proper too. But where is Mrs. Squiffem? you'll introduce me!

CAPTAIN. Certainly! amuse yourself for a few moments, (*crosses to L.*) while I run and tell her that my old school-fellow and very good friend has come to dine with us.

*Exit L. H. door.*

LOOP. Ha, ha! poor Squiffem! I wonder what his wife is like. (*takes out pocket comb and glass and looks at himself.*) Ecod! although I can't get my moustachios to grow, I flatter myself there are worse looking fellows than Loophole of Leatherhead.

*Enter LEMONDROP with bandbox, door R. H.*

LEMON. Here's missis' blue body returned—turned. (*crosses to L., sees LOOPHOLE, drops box, and screams.*) Oh, heavings! all is lost now. Oh, you Don Juings, to follow me into my master's house—it's all over—I'm conquered! (*falls into his arms.*)

LOOP. Eh? here, get up—none of this! what's the matter with the girl?

LEMON. Oh! bear me to some distant land—resistance is useless. (*faints again.*)

LOOP. Nonsense! stuff! who are you? Eh? now, look again—I know her face. It's the very girl my particular friend Biddy Mallowney, the Irish applewoman, told me to bribe.

*Enter SHANKS, R. H. door.*

SHANKS. Didn't I hear a well-known screech? Ah! what do I behold? My Lemondrop tasted by another? Up, Shanks, and at him! (*rushes at LOOPHOLE. LEMONDROP starts up and stops him..*)

LEMON. (C.) Take me away, Shanks, or I cannot answer for my conduct.

SHANKS. (*taking her in his arms.*) Rest on this bosom, my own stricken deer!

LOOP. (L.) What the devil do you mean? Insolent male



and female domestics—be off! would you insult your master's friend?

LEMON. (*crosses to him tragically.*) Dissipated youth! be warned; leave the house before your propensities are discovered—Shanks, catch me, for I'm very queer.

*Exeunt R. H. door—SHANKS shaking his fist at LOOPHOLE.*

LOOP. This is very extraordinary! that girl's face is the same, I'm certain. But what brings her into Squiffem's house? and that party in plush, what a rage he was getting into—another beefsteak would conclude his apoplexy.

*Enter SQUIFFEM, hurriedly, L. H. D.*

CAPTAIN. (L.) My dear Loophole, it's devilish fortunate I met you; you can do me a great service in this delicate matter.

LOOP. Delicate matter! are you ill?

CAPTAIN. No! I went to tell my wife that you were waiting to be introduced to her, and to my surprise, I found her crying, and very much agitated.

LOOP. Because you wanted to introduce me? That's complimentary.

CAPTAIN. Nonsense! It appears that every morning for the last week, when she went out for a little air, she's been annoyed by a blackguard.

LOOP. Eh? (*looking alarmed.*)

CAPTAIN. Who follows her and insists upon speaking to her.

LOOP. The cold-blooded ruffian!

CAPTAIN. And this morning, in the Regent's Park, he had the audacity to—

LOOP. In the Regent's Park, did you say? Squiffem, has your wife got long ringlets?

CAPTAIN. Yes, beautiful hair!

LOOP. Yes, beautiful! sort of drab coloured, eh?

CAPTAIN. Drab colour! no—why do you ask?

LOOP. Oh, nothing! only almost all the women in the Regent's Park have long ringlets, and—(*aside.*) Ecod, I'm in for it! I've been hunting Squiffem's wife! She's the marchioness, and I'm the blackguard. (*to him.*) Did she describe the scoundrel?

CAPTAIN. Yes—but from her agitation, not very accurately.

LOOP. What did she say? I should like to be able to recognise the ruffian.

CAPTAIN. She only said he was remarkably ugly—a fellow of repulsive appearance, who—

LOOP. Stop! I beg pardon—are you sure she said that?

CAPTAIN. Exactly as I tell you! some low vagabond who observed she was in the habit walking out alone, and watched for an opportunity to rob her.

LOOP. Nothing of the sort! Upon my soul, I never—

CAPTAIN. Eh? what do you—

LOOP. I mean to say—that is—damme if I know what I mean to say; but really, Squiffem, this is a most mysterious affair.

CAPTAIN. Now, Loophole, my old friend and schoolfellow, what course do you advise? You know this annoyance must be put an end to! What shall I do? (*goes up stage, L.*)

LOOP. (*aside.*) What shall I do? Ecod, I'm in a very pleasant position. If he finds me out, never shall I see the peaceful groves of Leatherhead again. (*to him.*) My dear fellow, leave the matter in my hands, I'll settle it. (*aside.*) He don't suspect me yet—how should he? His wife spoke of an ugly monster—

CAPTAIN. Ah, I see what you are at; you feel that there must be a fight before this affair terminates, and you wish to have it all to yourself.

LOOP. Upon my soul I don't! If there is any fighting to be done, I shall be satisfied with a very limited quantity.

CAPTAIN. Don't tell me. I remember what you were at school; never without a black eye or a broken head.

LOOP. That's very true; but somebody else always gave them to me. Now, look here, Squiffem, this is a delicate matter. You are a married man, and I—still unprotected. I've got no relations alive but an old aunt—and if she don't die soon, I'll have her sent to the Zoological Gaardens as a meal for the Ant-eater. I'll answer for it, Mrs. Squiffem shall receive no annoyance in future.

CAPTAIN. Loophole, my mind's made up. I'll have a shot at the fellow, if the Peace Society had him locked up in a private safe. (*crosses to R.*)

LOOP. (*aside, L.*) I wish I was locked up in a private safe, with the key in my breeches pocket. What the deuce am I to say! If Mrs. Squiffem were to come, nothing could save my bacon. (*to him.*) Squiffem, I have it; sit down and write—

CAPTAIN. (*sitting at table, R.*) I see what you are at—a challenge! I knew your old pluck would peep out.

LOOP. (*aside.*) I wish it would, for I'm in a devil of a fright.

CAPTAIN. Now dictate—I'm ready—

LOOP. (*aside.*) The only way I can make my escape before his wife comes. Now begin—"Sir, notwithstanding your colossal proportions, and your known reputation as a shot, I am compelled to demand immediate satisfaction for the insult you have offered to my wife. My friend, who hands you this, will make all necessary arrangements."

CAPTAIN. "Your obedient servant, Mark—"

LOOP. "Antony—"

CAPTAIN. "Squiffem."

(SQUIFFEM *fold's up letter, and seals it*; LOOPHOLE *takes up his hat ready to go.*)

CAPTAIN. This little affair must be settled before the police get hold of it.

LOOP. (*aside.*) Not if I can help it. I'll write a private note to Bucket, of the detective—

CAPTAIN. (*coming down, R.*) Now look here—(*seriously*) there is a turnip field close to Kensal Green—

LOOP. Kensal Green! why, damn it, that's where the cemetery is!

CAPT. Exactly: this field is called Stiffun's Acre! it's convenient, being close to the burying place. (*goes up.*)

LOOP. (*aside.*) What a nasty idea! I wish I'd never come up to London! Oh! that woman!—I'll never fall in love again—at least—"I'll never tell my love, but let concealment, like a worm in the mud, prey on my damaged cheek."

CAPTAIN. (*at table, about to direct letter.*) I say! by Jove! I forgot! who the deuce am I writing to? I don't know the scoundrel's name!

LOOP. That's awkward! Never mind, give me the letter, I'll undertake to deliver it to the proper person.

CAPTAIN. My dear fellow, I won't give you the trouble to hunt for the rascal. I'll run to the corner house where he's such a constant attendant; they'll tell me where he is.

(*going, R.*)  
LOOP. Stop—stop! (*detaining him.*) Don't do anything of the kind, I'll go. (*turning each other round.*)

CAPT. Be quiet—stay where you are, and wait for me. I'll be back in a minute! (*running off, R. U. door.*)

LOOP. Wait for you! not if I'm aware of it. No, no, friend Squiffem, none of your turnip fields for me. Stiffun's Acre may be a very pleasant place for those who don't mind the vicinity of a cemetery; but this very hour I'll return to my virtuous home at Leatherhead—and—(*going R.*)

MRS. SQUIFFEM. (*outside, L.*) Squiffem, dear, one word—

LOOP. That's the voice of Squiffem's wife. (*going towards door, L.*) Ecôd, I'll have one peep at her; for I really think, from the description, that I have been trying to make the captain's wife the future head of the Loophole family. If it should be my beauty of the Regent's Park? Hang it, Squiffem will insist upon shooting me he's got a devil of a temper, in fact, always had. (*peeps through keyhole, L. H. door.*) Good gracious! it's the very woman! (*crossing to R. H.*) I'll cut the

Squiffem family at once. (*loud knock and ring at door, R.*) There's the captain coming back—I'm in for it! No! I'll fasten the door and talk to him through the keyhole, and if he won't listen to reason, I'll roar police out of the window—(*a loud ring of bell and cry of "Milk below-ow!"*) That's Squiffem—I know his voice! he's roaring like a madman! Ecod, I wouldn't meet him for a florin. (*sees MRS. SQUIFFEM'S bonnet and shawl.*) I'll put this on. (*turns shawl and puts it on.*) and (*puts on bonnet.*) slip down stairs and pass him in the lobby. (*going, stops.*) By Jove! he'll know his wife's bonnet! let me see how the inside of it will answer. (*turns it.*) That'll do—he'll hardly recognise it now, and I'll get off without discovery. (*going to door, sees his legs.*) I wish Mrs. Squiffem had dropped her skirt; a pair of long legs with a bonnet on them will attract attention. (*looks about, sees sofa, takes cover off, and fastens it round him as skirt, leaving his coat tails outside, taking care that the shawl covers the whole.*) That'll do, it looks genteel and matronly. I don't know how women manage to dispose of their hands; I don't think they wear breeches pockets. Oh! I see. (*takes up sofa pillow, and puts it under shawl like a baby.*) There, that looks respectable, and my arms are full.. (*loud ring at bell, and "Milk below."*) what the devil's he roaring at? Oh! it's only the man with the chalk mixture! (*runs to window.*)

*Enter MRS. SQUIFFEMS, L. D., while closing the doors, speaks aside.*

MRS. S. I always wish to be very civil to my husband's friends, and our present guest is one of his favourites. (*turns round.*) A woman! what does this means? he told me 'twas an old schoolfellow; he could not have gone to a girl's seminary.

(*LOOPHOLE, on seeing her, becomes very uneasy, and keeps his head out of window.* MRS. SQUIFFEM approaches him and coughs to indicate her presence. LOOPHOLE sneezes.

MRS. S. What a strange figure.

LOOP. (*sneezing again—aside.*) My sneezing is quite hoarse; this infernal bonnet has given me a cold in my head.

MRS. S. (L.) Madam! may I ask your business?

LOOP. (R. *turning round and disguising his voice, and curtsies.*) I beg pardon, ma'am, I am a married woman that has been cruelly deceived by a member of your family; I have written several letters—twice, and the beadle has called three times, but there's no answer! and now, finding the street door open, I walked up to betray my weakness. Oh, 'Evens! have pity on a brother female.

MRS. S. A member of my family deceive a young woman?

Oh, Heavens! it must be my husband. (*falls into chair, L. of table.*)

LOOP. Oh, no, ma'am, not your husband, I hope!

MRS. S. Then it was the footman!

LOOP. What! have you gone and married my footman?

MRS. S. Married the footman? why, not exactly! *your* footman, as you call him, is *my* footman. Tell me, has he injured you?

LOOP. Injure, ma'am! he is a base deceiver; he won my young affections, and lured me from the path where I kept an apple stall in prosperity for many a fruit season. We were married, ma'am, but he spent all my savings in a short honeymoon, and then the partner of my bosom bolted

MRS. S. Deserted you?

LOOP. And his hoffspring!

MRS. S. Offspring!

LOOP. Yes! bless you, mum, this is a young footman; indeed, I may say a page.

MRS. S. The horrid wretch! he shall not remain in my house another day. (*goes to ring bell.*)

LOOP. Oh, mum! don't bring him here—I know his disposition; if he saw me, he'd call the new act into force, and give himself six months hard labour.

*Enter LEMONDROP, R. H. D.*

MRS. S. Lemondrop, send Shanks the footman here at once! he shall not remain in my service! this poor young woman ~~is~~ his wife whom he has cruelly deserted.

LEMON. (R.) Mum! Shanks married! Oh! (*stands in horror, R.*)

LOOP. Yes! this interesting young woman and her innocent baby are the victims of a too fascinating footman! But I'll not stop in the house. (*going.*) I'll call round to-morrow. (*aside.*) Now for a bolt. (*going.*)

LEMON. (*placing her back against door, R.*) Don't let her go, mum! I'll fetch the false Shanks and confront 'em.

*Rushes off, R. H. D.*

LOOP. Here, young woman; don't be in a hurry. (*door is heard to bolt outside.*) Ecod! I'm locked in. (*calls through key-hole.*) Here! Sugarstick—Toffee—what the devil's your name? D——n it; I'm locked in with Squiffem's wife. (*pulls shawl up and shows coat tail.*)

MRS. S. (*crossing to R.*) My good woman, don't be alarmed, I'll see that you are—(*sees tail of his coat, lifts it up.*) Oh! good Heavens! this woman is a man! a robber, perhaps—I'll



call for help. (*going to window.*) Help! help! (LOOPHOLE throws off all the things, she recognises him and screams.)

MRS. S. Oh, you monster! to follow me to my very room. Where's my husband? (*going to ring bell.*) Help! help!

LOOP. (R.) Don't do that—hush! Think of my reputation. (*falling on his knees.*) Madam! woman! female Squiffem! Do you want me to be murdered?

MRS. S. Get up, you dreadful man! Oh, if my husband—

LOOP. (*aside.*) I once saw a fellow they called Claude Melnotte at the theatre, and he gammoned a lady very successfully. Ecod, I'll try it on. (*imitation of Charles Kean.*) I gave up all my pride when I looked on you! I might go home and ask the loveliest lady of Leatherhead to lay her lily head upon my lap, if I chose to do so, but I saw you, and knew that the ladies of Leatherhead were Lilliputians compared to you.

MRS. S. (*in great agitation.*) This man is a decided maniac—a little more excitement would make him bite. I wish my husband were at home!

LOOP. Home! (*aside.*) That's the only word I could catch. I see, she want's a respectable home. (*to her.*) If you want a description of the home I would lead thee to, listen. (*walking about à la Lady of Lyons.*) In Leatherhead, on the left hand side of the leading street, lives Lubin Loophole, long the leader of the lions in that locality. Over the door a lamp is lighted long before the light of day has left, and love lingers in every lobby and landing.

MRS. S. Linger on the lobby! The lunatic! I'm so frightened that—I hardly know, sir, I am much flattered by your devotion—but still—still—

LOOP. (*aside.*) "Still so gently o'er her stealing." She couldn't refuse, I knew it. Loophole, you villain, you're irresistible. (*to her.*) Madam, it may be thought wrong—

MRS. S. 'Tis wrong, sir—very wrong. I shall inform my husband!

LOOP. Don't mention him, I beg of you. Listen to reason. I swear I never meant to insult you. You are beautiful—

MRS. S. Again, this insolence!

LOOP. I thought you were single—I didn't know you were double. Pray forgive me, or Stiffun's Acre will be my resting place.

MRS. S. What does the fellow mean by Stiffun's Acre?

LOOP. Oh, Mrs. Squiffem, look at me; think of my youth and inexperience; if I did fall in love with you—that was your fault.

MRS. S. Sir, my husband will not suffer you to repeat this

insolence to me—he will shortly return, and until then, you shall not leave this house.

*Crosses to R. H. D., meets LEMONDROP, who enters, R. H. D.*

LEMON. (*seeing LOOPHOLE.*) Ah! Don Juing not gone yet?

MRS. S. Where's your master?

LEMON. Oh, mum! he's running down the street, fit to split his windpipe.

LOOP. (*very much alarmed.*) The devil he is—then it's all over. (*tries to get to R. H. D., MRS. SQUIFFEM and LEMONDROP put their backs against it.*) Let me pass!

MRS. S. } Never! Never!

LEMON. }

LOOP. (*in a rage.*) Let me out, I tell you. If these women were not females I'd—I'd punch their heads.

(*runs to door L. H., MRS. SQUIFFEM and LEMONDROP follow across—LEMONDROP takes hold of the tail of his coat and pulls him back.*)

LEMON. Would you? That's my missus's room!

MRS. S. Shocking! If my husband found him there—

LEMON. (*rushing across to R. H. D.*) Shanks! Shanks!

*Enter SHANKS R. H. D., and puts his back against it.*

SHANKS. Is that the individual that requires correction? let him approach and take a lesson. (*takes off coat and stands in a fighting attitude.*)

LOOP. I'm in for it, and no mistake. Ah! the window (*goes to it—MRS. SQUIFFEM crosses to L. H. corner.*) It does not appear far to the bottom—and the glass roof slopes to the ground—here goes—here goes; I'll slide down into the street. (*throws off coat, runs to MRS. SQUIFFEM.*) For your sake I would go through anything; even the roof of a glasshouse. (*rushes at SHANKS—LEMONDROP stands before him.*) As for you—you fat-headed old flunkey, if I had time, I'd crack you like a walnut. (*rushes to window.*) Here goes, spikes and all.

(*gets on roof—crash, and laugh outside.*)

MRS. S. See, he will escape! I knew he was a housebreaker.

(*loud laugh without, MRS. SQUIFFEM, LEMONDROP and SHANKS rush up to window.*)

LEMON. Oh, mum! he's broke his neck! (*loud laugh without.*)

*Enter SQUIFFEM, R. H. door.*

CAPTAIN. (C.) Holloa! what's the matter? where's my friend from Leatherhead?

MRS. S. (L.) Your friend!

CAPTAIN. That came to dine with us! I left him here ten minutes ago.

MRS. S. (*aside*.) Then it was my husband's friend who admired me so much. (*to him*.) Poor fellow, he has tumbled out of the window.

CAPTAIN. Tumbled out of the window—good heavens!

(*loud shout in street, runs to door, R. H., meets LOOPHOLE, who is carried on by TWO POLICEMEN, his clothes are dirty, his hat smashed, a large flower pot on one leg, and two smaller ones on each arm. The policemen put him down, R. C. LOOPHOLE on seeing SQUIFFEM, seizes chair, and holds it before him.*)

LOOP. Stand off—I'm desperate! There are bits of glass stuck all up my back.

CAPTAIN. Are you mad?

LOOP. Cracked in pieces. Squiffem, don't come near me—I made love to your wife! She inspired me—the devil prompted me!—I am the delinquent!

CAPTAIN. (L. C.) What! *you* insult my wife?

MRS. S. (L.) No! no! no! he did not know I was your wife!

LOOP. No—no! I didn't know I was your wife—no, no! I don't mean that! But never mind, if you want to murder your friend from Leatherhead, come on, take your change—

MRS. S. Pray put down your arms—I am to blame. Forget the past. As my husband's friend, I am delighted to see you!

(*crosses to L. C.*)

LOOP. Much obliged, madam, but I must be off.

CAPTAIN. Off—nonsense! you came to dine with us.

LOOP. Yes! but I've lost my appetite.

CAPTAIN. Never mind; while you are in London, this house shall be your home.

MRS. S. Yes—yes! you must remain in town. Take my word, there's no place like it.

SHANKS. Yes, for the aristocracy.

LOOP. (*advancing to front*.) Well, if I am allowed to remain in this house, I'm sure I shan't feel a stranger. It's in your power to make me welcome. If you will, it will be, indeed, a home for your friend from Leatherhead.

LEMONDROP. LOOPHOLE. MRS. SQUIFFEM.

SHANKS.

CAPTAIN SQUIFFEM

R.

L.

CURTAIN.

THE  
QUEEN OF ARRAGON

A PETITE COMEDY

IN

ONE ACT

BY

HOWARD PAUL, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

*Thrice Married—The Mob Cap—Locked Out—Opposite Neighbours—A Lucky Hit, and the popular entertainment of  
“Patch Work,” &c., &c.*

---

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
89, STRAND,

*(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market.)*

LONDON.

# THE QUEEN OF ARRAGON.

*First produced at Sadlers Wells Theatre,*

*On May 12, 1854.*

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## CHARACTERS.

Don Mendo Torellas, <i>Regent of</i> <i>the Kingdom of Arragon</i>	-	MR. POYNTER.
Don Alvaro de Raimundo, <i>a</i> <i>Gentleman of Arragon</i>	-	MR. E. L. DAVENPORT.
Hernando, <i>the Court Jeweller</i>	-	MR. BARRETT.
The Queen of Arragon	- -	MISS VINING.
Beatrice	- - -	MISS OLIVER.
Pages, Officers, Gentlemen of the Court, Lacqueys, &c.		

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## COSTUMES.

- TORELLAS.—Dark velvet doublet, cloak, full trunks, grey hair and moustache, velvet shoes.
- ALVARO.—Handsome doublet trunks and cloak of purple velvet and white satin.
- HERNANDO.—Plain black velvet dress.
- THE QUEEN.—Crimson velvet surcoat and hanging sleeves over white satin, jewelled tiara, spangled mantilla, feather fan.
- BEATRICE.—Black velvet, open at the sides, with hanging sleeves, showing plain white satin underdress, large black mantilla and fan.



# THE QUEEN OF ARRAGON.

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SCENE.—*The Stage represents a pavilion-like apartment, elegantly furnished; doors, R. and L. 3 E., and large folding doors in C., through which is seen the garden with statues and fountains in the distance.*

*As the curtain rises* HERNANDO and BEATRICE are seen passing through the gardens, and they approach door C., which is guarded by a SERVANT in court livery, who appears to oppose their passage.

HER. How sirrah? You do not appear to know me. I am Senor Hernando, the queen's jeweller.

SERVANT. You cannot pass here.

HER. And my wife, Senora Beatrice, too.

SERVANT. (*aside.*) The Regent has given orders to admit the Senora at all times. (*aloud.*) That is quite a different matter.  
(*bows and retires at back.*)

HER. Truly, things are coming to a pretty pass. The queen's jeweller stopped, forsooth. I will teach these lacqueys the importance of my position. Is not my shop patronised by the flower of the nobility. Even his highness Don Mendo Torellas, the Regent and the cousin of the queen, gives my establishment the honour of his presence. Does he not admire *my* diamonds and *your* eyes by the hour together?

BEA. The idea of admiring my eyes—that is very probable! (*aside.*) Poor Hernando, I must not make him jealous.

HER. If her majesty will only get married now, what a golden stream of patronage will flow in on me. There is the king of Naples, or the Prince of Parma—

BEA. What have you to do with it, pray?

HER. Wife, wife, will you never awaken to my importance? I have worn the crown.

BEA. You worn the crown! Ha, ha! come now, that's too good!

HER. I mean I tried it on before her majesty saw it. The royal crown ordered by his highness, the Regent, for—

BEA. And have you made the crown without taking the measure?

HER. Nonsense! as if any head with brains in it would quarrel with a crown because it did not happen to just fit. Yes, the crown is ready, and only think, I popped it on my head before it salutes the brow of royalty. (*pompously.*) This is one of the perquisites of a queen's jeweller.

BEA. Come, Hernando, we must not remain here.

HER. Yes, we must. His highness the Regent, wishes to give my darling little wife a place at court.

BEA. Me, Hernando? are you out of your senses?

HER. And he told me to send you to him, that he may instruct you in the lofty manners of the court—the imperial laws of etiquette, and all those grand things. Only think how magnificent it will be to have a place at court.

BEA. (*aside.*) This is a plot of the Regent to get me into his power. I must not make my poor Hernando unhappy by telling him the truth.

HER. I should be prouder than ever of my pretty Beatrice. Then at court, too, see what influence you would possess.

BEA. True, and it might be in my power to serve that poor handsome Alvaro de Raimundo, in whom I feel the kindest interest.

HER. My dear Beatrice, we might employ our time better than by advocating the cause of a reduced nobleman—with no riches, save of blood, which is frequently of no use, not even to the owner.

BEATRICE. But you must not forget he once rendered you a service before you—hem!—were so great a man. Besides, his father, when prime minister to the late king, gave my brother his appointment in the State Armoury. We must not be ungrateful, Hernando.

HER. Tush, tush, child, you are all heart—I thought I had all that you once possessed, but you have such a wealth of it, it seems exhaustless.

ALVARO. (*without, c.*) I come to demand an audience.

HER. (*looking off, c.*) That's his voice, I'll swear. How did he gain entrance to the palace?

BEA. (*looking off.*) And a rich new toilette, as I live. Dressed like a cavalier.

*Enter DON ALVARO, c. from L.*

Why, Don Alvaro, what an elegant cavalier you look. A good morrow to you. (*shaking his hand.*)

ALVARO. (C.) You are very kind. Your presence is a genial sunshine that revives my heart by its purity and goodness. Ah, Hernando! of all your jewels, the brightest you possess is your wife.

HER. (R.) You are a man of excellent taste, Don Alvaro. But what brings you here?

ALVARO. A wild, proud scheme of redress. You have heard me say a thousand times that I desired an interview with the Regent, to lay before him my wrongs. But what could I do? My dress was unfit for the palace and his presence, my purse exhausted, and my tailor—just like all tailors—a murrain on the race! as fixed as destiny in his refusals of credit! But Fortune's wheel has at length taken a turn, for yesterday, on arriving at my humble lodgings, I found addressed to me a packet containing the costume I now inhabit, a purse well filled, and a daintily written anonymous note containing these lines—

Linger not thus from day to day,  
But pursue your hopes without delay.

BEA. Whom do you suspect of this generosity?

HER. Not me, I hope.

ALVARO. (*bowing.*) By no means, I assure you. The only thing you ever parted with was your heart.

BEA. Which he bestowed on me, that it might remain in the family. (*to ALVARO.*) But come, I promise you my influence—I will procure for you an interview with the Regent.

ALVARO. I will tell him of the ruin of our family—the unjust calumnies that caused the banishment of my father—the confiscation of his property, and the proscription of his name.

BEA. (*aside, L.*) Poor Alvaro, my heart bleeds for him.

HER. (*aside.*) These decayed nobles are always so sentimental, and they never buy any diamonds.

ALVARO. I am weary of my life. If I could get a commission in the army, to fight against the Moors in Granada, and there, if Heaven willed that I should fall—

BEA. Nay, my friend—

ALVARO. It is the greatest boon a ruined gentleman and a despairing lover could desire.

BEA. What, are you in love?

HER. And with no fortune, and without the means to present your wife with a handsome *trousseau*. How very wrong.

BEA. And may I ask the name of the lady?

ALVARO. Curiously enough, that is just what I wish to learn.

BEA. What is the object of your love—a fairy, a sprite, an angel, a woman, or—

ALVARO. I'll explain to you in a few words. I was strolling through the green arches of the forest, singing a reminiscence of happier days, when suddenly I heard a scream as of some one in distress. The next moment a horse rushed furiously towards me with a beautiful lady clinging in terror to the saddle. I sprang towards her, succeeded in stopping the horse, and the lady fell fainting in my arms. You may think me romantic, but love entered my soul as I gazed on her lovely face. Night and day I see it before me.

BEA. And the lady.

ALVARO. Recovering from the swoon, gazed on me with a sweet gratitude in her eyes, and protested that I had saved her life. By this time her steed was quieted, and though I offered to conduct her to her home, she declined, and left me, saying—"Be silent, breathe not a syllable of what has happened, or you are lost."

BEA. Lost? And wherefore!

ALVARO. I am more perplexed than you, for from that hour I have never seen her. But I found upon the spot this locket, which I have worn ever since near my heart. (*showing it.*)

HER. A locket! I wonder if it is one of my workmanship.

BEA. Have you not striven to discover this charming unknown? (*retires up.*)

ALVARO. Yes, but, alas, without avail!

HER. Here comes his highness the Regent.

ALVARO. My father's ancient enemy. I cannot see him while I feel this emotion.

BEA. Retire for a few moments, and Hernando shall intercede in your behalf.

*Exit ALVARO, R. 1 E.*

*Enter TORELLAS, door C. HERNANDO bows very low, and attempts to attract the Regent's attention, but he affects only to see BEATRICE, (R.) and approaches her.*

TOR. (C.) A pleasant surprise. How is the lovely Beatrice?

HER. (L. *bowing.*) Hem! hem!

TOR. (*changing his manner.*) Oh, illustrious court jeweller, I am glad I have found you. (*aside.*) What a horrid bore.

HER. (L.) He is delighted to see me.

TOR. (to BEATRICE) So you are to have a place in her majesty's household, eh?

HER. (*obsequiously.*) Yes, yes, your highness.

TOR. (*aside.*) I must get rid of this person. (*aloud.*) By-the way, have you finished the crown you were commanded to make for her majesty's approaching nuptials?

HER. Yes, your highness—with the King of Naples, or the Prince of Parma. (*aside.*) I don't know which it is.

TOR. (*aside.*) This is fortunate. (*aloud.*) Then go and fetch it at once to the palace.

HER. Yes, your highness! come, Beatrice.

TOR. She will remain here. I wish to confer with her on the subject of her appointment.

HER. (*aside.*) What condescension to be sure. It is astonishing how, out of compliment to me, he admires my wife. (*aside to BEATRICE.*) Don't be alarmed, my dear, don't be nervous. You are as pretty as any of the court ladies. (*to TORELLA.*) I fly, your highness, to execute your wishes.

*Exit, C. and L.*

TORELLA. (*aside.*) Was there ever such a babbling idiot? (*approaching her fondly.*) Now, sweet Beatrice, may I ask your commands?

BEA. (*shrinking from him.*) Your highness is very kind, but I have no commands. (*aside.*) You'll find out your mistake, Sir Regent.

TOR. Dearest Beatrice, you know not how passionately I love you. Ask me for what you will, and it shall be yours—place, pension, rank!

BEA. (*aside.*) Now to assist Alvaro. Well, your highness, I am not ambitious, but there is a place—

TOR. Name it, and it is yours.

BEA. (*confused.*) It's—it's—it's a place in the army.

TOR. The army—

BEA. I should feel for ever grateful for a captain's commission.

TOR. (*chuckling, aside.*) I see, she wishes to get rid of her husband. (*aloud.*) Certainly, you shall have it.

BEA. Oh, your highness is the soul of kindness, to grant so readily my request.

TOR. Say not so, lovely Beatrice; to gain your heart I would resign wealth, reputation, power—I would even kneel at your feet if my gout did not prevent me.

BEA. Oh, your highness, don't think of taking such trouble for me. What would my husband say?

TOR. (*aside.*) That monster again.

BEA. (*aside.*) Now is my opportunity of serving Alvaro, and it must not be lost. (*archly.*) Suppose I could love you a little?

TOR. Ask anything for anybody.

BEA. (*coolly.*) I don't like asking.

TOR. A letter from you shall always be obeyed.



BEA. I don't like writing.

TORL. I see, you have no wish to compromise yourself. I esteem your caution. Well, the rosette that decks your hair, if at any time it accompanies a request, it shall at once be granted. I promise you this—

BEA. On your honour?

TORL. On my honour. As a reward, permit me to kiss your dear little white hand. (*attempts to take her hand, she gives it to him, standing off at arm's length.*) You have now, not only the word, but the honour of the Regent.

BEA. (*aside.*) And one, I fancy, is not much better than the other. (*aloud.*) Your highness will find I'll put them to the test. Ah, the Queen!

*Enter the QUEEN, C. from R., followed by TWO PAGES and several GENTLEMEN of the court. ALVARO, at the same moment enters from R. 1 E.—BEATRICE, seeing him, endeavours to shield him from the view of the Regent.*

ALVARO. (*gazing with emotion on the QUEEN, and pulling the locket from his bosom.*) By Heavens 'tis she whom I rescued in the forest.

(*BEATRICE attempts to restrain him, but he flies and kneels to the QUEEN.*)

Will your majesty listen to an humble petitioner, and rescue from unmerited ignominy the son of Don Lope de Raimundo, who died an exile in France?

QUEEN. (*aside, with emotion.*) It was he who saved my life. I must dissemble, or his life will be in danger.

TORL. (*aside.*) Was there ever such an impertinent scoundrel? That fellow at length near her majesty.

ALVARO. I have no golden gifts nor priceless gems to lay at your majesty's feet, nothing but this simple locket, which I have worn next my heart, a pledge of true faith.

BEA. (*R. aside.*) His rashness will be his ruin.

TORL. (*L. C. to ALVARO.*) Away, fool!

QUEEN. (*agitated.*) I must hearken to your prayers at a more fitting period. (*motions the Regent to her, and they all exeunt, door L., except BEATRICE and ALVARO, who has watched the QUEEN with earnestness.*)

BEA. How could you be so imprudent, Don Alvaro? And it was the Queen—

ALVARO. Whom I rescued in the forest. This is the first time I ever saw her majesty.

BEA. Now I comprehend the meaning of her conjuring you to silence, or you would be lost. You forget the ancient laws

of Arragon, that—any man, excepting the King alone, touching the person of the Queen, even by accident, shall suffer death.

*The QUEEN returns by door, L., and conceals herself behind screen.*

ALVARO. (*half apart—with emotion.*) What lose my life for saving hers?

BEA. It is the law.

ALVARO. And even so, I care not. A higher law, that of humanity—bade me rush to the rescue of a helpless woman in deadly peril. Alas! what a fate is mine. My father served his country faithfully, and was exiled. I, too, saved the life of my Queen, I say *my* Queen, for I still love Arragon, my native land, and my reward is death. (*crosses, R.*)

QUEEN. (*aside.*) Noble, generous man!

BEA. The Regent wishes to make me a lady-in-waiting. The old jackanapes mumbles love whenever he sees me, and has actually promised Hernando to establish me in the palace.

QUEEN. (*aside.*) What an old monster. This, then is the jeweller's pretty wife of whom I have heard mention.

BEA. But he will find I am content with my own happy home, and not ambitious of a courtly residence. Only if I were a lady of rank, now, I might intercede with her majesty.

ALVARO. But she will surely not reveal the circumstances. She will not seek to inflict on one of her subjects—her adorer, too, of all others—such a barbarous law.

BEA. (*interrupting.*) But you silly Don Alvaro, she does not know that you love her. (*the QUEEN smiles from screen.*) How is she to know it?

ALVARO. If Don Mendo was to discover it, all would be lost. His malignancy and bitterness is well known.

BEA. There is time for escape. Fly with this to the Regent. He is pledged to honour at once the request that accompanies it. (*giving him a rosette from her hair.*) He will grant you a passport to leave the kingdom. Seek him instantly, and I will await your return in the orangery, near the grand fountain.

*Exit C. and R.*

*Enter TORELLAS, door L. with several papers in a portfolio.*

TORL. What, are you still here. Begone, sirrah, at once. Hope not to gain the ear of the queen, for I shall take urgent measures to prevent it.

QUEEN. (*aside.*) What perfidy!

ALVARO. Before I go I have a message to deliver from Senora Beatrice.

TORL. (*changing his manner.*) From Beatrice—yes, yes, what is it?

ALVARO. She bade me give your highness this, with a request to grant the bearer a passport to quit Arragon.

TOREL. (*aside.*) Can this be a lover of my little beauty? If so the sooner I get rid of him the better. (*aloud.*) To oblige Senora Beatrice you shall have the passport. Retire to the garden and I'll have it prepared forthwith.

ALVARO. I humbly thank your highness. (*apart as he goes off.*) I shall never, never see her more!

*Kissing the locket, exits C. and R.*

TOREL. I have always been fearful of that fellow coming back to the kingdom and subverting my schemes. I was instrumental in the banishment of his father, the powerful Count of Barcelona, but I was more than a match for him. (*sits.*) If I can only induce the queen now, to wed that idiot, the King of Naples, I shall escape a routine of thankless duties, and still keep the power in my own hands. I think she will marry, if it be only to avoid the dreary detail of state business.

(*the QUEEN leaves the screen unseen, and going to door, L. beckons in one of the COURT PAGES, who attends her, the REGENT rises, on seeing her.*)

I am glad your majesty comes hither at this moment; I have some matters of state that I am most anxious to lay before you.

QUEEN. I would also speak with you. I am told that Her-nando the jeweller of the court—

TOREL. (*interrupting.*) Has he displeased your majesty?

QUEEN. (*sits on R. of table.*) By no means. He is a most worthy artisan, and so much do I appreciate his skill that I have determined to bestow on his wife—you have seen her, eh?

TOREL. It seems to me I have. One's memory is so treacherous.

QUEEN. (*aside.*) Treachery is the proper word. (*aloud.*) I have determined to grant his wife a place in the household.

TOREL. (*aside.*) How singular she should anticipate my request. (*aloud.*) A very significant mark of your majesty's favour—(*aside.*) which I am spared the trouble of obtaining.

QUEEN. And the young nobleman, who was here—but now, where is he?

TOREL. He asked for a passport to quit Arragon.

QUEEN. It must not be granted.

TOREL. Your majesty!

QUEEN. No, his family, of whom I oft heard my father speak, rendered good service to the crown. We do not wish to be thought ungrateful. He must at once be reinstated at court.

TOREL. But—(*aside.*) What does all this mean?

QUEEN. See that my commands are obeyed.

TOREL. (*aside.*) I'm dumbfounded. (*aloud.*) Shall I speak to your majesty on a subject of importance?

QUEEN. Well, well, what is it?

TOREL. Of your marriage with the King of Naples.

QUEEN. (*impatiently.*) He is a fool. (*goes up.*)

TOREL. (*aside.*) I wonder how she discovered it.

QUEEN. (*beckoning the PAGE to her and speaking aside.*) You will find Senora, the wife of the court jeweller in the orangery. Bid her attend me instantly. Also convey to Don Alvaro de Raimundo, my command that he leave not the palace, to which he is henceforth attached as a lord in waiting.

*Exit PAGE, C. and R.*

TOREL. The affairs of state—

QUEEN. Pray don't talk to me this moment of affairs of state. They always make me sleepy.

TOREL. I sent you yesterday a copy of the treaty which the King of Naples offers. Has your majesty perused it?

QUEEN. (*languidly.*) Heigho, no, it made me quite drowsy.

TOREL. With you majesty's permission I will now read the proposed treaty of alliance between the Queen of Arragon and the puissant King of Naples. (*opens paper and the QUEEN sings.*) Imprimis, the treaty stipulates—

QUEEN. (*turning over the leaves of a portfolio on table.*) Tra, la, la, la.

TOREL. His majesty binds himself, in case of war—

QUEEN. Tra, la, la, la.

TOREL. Let me implore your majesty to devote five minutes to this most important matter.

QUEEN. Tra, la, la, la.

TOREL. In case of war, he will furnish cavalry, artillery and infantry, with swords, spears, and fire arms.

QUEEN. And the price of his cavalry, artillery and infantry is my hand, which he will never receive. There, I don't wish to hear any more now. I am getting very sleepy. Tra, la, la, la.

(*she covers her head with her veil, and seems to sleep—Soft Music by the orchestra.*)

TOREL. (*aside.*) This sudden indifference to my counsel alarms me. (*aloud.*) I'll seek the petition of the Prince of Parma, which may please your majesty better. *Exit, door R.*

*Enter DON ALVARO, C. from R. The QUEEN is about to rise, but catching a glance of DON ALVARO, she resumes her position, and seems to sleep.*

ALVARO. Lord-in-waiting on the Queen! I never dreamed such happiness was in store for me. (*seeing her.*) Oh, Heaven,

she is here! she sleeps, and all is silent. Let me kneel and mingle with her dreams the story of my adoration! (*the QUEEN stirs.*) Oh, do not wake yet. Let me tell thee, beautiful enchantress, how spell-bound is my heart. Thus—thus, in spite of death, once more I breathe my soul upon her hand.

(*kneeling L. C., kisses her hand, at the same moment*

TORELLA enters at door R., and HERNANDO and BEATRICE at door C.—*Picture.*

HER. }  
BEA. } Good Heavens!

QUEEN. (*as if awakening.*) I tell your highness I will not listen to that dolt of Naples.

TOREL. Ho! within there! Guards!

*Enter GUARDS door R.*

Conduct that man to prison. He has touched the Queen, and thereby forfeits his life. (*aside.*) Now is my opportunity to rid the palace of this intruder.

(*the GUARDS seize ALVARO, and exeunt with him, door R.*

HER. I'm frightened out of my life. I'm off.

(*runs off door C.*

TOREL. (R.) Can your majesty conceive such audacity! He not only touched your hand, but I believe he absolutely kissed it.

QUEEN. And must he die for a kiss?

TOREL. The law is inflexible.

QUEEN. Did any one see him besides your highness?

TOREL. The jeweller and his wife.

(*the QUEEN exchanges glances with BEATRICE.*)

BEA. (*aside, L.*) I hope they will not question me.

TOREL. Here is Senora Beatrice. (*aside.*) Doubtless come to meet me alone. (*aloud.*) You saw Don Alvaro kiss the hand of the Queen, did you not?

QUEEN. (*aside.*) I hope she will not confess.

(*the eyes of the QUEEN and BEATRICE meet, and they seem to comprehend each other.*)

BEA. (*in a firm tone.*) N—n—no, your highness.

TOREL. Eh—what?

BEA. For the best reason in the world—I'm prodigiously near-sighted. (*aside.*) When it is to defeat such a monster as you.

QUEEN. (*aside.*) I admire her spirit. (*to the REGENT.*) You see, Don Mendo, there is no proof. (*retiring up.*)

TOREL. He shall confess it, then. (*aside to BEATRICE.*) Take this letter and wait without.



BEA. (*aside to TORELLES.*) But it is near nightfall, and I must leave the palace.

(*as she goes off C. and L., the QUEEN whispers to her. The stage is seen to grow gradually dark.*)

QUEEN. (*coming down.*) Have I not heard you say that this Don Alvaro boasted royal ancestry?

TOREL. Yes, but that fact does not shield him from our ancient law.

QUEEN. Which must be repealed. He shall be pardoned.

TOREL. As the Regent and governor of the kingdom, I tell your majesty it cannot be done. The law expressly states that the king only can pardon such an offence. (*aside.*) A capital thought. (*aloud.*) Now, if your majesty weds the King of Naples his life could be saved.

QUEEN. (*aside.*) His ready intrigue is marvellous. (*aloud.*) I'll think the matter over, and join you in the cabinet.

TOREL. I hope her majesty will soon seek her boudoir, that I may meet Beatrice. I feel confident that she will fulfil my wishes. *Exit R. 1 E.*

*Re-enter BEATRICE, C. from L.*

QUEEN. Come hither, Senora Beatrice.

BEA. (*R., shrinking back.*) Oh, your majesty, I must not come near you, I am too fond of my life. Ah! poor Don Alvaro! he is such a kind gentleman. How sorry I am.

QUEEN. So am I—I wish now, that I had prevented him.

BEA. (*surprised.*) Eh? Why, did your majesty know he was about to kiss you?

QUEEN. Yes—no. What have I said? I believe I am still dreaming.

BEA. To die, only for a kiss. I declare, the ladies of Arragon, from one extreme to the other, will weep their eyes out when they hear of it. If the law affected men in the same way, his highness, the Regent, would be in a sad way.

QUEEN. Wherefore?

BEA. Here is a letter which he slipped into my hand, in which he wishes me to stroll into the garden, and meet him here in the dark, as soon as your majesty retires. (*throwing the letter on table.*)

QUEEN. So, my lord Regent, still pursuing your iniquitous schemes. I will teach you a lesson now. Step in here for a moment, Senora Beatrice, and I'll tell you my plan.

*Exeunt, door L. 1 E.*

*Enter HERNANDO, C. from L., with the crown in a crimson velvet casket.*

HER. Bless me, I'm all over in a flutter; I was within an inch of dropping the crown, as I stepped from the carriage. (*examining the jewels.*) The emeralds and rubies are all in their places, thank the saints. (*in placing it on the table carefully, he sees the letter addressed to his wife.*) Hollo! what's this? (*reading it with difficulty.*) A letter addressed to my wife, (*opening it.*) as I'm a court jeweller. It is so dark I can scarcely decipher it. (*reading slowly.*) "Meet me as soon as her majesty retires." I can't make it out; what's this—"not a syllable to your old fool of a husband." The rogue—and it seems like the hand-writing of the Regent. This is having a place at court with a vengeance. I'll just step aside, and though I cannot use my eyes to advantage, I'll keep my ears wide open. (*feels his way to the screen, and conceals behind it.*)

*Enter TORELLAS, R. 1 E.*

TOREL. I thought I heard a step just now. Hist! Beatrice, are you here? I am confident she can't resist me.

*The QUEEN and BEATRICE enter, L. 1 E., cautiously.*

QUEEN. (*softly to BEATRICE.*) You had better reply.

TOREL. Hist! is it you, Beatrice?

BEA. (*groping about.*) Yes, your highness. Oh, I am so agitated. I tremble for fear of discovery.

HER. (*looking over the screen.*) I shall fall to pieces! I always thought my wife a diamond of the first water, but she is only paste—not worth a setting. (*groans and exhibits distress.*)

TOREL. Don't be alarmed in the least degree. Her majesty is ignorant of this meeting.

QUEEN. (*aside.*) Don't be too sure of that.

TOREL. You have nothing to fear, for your husband is quite in the dark, you know.

HER. He is, indeed, you profligate old monster.

TOREL. Hist! Beatrice, dear one, give me your hand.

BEA. I am so nervous! I quite shake. If the queen were to discover us, what on earth should we do? (*BEATRICE and the QUEEN laugh together.*)

TOREL. Don't shake, my little dove—here am I—where are you?

BEA. (*L. C.*) I am here.

TORL. But I can't find you. (*taking the QUEEN's hand.*) Ah! so I at last press your darling hand!

HER. (*from screen.*) I wish it was a red-hot furnace.

BEA. Oh! don't squeeze me so hard. (*laughing aside.*)

TORL. How anxiously I have looked forward to this meeting—this—this exquisite moment of bliss.

BEA. So have I—I am so pleased we have at length met here.

HER. (*aside.*) Perfidious female.

TORL. It enchants me to hear you say so. Your words inspire me with hope and confidence.

BEA. There, there, you have squeezed enough for the present.

HER. (*from the screen.*) For the present—that means there is more to come.

TORL. Before I release this beautiful hand, permit me to imprint on it one warm kiss of love. (*BEATRICE interposes her hand and receives the kiss.*) Delightful moment! But one more kiss, and my happiness is complete! (*he kisses BEATRICE's hand as before.*)

HERNANDO. (*from the screen.*) These are nice carryings-on. 'Pon my soul, they're a pair of precious jewels, or I'm no judge.

QUEEN. (*aside to BEATRICE.*) Quick, quick, the lights.

*BEATRICE exits rapidly, door L. 1 E.*

TORL. (*still holding the QUEEN's hand.*) I had a sweet presentiment that you would grant me this interview, although you have so often refused me. Go to your husband's shop, and select a casket of his richest gems, and accept them as a tribute from your adorer.

HER. I should like to catch myself selling them. You old villain!

TORL. And let me further express my profoundest gratitude by falling at your feet.

*Re-enter BEATRICE, L. 1 E., with lighted candles—lights up.*

Charming, incomparable Beatrice! (*raising his head.*) Confusion—the queen!

QUEEN. Ha! ha! the Regent is fairly caught, and guilty of the same offence committed by Don Alvaro.

TORL. (*aside, rising.*) Her majesty plotting against me! Then all is lost.

QUEEN. Ho! Guards!—ha, ha! The judges must instantly assemble. He has touched the Queen, and nothing can save him.

*Enter* NOBLES, a JUDGE, OFFICERS and SOLDIERS, with DON ALVARO guarded, C. from R.

HER. (L.—to BEATRICE.) I was boiling over with jealousy.

BEA. (L. C.) And you see it was the Queen, not I.

HER. But I heard your voice. (*embracing her.*) I recant. You are not paste, but a real brilliant and priceless gem!

(*kisses her hand.*)

QUEEN. Is sentence pronounced?

JUDGE. It is, your majesty. Death!

TORREL. This begins to grow serious. Can he not be pardoned.

OFFICER. Your highness was careful to exact the law, and we have but administered it. It runs thus—(*reading from a gilded scroll.*) “Any man, excepting the King alone, touching the person of the Queen, even by accident, shall suffer death!”

ALVARO. (*advancing and kneeling before the QUEEN, C.*) Adieu, your majesty. I ask not clemency, for my dearest happiness has cost me a life which I set little value on. The law has pronounced my doom. No one shall touch the Queen—

QUEEN. (R. C.—*placing the crown on his head.*) Except the King alone. Rise, King of Arragon!—rise, my husband!

TORREL. (*aside.*) Foiled! My power ends here. I shall prepare for a speedy journey from these dominions.

ALL. (*kneel and shout.*) Long live the King! (*flourish.*)

### CURTAIN:

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### EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.
Right.	Right Centre.	Centre.	Left Centre.	Left.

FACING THE AUDIENCE.

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A  
SPLENDID INVESTMENT

AN ORIGINAL FARCE

IN

ONE ACT

BY

BAYLE BERNARD, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

*A Practical Man, The Four Sisters, Middy Ashore, Man About Town, Dumb Belle, Balance of Comfort, His Last Legs, Irish Attorney, Boarding School, Farmer's Story, Lucille, Passing Cloud, Woman's Faith, Conquering Game, Mummy, Nervous Man, Marie Ducange, Maiden's Fame, Storm in a Tea-cup, Platonic Attachments, The Evil Genius, &c., &c.*

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THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
WELLINGTON STREET, AND  
89, STRAND,  
LONDON.



# A SPLENDID INVESTMENT.



*Originally produced at the Royal Olympic Theatre,  
On Wednesday, February 11th, 1857.*

## CHARACTERS.

Rockingham	. . . . .	Mr. G. VINING.
Titus Fulgent	. . . . .	Mr. F. ROBSON.
Boddy	. . . . .	MR. G. COOKE.
Joe	. . . . .	Mr. H. COOPER.
Bailiff	. . . . .	Mr. J. H. WHITE.
Mrs. Winterton	. . . . .	Miss STEPHENS.
Miss Emily Fielding	. . . . .	Miss MARSTON.
Fanny Boddy	. . . . .	Miss CASTLETON.

Time of Representation, 35 Minutes.

SCENE.—BELLE VUE TEA GARDENS, NEAR RAMSGATE.

## COSTUMES.

- BODDY.—Blue coat with gilt buttons, drab vest, white trousers, black hat.
- TITUS FULGENT.—Fancy grey check coat, vest and trousers, white hat, shoes.
- ROCKINGHAM.—Drab summer paletot, white vest and trouser, travelling cap.
- JOE.—Watie jacket, black trousers, white vest, shoes.
- BAILIFF.—Drab overcoat, grey trousers, red silk vest, black hat.
- MRS. WINTERTON.—Grey striped silk dress, velvet shawl, fashionable bonnet, blue spectacles.
- MISS EMILY FIELDING.—White muslin dress, crape shawl, fashionable bonnet.
- FANNY BODDY.—Pink fancy muslin dress, white lace shawl, bonnet, parasol.

## A SPLENDID INVESTMENT.



SCENE.—*The Belle Vue Tea Gardens, on the Downs near Ramsgate. Arbours on the R. H. 2 and 3 E., with tables and benches. The house stands opposite—the gate of the Gardens at back R. of C.—a small gate L. C.—the Channel seen in the distance—chairs, &c., about the grounds.*

JOE *discovered busy in arranging table and seats R. H. bringing table and two chairs to R. C.*

JOE. (*looking off.*) No, no one to-day again. Well, what a shame that the public won't come to such gardens as ours; only a mile out of Ramsgate—on the top of the Downs, with the high road on one side and the rail on the other. It can't be our charges; tea only tenpence—or two pence a head if you bring your own grocery! and see our attractions—"Concert, Cosmorama, and Pyrotechnic Display, on a scale of magnificence never witnessed in England!" Now that ought to do, and yet, somehow it don't. If they look at our fireworks, it's always outside, and our concert, they say they like best at a distance.

(TITUS and BODDY are heard outside, L. U. E.)

TITUS. (*without.*) Now, come along, Boddy.

BODDY. (*without.*) Oh, nonsense, now, nonsense.

TITUS. (*without.*) Come in for a moment.

JOE. Eh! why here *is* some one; two gents—and what's better, here's one with a bag.

*Enter* TITUS *at the gate, at back, L. C. with a carpet bag, followed by* BODDY.

TITUS. Capital place this! bushels of fun.

BODDY. Fun, indeed, fun!

TITUS, Music, and rockets, and skittles and swings. Boddy, jump in, and you shall go up a mile. (*up, R. C.*)

BODDY. (*L.*) No, no! I thank you.

TITUS. Or what do you say to skittles—skittles are the thing. S'pose you are the first pin—see how I knock you down. (*aiming the bag at him.*)

BODDY. No, no! I tell you! Are you going home?

TITUS. (*putting bag on table L.*) Home! bother home! No home at these places. Home we leave at London in the back of the shop—home means a place down in Pigott's Directory. Here a chap's free and can take his own time. (*sits R. C.*)

JOE. (*R.*) Take anything else, sir?

TITUS. Well, I don't mind. What have you got?

JOE. Chop sir! steak, sir! get you anything, sir! capital stout, sir.

TITUS. Stout! that's your sort. Stout and a biscuit! Run and get stout.

JOE. Stout, sir? yes, sir!

(*crosses at back to L. H., and exits into house, L. H.*)

(*BODDY goes up L. and gets round to R. of table, R. C.*)

TITUS. Now, Boddy, a word with you! Didn't you ask me down here to enjoy myself? to have some rides, and some sails, and take Fanny about?

BODDY. (*seated R. of table.*) Well, and you've come! you said you would be down by the eight o'clock train, and Fanny has ordered another plate to be laid for you.

TITUS. Has she ordered a dozen fresh eggs to be laid for me? I've had no breakfast yet, and if I stay here a week, I fancy the hens will be in want of a *Short Time Bill*; they'll be decidedly overworked.

BODDY. You shall have what you like if you'll only come home.

TITUS. (*rising.*) Home! I've come here for fun, and fun I must have; I can afford it, you know—now, I'm going full steam to fortune.

BODDY. Fortune! Of course, certain to gain it with your splendid investment.

TITUS. My splendid investment—which you are eternally abusing—one which I say is first rate, and I am able to prove it. What are the facts? I gain a thousand pounds by the death of my uncle, which you have advised me to put into the business; you say 'twill turn ten or fifteen per cent, but my lawyer, on the contrary, says he knows a way to make it turn fifty—says that he's got a client, a most honourable man, who's on the point of being married to a woman of fortune—

BODDY. This Mr. Rockingham—

TITUS. Yes, Mr. Rockingham, a most amiable person—

BODDY. Who's a little in debt—

TITUS. Only a few hundreds, which he's willing to borrow, as he can't touch his wife's money for several months.

BODDY. It being quite certain that he can touch it then—

TITUS. What do you say?

BODDY. That its certain she's got any money? And next, if she has, that your friend, Mr. Rockingham, has actually married her.

TITUS. Why hasn't Jobson said so?

BODDY. But Jobson's a lawyer!

TITUS. And do lawyers tell lies? why, 'pon my word, Boddy, you grow worse and worse; you'll believe nothing soon—you'll be a positive infidel.

BODDY. Well, granting he's married, I still wish to ask—

TITUS. Whether on this Mr. Rockingham giving me his bill, and to make all secure, insuring his life in the Royal Inscrutable Fire and Life Office—

BODDY. You think as a plain tradesman, you've a right to turn gambler; for what's fifty per cent, but out and out usury? I say, to a man of business brought up like myself—

TITUS. Yes—yes! that's the pinch! You know, Boddy, my boy, you're one of the old school, Can't give up old notions, and can't go the pace. You stick to coaching—when we go by the rail. Old-fashioned!—old-

fashioned! I've opened my eyes. Talk of ten or fifteen per cent, when a man can make fifty; and if fifty this year—why not fifty the next, and so on—and on—doubling his money—

BODDY. Till he's doubled himself up!

TITUS. Why, Jobson ensures it; says in five years from now, I may retire, sir—retire! Buy a house—be a gentleman—become a friend to the poor—chairman to a soup kitchen! And then there's your daughter, that angel of a girl, hasn't she any claims, sir? That excellent being! Is she to pass all her days in my dismal back parlour, pushed back and fading like a red moreen curtain.

BODDY. But if she's content—

TITUS. For that very reason I ought to reward her; no, sir, that girl shall not be lost to the world. She shall enter the sphere she was born to embellish! I shall grow rich for her sake—for her sake, I say! On her account I take fifty per cent—and an additional *ten*, if we have any family! So you see, sir, my reasons are purely domestic—are bound up with home, sir, home—sacred home!—and I fear failure as little as—*(a loud crash is heard outside, R. U. E., and VOICE directly after crying*—“Help! help! hollo!”

TITUS. What's that?

JOE runs in from house, L. H., with tray, stout, biscuits and glasses.

JOE. Biscuits and stout, sir! Something's upset!

*(puts tray on table, R. C., and runs off through gate,*  
R. U. E.

BODDY. *(going up, and looking off R. U. E.)* Yes—yes! there's a chaise—and we must assist—

ROCKINGHAM enters hastily through the gate R. U. E., with carpet bag.

ROCK. *(speaking off.)* Never mind the horse—think of the man! Half killed, I'm afraid! Where's there a doctor?

BODDY. (L. C.) None nearer than Ramsgate; but as it's so pressing I'll run there myself, sir!

ROCK. Thank you, indeed, sir.



BODDY. And, Titus, you can stop and render assistance.

BODDY goes off at gate, L. C.

ROCK. (*throws his bag at feet of table, in arbour, R.*) We must get him some bandages—tear up some sheets! Perhaps, sir, you would run indoors for a couple?

TITUS. A couple! a basketful! Where lies the laundry?

*Runs off into house, L. H.*

ROCK. Or stop! My shirts would do as well. There is my bag. (*taking Titus's bag from table, R., and placing it on stool, R. C.*) Here's my key—no, it isn't—its gone—jerk'd out, I suppose, as I paid my last pike. Well, I must cut it open—can't stand for that—and luckily I see I have not lost my pen knife. (*taking pen knife from his waistcoat pocket, he begins to cut Titus's bag open.*) Yes! Yes! that will do—here they are—take these to begin, and tear them up at once. Yes, in three strips—no time's to be lost. So—(*tearing shirt into three pieces.*)

TITUS returns from the house, with curtains.

TITUS. Not a sheet in the house, sir; but I've brought you the bed curtains.

ROCK. Thank you, never mind. (*TITUS throws curtains into house.*) Enough linen here. Will you, sir, be good enough to run with these bandages? (*throwing shirt to* TITUS. *He pauses, examining it.*)

TITUS. (L.) Of course, sir! Command me—I—I (*aside.*) Well, how very surprising! Now if I couldn't swear this was one of my own! Just my style of plait, and a piece, as all mine have, let in at the neck.

ROCK. (R.) Why, what have we here? (*taking things from bag.*) A blue woollen waistcoat, a bottle of sweet oil, one brush, a broken comb, and—why in the name of all mysteries what do you call this? (*holding up a dickey.*)

TITUS. (*advancing a little.*) That, sir? why—that is an article—of gentlemanly convenience.

ROCK. What, this thing? This fraud on a washing tub—this child of an income tax?

TITUS. Nevertheless, sir, a crisis may arrive in any man's life.

ROCK. A crisis! a swindle! Has a man a right to trade on four inches of cleanliness?

TITUS. That's my affair, sir! and as I didn't come here to discuss any sanitary questions—

ROCK. (*looking off, R. 2 E.*) Hullo! I see it all! I've taken the wrong bag.

TITUS. Yes, sir, you have, and opened it the wrong way.

ROCK. This is yours after all.

TITUS. Of course, sir, it is.

ROCK. Then take it, I beg. (*throwing the bag to TITUS.*)

TITUS. When you've spoilt it! Liberal, indeed!

ROCK. What, sir, and are you the man to grudge succour to offering?

TITUS. Not when I cause it, but as the man was driving you, and not me, I think it's your duty to stand the expense.

ROCK. Sir, I don't know your name, but your language strikes me as a something perfectly disgusting.

TITUS. And sir, it strikes me that your conduct and my language are much on a par.

ROCK. Who are you, sir? Who are you?

TITUS. Who am I? A gentleman!

ROCK. That's no reply—that's every man's name who's ashamed of his own.

TITUS. Well, if you're not ashamed of yours, it's time you began.

ROCK. And all this abuse about a miserable bag! If I've taken yours, take mine, sir! Here! here it is. (*gets bag from R. H. and gives it to TITUS, then snatches the linen away from him.*) You'll find it as full, and I presume, as well stocked, only allow me to add, that when you erase the initials, the letter R stands for Rockingham, and not rascal or robber. *he hurries off through gate, R. U. E.*

TITUS. Rockingham—Rockingham! why, it never can be the man that's borrowed my money! Here's his card! (*reads on bag.*) Yes, it is! "C. R. ROCKINGHAM, ALBANY, PICCADILLY." The identical man! Why, how very extraordinary! Debtor and creditor brought face to face without knowing how strong is the bond that unites them. But what brings him here? His wife's here, of course—perhaps she's hurt too, and he's hurrying to join her! then if assistance is wanted, of course I must give it—I should assist him if any man should, and—

*Going up c., meets ROCKINGHAM, as he enters, R. U. E., and follows him round stage during next speech..*

ROCK. Thank goodness for that! Man's on his legs, and off to the doctor's, but no moving the horse—all over with him, so must hunt for another. But where, at this hour — when, close upon two, and she'll come, of course; she'll be sure to fly here, all hope and anxiety.

TITUS. (L.) Allow me, I beg, sir, to express my regret that—

ROCK. (R.) Well, sir, are you satisfied?

TITUS. Perfectly, Mr. Rockingham—perfectly, I assure you—I believe I have the pleasure of knowing a friend of yours in London—Mr. Jobson, the Solicitor.

ROCK. Oh, that old scoundrel.

TITUS. Scoundrel!

ROCK. Well, usurer, then—usurer, if you prefer being technical.

TITUS. I see, Mr. Rockingham, you're involved in some difficulty, so allow me to say, sir, if *I* could be of service—

ROCK. You, sir?

TITUS. I, sir! you'd oblige me by naming it.

*(goes to R., and puts down bags, then returns to L. c.)*

ROCK. (*aside.*) Well, he might be of use—though he looks such a fool, and so—well, sir, since you're so friendly—I—I won't hesitate to tell you that I'm engaged in an elopement.

TITUS. A what, sir?

ROCK. An elopement with a young lady at Ramsgate.

TITUS. Why, I thought you were married.

ROCK. Oh, no, not yet.

TITUS. Jobson told me you were—above a fortnight ago.

ROCK. Did he! Well, you see, lying is like card playing, a man must keep his hand in.

TITUS. I assure you he said so—said it most positively—his last words to me were that you were actually married for—

ROCK. But I tell you, sir, I'm not, and I suppose I

know best—Jobson's a humbug, so that ends the matter.

TITUS. (*aside.*) Well, I think it begins it.

ROCK. I'm going to elope with a lady at Ramsgate who lives with her aunt.

TITUS. Her aunt! it's her uncle!

ROCK. Her aunt!

TITUS. Her uncle!

ROCK. I tell you it's her aunt.

TITUS. Well, Jobson told me that—

ROCK. D——n Jobson again! Don't I say he's a humbug? a fellow who never speaks truth under sixty per cent.

TITUS. (*aside.*) Then, I suppose, as he only gets *ten* out of me, I can't expect it.

ROCK. Her father designs her for a friend of his, a fellow named Willoughby, and as the aunt does the same, I saw my only course was to get the old lady out of the way, so I sent her a note saying a lady she knew had fallen ill on her road to Sandwich, and was lying at an inn, and luckily the bait took—she went off there this morning, when I having agreed to meet the neice near this spot, was upset on the way, and unless I can obtain another horse and driver, our union's at an end, and what's more, so is my money! I'm utterly ruined.

TITUS. You're ruined?

ROCK. I'm ruined! that girl's my sole hope, sir.

TITUS. Well, really, Mr. Rockingham, your case is most touching! I can't tell you how much I am concerned in this matter.

ROCK. Well, you're very good.

TITUS. I can't help regarding your loss as my own sir.

ROCK. (*aside.*) Why what singular sympathy.

TITUS. So need I assure you that any service of mine—

ROCK. And, sir, need I say that any offset of mine—

TITUS. But, sir, your position—

ROCK. But, sir, your kind feelings—

TITUS. My dear sir, I'm only too happy to aid you.

ROCK. And my dear sir, I'm only too happy to have you. (*shaking hands vehemently.*)

MISS FIELDING *appears at the gate, R. U. E.*

EMILY. (*coming down, R.*) Charles!

ROCK. Emily, dear Emily—is it yourself?

EMILY. (R.) And so, now all's decided.

ROCK. (C.) Not so, love, not so! there are other conveyances, and whilst I obtain one I can leave you with a friend—this generous stranger, who has shown the warmest sympathy in our present dilemma—who seems inspired by a most extraordinary interest.

TITUS. (L.) Fifty per cent! only I never shall get it. (*aside.*)

EMILY. But still it's in vain—our escape is impossible—who do you think's come here?

ROCK. Willoughby?

EMILY. Himself! and you may guess on what errand.

ROCK. He has been sent to take you to town, but never fear, we are too quick for him yet.

EMILY. Not so, for he's following me! On crossing the Downs, who should I see but himself, galloping fast up the road, and stopping when he saw me, to see which path I took.

ROCK. Then it is as you say—it is so, it is—the sooner you hide yourself the better. (*putting her across to L. H.*) So step into the house, love, and sit down for a moment, whilst I consider our course—so go in, love—go in. (*MISS FIELDING goes into house, L. H.; ROCKINGHAM turns, and folding his arms, crosses to R., and paces up and down front of stage, followed by TITUS.*) So, then, it seems things have come to a head.

TITUS. Well, they haven't come to mine, my head's bewildered.

ROCK. Watched—hunted—threatened! Run down by this fellow.

TITUS. And—and—what do you mean to do, sir?

ROCK. (*stopping R. H.*) Do! why what should I do? Settle him instantly.

TITUS. Settle him?

ROCK. Of course! He has long sought this reckoning, and now he shall have it! How fortunate, isn't it, that I have packed up my pistols?

TITUS. Pistols, sir—pistols!

ROCK. And have also met you—you, the kind friend who will enable me to use them.

TITUS. I, sir! and how!

ROCK. How? why, by being my second!

TITUS. But what if you shoot the man?

ROCK. Then we're lucky again! for we could reach France in a few hours.

TITUS. Yes, but when should we reach England?

ROCK. Why, of course not directly. If the matter were fatal, we must let it blow over.

TITUS. But it might be a trade wind—it might blow for six months.

ROCK. Well, and if it did, sir—

TITUS. If it did, my good sir! you don't know I'm in business—I have a shop in the Strand.

ROCK. But I don't want your shop.

TITUS. But my shop, sir, wants me, and if you take me off—

ROCK. But perhaps I mayn't take you off—I may get knocked off myself.

TITUS. Yourself!

ROCK. Just as likely! and if so, of course—

TITUS. (*aside.*) Away goes my money! There goes the insurance! the thousand pound bang in the Royal Inscrutable! Now, now, Mr. Rockingham, my dear Mr. Rockingham, will you allow me as a friend, sir—I say as a friend—

ROCK. Of course—and a good one—a generous friend, who steps up to my side without one thought of self.

TITUS. Ahem! yes—exactly! so just let's consider—let's see what's the policy involved in this matter? I'm thinking of the policy—the policy, sir.

ROCK. Well, sir, the policy—

TITUS. Now, allowing this fellow deserves to be punished, ought you to run the risk of getting punished yourself? Why not, instead of pistols, adopt milder measures, a good thick stick?

ROCK. A stick, sir?

TITUS. A stick!

ROCK. As the weapon of a gentleman! you're mad, sir! you're mad!



TITUS. Well, now it's you are mad, I think, who know nothing of duels.

ROCK. Know nothing of duels! I, who have had dozens!

TITUS. Dozens, sir?

ROCK. Dozens.

TITUS. When Jobson told me you belonged to a Peace Club.

ROCK. D—n Jobson, again! Eh! what was that? Wasn't it the sound of wheels? (*runs to gate, R. U. E. and looks off.*) Yes, yes! as I live there's a chaise going yonder—a chaise, and it's empty! I'm certain of that. Emmy, love! Emmy! here's a deliverance—a chaise!

*Re-enter MISS FIELDING from the house, L. H.*

EMILY. (L.) There is!

ROCK. (C.) Don't you see it! I'll catch it myself—swoop on it in a minute like a hawk on a quarry. But whilst I am gone should that scoundrel appear, you'll remember your charge, sir. That lady is in your hands, and as my friend, you will guard her—will guard her within an inch of your life.

(*joins their hands, and runs out at gate, R. U. E.*)

TITUS. (R.) Within an inch of my life, properly measured, that means half a yard past it.

EMILY. And he will come—he will, I'm quite sure of that, and if they meet 'twill be fatal—so I see what's my duty; I must prevent this encounter; when Mr. Willoughby comes, I must meet him myself.

TITUS. You, miss?

EMILY. Yes, I—I can suffer no bloodshed; rather than that—

TITUS. (*aside.*) She'll go off to London! That will never do; then he never marries her, and there goes my money. You meet him? oh, nonsense, miss, nonsense! why should you meet him? does no one stand here to protect and support you? a friend—and a man!

EMILY. I know it, own it gladly, a generous friend.

TITUS. And a man, miss, a man! Let him come if he dares! do you think I should fear him? Let him shew his nose here.

EMILY. (*looking off R. 3 E. pointing.*) Eh! what was that, that passed the pailings this instant? Now he comes again—and—and—yes—yes—'tis himself! (*going up and crossing to R., TITUS follows her.*)

TITUS. (L. C.) Willoughby! where?

*Enter FANNY BODDY at gate, L. C. and pauses.*

Rascal! where is he? Let him come on? don't be afraid, angel of a woman! I'll die to defend you!

(*grasping her hand, and at the same time getting behind her.*)

FANNY. (*coming down a little, L. H.*) Titus!

MISS FIELDING screams and runs off through arbour  
R. 3 E.

Why, what does this mean?

TITUS. (R. C.) Mean, indeed! Mean! Well, I must say, my love, that's a very strange question; you must see what it means! This was a matter of business—of particular business.

FANNY. (L. C.) Business!

TITUS. Of course! I was engaged at that moment in a very critical matter. You know I've been investing—investing of late, and you know what's an investment; making a good use of your property.

FANNY. But you are making use of another person's property.

TITUS. That lady! Very true; but I can easily explain that. You see, Fanny, my angel—when capitalists, like myself go into the market, we like to have security—security of some sort—in fact, we like to have—something to touch.

FANNY. And is the hand of a lady a proper security?

TITUS. Her hand? Why, you see, my love, this is a financial operation, what we call in the market, a financial operation; so, in consequence of that, I have been making advances—

FANNY. So it appears, sir!

TITUS. And though it's true, I'm protected by a tolerable assurance.

FANNY. Assurance, indeed! why, I wonder how you

clare talk so. Who is this person—I wish to know everything.

TITUS. Of course, love, you do—what woman doesn't? inquiry is the distinguishing mark of your sex.

FANNY. And I request you to tell me, and tell me directly—for I am not at all satisfied.

TITUS. Of course, love, you are not! what human being is? Dissatisfaction is the lot of humanity.

FANNY. Never mind humanity! who is this woman?

TITUS. Now Fanny, my essence, my distillation of women! Is it possible that a mind so superior as yours should—

FANNY. Should demand a plain answer? Yes, sir, quite possible! I want to know who is the lady? and who is that gentleman she is talking to yonder?

*(looking off, R. 3 E.)*

TITUS. *(going up a little.)* Gentleman! where?

FANNY. Why there! don't you see? He just entered the garden! *(pointing R.)*

TITUS. *(crossing to R., and looking off, R. 3 E.)* Why, that must be Willoughby—yes, and she runs to him!

FANNY. (L.) And that worries you, does it?

TITUS. Now, what if she goes off with him!

FANNY. Well, and if she does, sir?

TITUS. All's over then! I'm done for—I'm ruined!

FANNY. Why, you monster! and you dare say this to my face.

ROCKINGHAM. *(is heard outside, R. 3 E. shouting.)*  
Here! Haye! Hollo!

TITUS. *(coming down, R.)* And now he is coming back! And if he sees them together there'll be murder at once. Now, Fanny, you must go.

FANNY. Go, indeed!

TITUS. Go! unless you wish to see a man killed, and pass your honeymoon at the county assizes.

FANNY. Good gracious, Titus!

TITUS. Go, go for five minutes! and I'll tell you everything.

*He pushes her into the house, L. H.*

*Re-enter* ROCKINGHAM, *breathless through gate, R. U. E.*  
*and comes down, R.*

ROCK. (R.) No, no! It goes like the rest—and—where's Miss Fielding?

TITUS (L.) Close by, sir! quite close! (*looking off*, R.) Too close to that fellow.

ROCK. And that Willoughby, has he been here?

TITUS. He been! no, no, sir, he keeps his distance. (*aside*.) Just twenty yards.

ROCK. That chaise wouldn't stop, though I chased it a mile; I shall go mad, I think.

TITUS. Hadn't you better go into the inn, sir? Go in for a moment, and get a little composed.

ROCK. Composed! very fine! In my frame of mind, when I'm driven to think if I hadn't better destroy myself.

TITUS. Destroy yourself?

ROCK. Yes! and which way is preferable? A bullet, or laudanum?

TITUS. (*aside*.) Oh! I must put a stop to this! This fellow wants talking to—thinking of suicide, after insuring his life, he hasn't a grain of moral principle. Hark you! young man, do you know what you contemplate? A crime, sir—a crime of that infamous character, that—

ROCK. Oh, don't stand preaching there, sir! I want a chaise, and if you're a friend you'll run after one; I've ran two miles at least, and if you are the friend you pretend to be, you'll not object to run *four*.

TITUS. (*aside*.) Well, I thought in this transaction it was my bill was to run—

ROCK. (R.) And you're not gone! There you stand—stand coolly! looking on—with coldblooded indifference, in such a crisis as this—when the man you call your friend makes his appeal to your honour.

TITUS. (L.) To my honour, not at all! It's an appeal to my wind.

JOE runs in through gate, R. U. E., and down R.

JOE. Sir, sir! a chaise, sir!

ROCK. (C. *seizing him*.) You've a chaise?

JOE. (R.) Yes, sir, I have.

ROCK. I promised you one pound. I now owe you two.

JOE. Thank ye, sir! Thank ye! There's a lady inside, but when she heard your name, she said she'd get out and see you, because, sir, I imagine she fancies you're hurt.

ROCK. Amiable being! How true to her sex! Well really, I've often remarked it—if goodness is to be found in this sublunary world—its home is in woman.

JOE. And it seems, sir, her coming is quite a coincidence; for she went off this morning in search of a spill, only she hasn't been able to find out the place.

ROCK. Why, in the name of all the Furies! What sort of a woman?

JOE. Oh! an elderly lady!

ROCK. In a grey striped silk-dress?

JOE. Grey striped silk, sir? Yes, sir!

ROCK. And a pair of blue spectacles?

JOE. Blue spectacles, sir? Yes sir!

ROCK. (*sinking into chair, R.C.*) Why, ten thousand devils! That's Emily's aunt.

TITUS. (L.) Her aunt!

(JOE *clears things off table, putting them into house, L. then returns to R. at back.*)

ROCK. Yes, her aunt, whom I sent off to Sandwich, and the fiends have brought back to this actual spot.

TITUS. (L. C. *at Rockingham's shoulder.*) This man's got a star!

ROCK. Her aunt, whom I dispatched on a pretended disaster, and now is revenged by lighting on mine.

TITUS. (*aside.*) Now, really there is something curious in the luck of all this—something quite curious!

ROCK. This settle's everything! All's ended now! She'll see and seize Emily, carry her back to town, whilst she also enjoys the triumph of pouring her scorn upon me! (*starting up.*) A great thought! Why on me? Why not on you?

TITUS. Me!

ROCK. You! as she doesn't know me, and then, don't you see, whilst she was worrying you, I could be off in her chaise.

TITUS. Yes! Yes! But, I say—

ROCK. Nothing could be easier! Waiter, run and tell her, since she wishes it, she *shall* see Mr. Rockingham.

JOE. (R.) See Mr. Rockingham! Yes, sir! (*aside.*) And I'll see a sovereign. JOE runs out at gate, R. U. E.

ROCK. (R. C.) I triumph after all! and all through your kindness—through yours, my best friend. (*taking his hand.*) And so, sir, farewell! You see what's your task, to detain this old woman till we've got to the rail. All you've to do is, to keep Mrs. Winterton—(*going up.*)

TITUS. (*following him up, L. C.*) Who?

ROCK. Mrs. Winterton.

TITUS. (*leading him to front.*) Does she live in Spring-gardens?

ROCK. Yes! What of that?

TITUS. Why that lady *deals* with me.

ROCK. Deals with you?

TITUS. Yes, and knows me as well as she does her own hairbrush.

ROCK. Pooh! pooh! It can't be her!

TITUS. Awkward if it is, though! for she's as proud as a Duchess—and if played any tricks with—she'd ruin a man.

ROCK. But I tell you, it can't be.

TITUS. She'd go round to her friends, and knock me, perhaps, out of a hundred a year.

ROCK. Well, and if she did, sir, what's that to me? What have I to do with your pecuniary views—your miserable pocket? I'm concerned with your pledge, sir, your pledge as a man of honour, to help me to escape, whilst—

MRS. WINTERTON. (*outside, R. U. E.*) In the garden, you say!

TITUS. Why that's her!

ROCK. Oh! It is!

*He runs off through gate, L. C.*

TITUS *jerks up his great coat collar and drags his hat over his eyes as*

MRS. WINTERTON *enters through gate, R. U. E., (in grey marine suit, bonnet, &c., and blue spectacles), and comes down R. H.*

MRS. W. (R.) Mr. Rockingham, I believe?

TITUS. (L.) (*aside.*) 'Tis she! That's her voice! As grand at an order as a commander in chief!

MRS. W. And so we meet at last, sir! I'm happy that I've had the honour to send in my name.



TITUS. (*aside.*) And I shall have the honour to send in my bill!

MRS. W. (*surveying him.*) Well, how very extraordinary! This Emily's idol! this the ideal being that has turned that girl's head!

TITUS. She knows me! I'm certain!

MRS. W. (*aside.*) Her raptures prepared me to meet an Adonis, a marvel of manliness, grace, and refinement.

TITUS. (*aside.*) Yes! yes! I'm detected! I may take down my shutters?

MRS. W. (*aside.*) The girl must be mad! And now, Mr. Rockingham, for a brief conversation. Let me tell you at once, sir, that your object is known; 'tis useless to hide it; disguise in your case, is not likely to serve you.

TITUS. (*aside.*) Well, I hope it is!

MRS. W. You've come here for my niece, sir; but you know you can't get her; that we're too well aware of Mr. Rockingham's character—a character, I regret to say which has lately become a proverb for all that's unprincipled!

TITUS. Well, as she takes me for a gentleman, I ought to bluster! Poh! Poh! Poh! Madam! Poh! Poh!

MRS. W. What, sir, do you deny it that you are deeply in debt, sir!

TITUS. Poh! Poh! Madam! Poh! Poh!

MRS. W. Do you deny that at this very instant you are escaping the bailiffs?

TITUS. The bailiffs!

MRS. W. The bailiffs! Must I tell you that one came up to my chaise window, not ten minutes since.

*A BAILIFF enters through gate, R. U. E., and waits at back, L. H.*

TITUS. (*aside.*) That infamous Jobson! Is there no Lynch law in England?

MRS. W. Now I've no wish to harm you—you are young and extravagant, and my neice's great fortune was of course, a temptation, so I'm willing to make you a friendly proposal. Desist from this moment from following that girl, and if fifty pounds are an object—

*FANNY re-enters from the house, L. H.*

FANNY. (*aside.*) Well, I'm certain I've waited as much as five minutes.

MRS. W. I repeat, sir, if fifty pounds will be at all acceptable—

TITUS. (*aside.*) They must be off by this time, so I'll settle this woman! Give up your neice, madam! poh! poh! absurd!

FANNY. (*up stage, L. c.*) What do I hear?

TITUS. A pretty idea! I'm to ruin my happiness!

MRS. W. Be warned, sir, be warned! your foot's on a precipice.

TITUS. A precipice! nonsense! it's your neice is on one! and do you think I'll throw the girl over for a poor fifty pounds?

FANNY. (*advancing, c.*) Why, you villain! you monster! then now all's confessed.

TITUS. (L.) Phew!

FANNY. You do love this girl, spite of all your denials.

TITUS. (*aside.*) Now, Fanny, my darling, business, love, business.

FANNY. Business, indeed! It shall be a bad business for you, sir!

TITUS. (*aside.*) This is a part of my investment!

FANNY. What is? that collar with which you're hiding your face? why don't you show it? if it's not blushing too much. (*she tries to pull down his collar, he resists.*)

MRS. W. (R.) Why what does this mean?

FANNY. Mean! why, that this hypocrite was going to marry me, but I've done with him now, madam—done with him for ever—but my father shall know it—I'll go and tell him, (*going up c.*) and hear what he says to this infamous man. (*sobbing.*) *Exit through gate, L.*

*The BAILIFF re-appears from behind house, L.*

MRS. W. And so, sir, whilst misleading that unfortunate girl, you've actually dared to make up to Miss Fielding.

TITUS. (*aside.*) Well, if I'm to be worried in this way, I'll worry in turn. Dare! I do still—I do still, if that's all.

MRS. W. Beware, sir, beware! You're inviting your doom.

TITUS. Oh! a fig for my doom, ma'am! I say I do still.

MRS. W. Then be it as you wish, sir! Your doom is pronounced. (*raising her voice.*) Officer, do your duty.

BAILIFF. (*coming down, L. H., bowing.*) Good day, Mr. Rockingham! I've been looking for you, sir. Here's a little account for forty-eight pound, fourteen shillings, which—(*producing writ.*)

(*as he is about to lay his hand on TITUS, he runs off,*

R. 1 E., *the BAILIFF after him.*

MRS. W. This was a painful necessity—I really wished to save him, but as he scorned my compassion, of course there was no help, and so, now all's secure, he'll go to Dover Castle, whilst Emily goes to town, and—(*going up c.*

JOE *runs in through gate, R. U. E., and down L.*

JOE. (L.) Oh, sir—sir! Here's another upset! Miss Fielding—Miss Fielding!

MRS. W. (R.) Miss Fielding! what of her?

JOE. Her, ma'am! bolted, ma'am! Gone off with another man, ma'am!

MRS. W. Do you allude to my neice, sir?

JOE. Neice ma'am! Yes, ma'am! Came here this morning to meet Mr. Rockingham.

MRS. W. My good man, you're mad!

JOE. Mad, ma'am? no, ma'am! Didn't I see 'em go off, and Mr. Rockingham chase 'em for more than a mile? But 'twas all of no use—he was forced to come back, and now, poor man, he has walked off to drown himself.

MRS. W. Why, then, in the name of wonder, who is that yonder? (R. 1 E.)

JOE. (*looking off R. 1 E.*) What, him there that's fighting? Oh! that's his friend, ma'am. But I say, that's too bad—he'll be pulled half to pieces. Here! Stop there! Hollo!

*he runs off, R. 1 E.*

MRS. W. My brain's in a whirl! Emily eloping first with one, then with another, and this man not that man, but somebody else—will anyone help me out of this maze?

*Enter BODDY through gate, L. H., he comes down L., shaking his stick.*

BODDY. The double-faced scoundrel! the cold-blooded villain! To treat her in this way, and she such an angel! If she hadn't made me promise to do nothing but speak I—

*TITUS staggers on, R. 1. E., his dress in disorder, face pale &c., he leans against wing, R. 1 E.*

TITUS. (R.) Oh, Boddy! Boddy!

BODDY. (L.) Oh! you're there, sir,—you're there!

TITUS. Yes, my dear boy, although it's almost a miracle. (*staggers to c.*)

BODDY. Your dear boy, indeed! how dare you dear me, or look at me, even, after such rascally conduct?

TITUS. (c.) But it's all a mistake, Boddy—all a mistake. Now my money's lost, I'll tell you with pleasure. All the mystery's removed by my merely disclosing—(*taking off his hat and turning down his coat collar.*)

MRS. W. (R. H.—*recognising him.*) What do I see?

TITUS. (*staggering and falling into chair, R. C.*) I want to sit down!

MRS. W. And is it you, Mr. Fulgent?

BODDY. (L. C. *going up to him.*) Well, why don't you speak, sir? What! not a word? Then, I suppose it's all true. And this comes of your gambling—your going the pace—your throwing off trade, yes, and honour and honesty! But I've done with you now, sir, you understand that, and you may thank that poor girl that I've done with you every way! (*shaking his stick at him.*)

*Exit BODDY through gate, L. C.*

TITUS. (*seated.*) There goes my best friend!

MRS. W. (*up R. H.*) Send in your account, sir, and when it is settled, be happy if the payment consists merely of money.

*Exit MRS. W. through gate, R. U. E.*

TITUS. And there goes my best customer! Any more punishment? now is the time for it! if there can be a worse blow, let it come now.

ROCKINGHAM *appears at the gate, L. C. his coat open, his head bare.*

ROCK. *(at back.)* My friend!

TITUS. *(starting up and crossing to L. H.)* Oh! murder! thieves! robbery! vampire, avaut!

ROCK. *(advancing c.)* Why, my friend, what has happened?

TITUS. (L.) I thought I'd one consolation! I thought you were drowned.

ROCK. I intended fully, but on my way to the cliffs a thought stayed me, that thought was yourself.

TITUS. Me!

ROCK. Yes, yourself! I felt if love's a falsehood, still friendship's a truth, and that your generous feelings had a claim on my being. *(trying to take his hand, he retreats, L. H.)*

TITUS. No, no, not a bit! Go back and be drowned.

ROCK. Not so! you've done that which I'm bound to reward; I must live for your sake! whatever her treachery—

TITUS. Not a bit, Mr. Rockingham! It's time, sir, high time that I talked to you plainly, that, I tell you, you're my worst enemy, that you've cost me, to-day, sir, my best friend, and my best customer.

ROCK. (R.) Indeed! then I see you've additional claims on me; I've more to repay, and isn't it destined, doesn't fate tell us plainly, we were born for each other.

*(embracing him.)*

TITUS. *(aside.)* Why, I'm another Mazeppa! and this is a modern wild horse.

ROCK. Or shall I tell you what struck me as a better revenge? That since this base woman has found a companion, I should take one myself.

TITUS. Well, and do so, for goodness sake—get one directly.

ROCK. A girl, young and lovely, who'd amply replace her—a girl such as I met as I entered the gate.

TITUS. My Fanny!

ROCK. Innocent, weeping, and wronged by some rascal!

TITUS. My Fanny!

ROCK. There's a steamer at two, and if I could induce her to enter it—*(going up.)*

TITUS. *(intercepting him.)* You villain!

ROCK. What do you say?

TITUS. Villain! wretch! libertine! essence! condensation! mass of potted rascality!

ROCK. What do you mean?

TITUS. Mischief, sir! mischief! possibly murder!

ROCK. Will you speak?

TITUS. If I can—if I ought! ought to you! fiend of my existence, let me gaze on you! *(forces him into seat, R. C.)* Let me gaze on you conveniently—on you, the incarnation of fifty per cent! You've robbed me of everything! money and wardrobe! patron and friend! and now in your thirst for plunder—you'd even seize on my wife!

FANNY appears at gate, L. C. and comes down C.

FANNY. Titus!

TITUS. Fanny!

*(he rushes across to L. H. and seizes a three-legged stool, standing by door of house, then putting FANNY across to L. H. stands defending her from the approach of ROCKINGHAM as he rises from seat, R. C.)*

Approach her one step, and look upon your recompense! Tremble, sir! tremble at a threefold retribution. *(falls upon stool.)*

JOE runs in at gate, R. U. E.

JOE. (R.) Hurrah, sir! hurrah! here's the lady come back!

ROCK. (L. C.) Come back!

Enter MISS FIELDING through gate, R. U. E. and down, R. H., at the same time BODDY re-enters at gate, L. C. and down L. H.

EMILY. (R.) Dear Charles, there was a happy cause for my sudden departure—I couldn't stop to explain; papa had arrived at Ramsgate, and on hearing my flight, dispatched a friend after me, whom we thought a foe—to say he consents to our union.

ROCK. (R. C.) He consents! why I'm saved, then! I'm



saved after all; safe, rich and happy! Hurrah! hurrah! why don't you cheer, sir?

JOE. (*moderately.*) Hurrah! hurrah! (*in R. H. corner*)

ROCK. I've promised you two pounds, I now owe you five.

JOE. (*shouting.*) Hurrah! hurrah!

ROCK. And you will cheer also, my excellent friend, for now I've saved my wife.

TITUS. (*rising.*) Why, I've saved my money, and I hope too, my friend—Boddy, I'm cured—I've done being a steam engine! I now take your advice.

BODDY. (L. H.) You do?

TITUS. Yes, I do! I've had enough of speculation, enough of making my fortune at fifty per cent—and though I have lost a customer in poor Mrs. Winterton—

ROCK. Lost her! not a bit of it! I'll speak to her.

TITUS. Why, then I lose nothing!

ROCK. Lose nothing? of course not! Is loss to repay such a friendship as yours? So, now I'm in funds, if a few hundred pounds, or even a thousand are needed—

TITUS. A thousand! I take it! I accept your offer, sir. (*aside.*) I've a right to borrow my own money! And now, but one word.—(*to AUDIENCE.*) If there's any gentleman here knows of a decent investment—anything safe now, for I'll run no more risks—I object to a railway, for there they pay nothing—all the dividends are among the passengers when they get broken legs! my terms will be moderate. (*whispering.*) I'll take ten per cent—five! yes—five—three and a half, if it's safe, you know—safe! No more Mr. Rockingham's! had quite enough of him—or if not—and our friends here are only pleased at my escape, why, then, the matter's settled, for who shall deny that if I have satisfied you, I have made

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Morland .. .. .	Mr. CARLE.
Sam, a Waiter .. .. .	Mr. CLARK.
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 CAPTAIN PHOBBS.—Blue body coat, black velvet collar, gilt buttons, white waistcoat, black trowsers.  
 CAPTAIN SPRUCE.—Blue dress coat and black trowsers.  
 MORLAND.—Black dress suit.  
 SAM.—Blue coat, white trowsers, flowered waistcoat.  
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*Guests for Ball.—Dress suits.*

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 MR. CAPTAIN PHOBBS.—Blue satin, and white lace over dress.  
 LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—Ballroom dresses.

*Old white great coat and old hat for Mr. Golightly to change on stage.*

## LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS.



**SCENE.**—*A Room adjoining the Ball-room, at an Hotel. The Ball-room is seen at back, through three large folding doors—chandeliers on the stage, and also in the Ball-room, lighted—doors 2nd entrance, R. & L., also doors R. in flat—table and chairs at wing R.—at the rising of the curtain, a Quadrille Band heard from Ball-room, in which two Quadrille sets are formed. Another set is formed on the stage, composed and arranged as follows:—MR. GOLIGHTLY and MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS, with their backs to the AUDIENCE—opposite to them, another couple—at L. of them CAPTAIN SPRUCE and MRS. CAPTAIN PHOBBS, and opposite to them, MORELAND and a LADY; as the curtain rises, GOLIGHTLY, MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS, and their vis-a-vis, are dancing the last figure of a Quadrille.*

MRS MAJOR. (*to GOLIGHTLY, as they are doing the Balancez.*) So you are really partial to dancing, Mr. Golightly?

GOLI. I positively doat upon it—and with such a partner, I flatter myself I could dance till I dropped; in short, most fascinating of women, 'tis in your power to make me the happiest of men. (*cuts a violent caper.*) In a word—

SPRUCE. Grand Ronde!

GOLI. Oh, bother! (*after the Grande Ronde the partners R. and L. of GOLIGHTLY begin dancing.*)

MRS. MAJOR. You're quite eloquent, I declare!

(*smiling.*)

GOLI. Nothing to what I should be if I wasn't so dreadfully out of breath—phew! (*fans himself.*)

MORLAND. (*to MRS. CAPTAIN PHOBBS, while dancing opposite to each other.*) You surely cannot refuse the last request that I, perhaps, shall ever make?

MRS. CAP. Indeed I must, for I cannot grant it without compromising myself!

MRS. MAJOR. (*aside, and observing them.*) Can it be, as I suspected! but I'll not lose sight of them.

SPRUCE. Balancez!

GOLI. (*during the Balancez.*) I assure you, my dear madam, I haven't words in my vocabulary sufficiently energetic to express my delight in meeting you again, in short, I—

SPRUCE. Grande Ronde!

GOLI. Oh, lud! (*starting off in the Grande Ronde. The quadrille being over—MORLAND and his PARTNER enter the ball-room, through c. l. CAPTAIN SPRUCE and MRS. CAPTAIN PHOBBS retire a little.*) Might I be allowed?  
(*offers his arm to MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS.*)

MRS. MAJOR. No; thank you.

GOLI. May I press an ice upon you, or bottle of gingerbeer? (*tenderly.*)

MRS. MAJOR. I'd rather not. (*coldly.*)

GOLI. Shall we stroll through the rooms? (*offers his arm.*)

MRS. MAJOR. I am too fatigued!

GOLI. Then I'll run and fetch a chair!

MRS. MAJOR. I'd rather stand. (*annoyed.*)

GOLI. Oh! may I claim this fair hand for the next quadrille?

MRS. MAJOR. 'Tis already engaged.

GOLI. May I enjoy the felicitous prospect of polking with you?

MRS. MAJOR. (*sharply.*) Mr. Golightly, I wish you to understand, sir, that I am engaged for the whole of the evening.

(*turns her back on him and joins CAPTAIN SPRUCE and MRS. CAPTAIN PHOBBS. CAPTAIN bows, and enters the ball-room, c.*)

GOLI. (*after a pause.*) Now, I don't want to flatter



myself, but I wish it to be distinctly understood that I consider myself very ill-treated—the lovely woman has humiliated me—and with respect for the lovely woman's assertion that she's engaged for the whole of the evening, I look upon the lovely woman as having perpetrated a very considerable thumper; it's evident she means to cut me, in which case, the most manly course for me to adopt is to cut *her*. I'll do something desperate—I'll go and drink a whole glass of British champagne—I'll rush to the gaming-table and plunge headlong into the intoxicating whirlpool of sixpenny shorts. There she is; she shan't see the agitation of this swelling bosom—no, no! I'll ~~un~~ <sup>un</sup> a tune if I die for it. La! la! la!

*Goes out dancing and singing, D. R. F.*

MRS. MAJOR. (*watching him out.*) Poor Mr. Golihtly, his devotion to me really deserves better treatment; Julia, one word.

MRS. CAP. Not now, sister-in-law, my husband is sitting for me.

MRS. MAJOR. Where is Captain Phobbs?

MRS. CAP. As usual, at the whist-table. (*goes towards D. in F. R.*)

MRS. MAJOR. One moment—excuse a sister-in-law's anxiety—but this young man—this Morland—

MRS. CAP. Well!

MRS. MAJOR. He seems very attentive.

MRS. CAP. He's very agreeable.

MRS. MAJOR. Then he's the more to be feared.

(*earnestly.*)

MRS. CAP. Feared! what, Cousin George? ha, ha! Oh my good, sober, serious sister-in-law, if you only knew—ha, ha!

MRS. MAJOR. Knew what? speak.

*Re-enter MORLAND from c. followed by CAPTAIN SPRUCE.*

MORLAND. (*hastily approaching LADIES.*) May I be allowed to conduct you to the refreshment room?

MRS. MAJOR. (*with marked intention.*) Thank you, sir; but Captain Spruce has kindly offered to escort us; he is tenacious of his prerogatives as Master of the Ceremonies!

SPRUCE. Decidedly tenacious!

(*the TWO LADIES take his arm, and they are about to go off, when*

CAPTAIN PHOBBS *enters from D. R. F.*

PHOBBS. (*towards room as he enters.*) You shall have your revenge presently, gentlemen! ha, ha! such a run of cards! three bumper rubbers, in succession—ha, ha! (*putting money in his pocket.*) Ah, Julia! (*to MRS. CAPTAIN PHOBBS.*) Not tired of dancing, already, eh? I say, Spruce, I'm not afraid of trusting my wife with you. You're not the handsomest fellow in the world—ha, ha! so just take her a stroll. I've something to say to my sister-in-law, here. *Au revoir!*

(*gallantly kisses her hand, and she goes into ball-room with CAPTAIN SPRUCE; MORLAND follows them.*)

MRS. MAJOR. Well, brother-in-law! what have you to say to me?

PHOBBS. Why, the fact is, I'm obliged to leave, "The gay, the gay and festive scene—the halls, the halls of dazzling light." In other words, I'm going home.

MRS. MAJOR. Home!

PHOBBS. Yes. A memorial to the Comander-in-chief, which I must send off by to-night's post.

MRS. MAJOR. Surely you'll not leave your wife here alone, in a public ball-room?

PHOBBS. (*imitating her.*) "Public ball-room!" What of that? I'll trouble you, or anyone else, to find a more respectable assembly in the three kingdoms than our Bedford Assize Ball. Besides, she couldn't be alone while you are here. And I dare say I shall be back time enough to take her home; and if I ain't somebody else will! There's her cousin, George, for instance, he'll be delighted, I'm sure!

MRS. MAJOR. (*aside.*) Too delighted, I'm afraid!

PHOBBS. But she must be home by twelve o'clock, not a moment later; so good bye—I say sister-in-law, you'll take care she has lots of partners, will you? and plenty of negus. Good bye, I'm in a devil of a hurry.

MRS. MAJOR. So it appears, since you're going without your hat!

PHOBBS. So I am, I declare! Let me see, I think I left it in the card room! *Hurries out at door, E. F.*

MRS. MAJOR. So, the husband is as blind as the wife. However, as Julia is left under my protection, I'll endeavour to secure her from Mr. Morland's attentions. But how? (*reflecting.*)

*Enter GOLIGHTLY, 2 E. R.*

GOLI. Now I'm happy! my mind's at peace. I'm a ruined man for the rest of the evening! I've lost every shilling I had in my pocket!

MRS. MAJOR. (*seeing GOLIGHTLY.*) Mr. Golightly! may he not be of service to me.

GOLI. Ha, ha! I can't help thinking of my unfortunate partner. An elderly female, with a sort of a scarlet towel round her head! She wanted to know if I wished to ruin her—ha, ha!

MRS. MAJOR. (*approaching.*) Mr. Golightly!

GOLI. (*seeing her—aside.*) So! (*aloud and singing.*) "I dream't that I dwelt in marble halls!"

MRS. MAJOR. I hope you are not angry with me?

GOLI. (*aside.*) Oh, dear! (*sighing.*)

MRS. MAJOR. I hope you'll forgive me.

GOLI. (*aside.*) Oh, dear!

MRS. MAJOR. You can do me a great service. Will you refuse me?

GOLI. If I do, damme! I don't mean that. Command me, interesting female—command me—what is it?

MRS. MAJOR. Simply to afford me as much of your society as you can spare me during the evening, and to escort me home when the ball breaks up.

GOLI. Ye gods! (*cutting a high caper.*) Madam, I don't know if it's peculiar to me—but somehow or other, I am generally at a loss to say what I mean when I can't find words to express myself.

MRS. MAJOR. I'll let you know when I wish to retire, and perhaps you will order a fly! Adieu, for the present!

*Goes into ball-room.*

GOLI. It's too much—it's much too much! a *tete-a-tete* with a one-horse woman, in a fly—I mean with a fly with a one-horse woman! No, that's not it—with a woman in

a one-horse fly! I'll engage one directly. I'll take it by the hour—I'll give the coachman half-a-crown to drive at the slowest possible pace! Perhaps for five shillings he'd upset us! Oh! extatic thought! I'm about it this instant. O lud, (*suddenly recollects himself.*) I forgot—I haven't got any money; (*hastily searching his pockets, one after another.*)

*Enter MORLAND, from c.*

MORLAND. Heyday! Mr. Golightly!—what's the matter?

GOLI. Ah! come here! (*seizes MORLAND's hand.*) Sir, I seize this opportunity of declaring to you, on the honour of a gentleman, that there is nobody in the world for whom I entertain more unbounded esteem, respect, and admiration, than I do for you. Lend me five shillings!

MORLAND. Really, Mr. Golightly—I'm exceedingly sorry, but—

GOLI. Now don't say you havn't got 'em, because such is the peculiarity of my present position, that you must lend me five shillings—or two half-crowns—I'm not particular, whether you've got 'em or not.

MORLAND. Pshaw! will you give me an explanation?

GOLI. No, but I'll sell you one—you shall have it cheap—five shillings.

MORLAND. Proceed!

GOLI. You must know then, I have discovered this evening, in this very room, a treasure, which I thought I had lost for ever!

MORLAND. Oh, what you had dropped something, eh?

GOLI. No, sir, a lovely woman!—a female I most devoutly doat upon!

MORLAND. And she's asked you to lend her five shillings—ha! ha!

GOLI. Pshaw!—listen, It is now just fifteen months since I went to Harrowgate to drink the waters!—Did you ever drink the Harrowgate waters?

MORLAND. Never.

GOLI. Then you've a treat to come. Such dreadful—oh, lud! ( *rubs his stomach.*) Well, the first, and by-the-bye the last time I imbibed the horrible beverage, a lady

entered the pump-room for the same purpose; and while I was admiring the Christian resignation with which she swallowed the contents of a colossal tumbler, it suddenly came on to rain. Did you ever see it rain at Harrow gate!

MORLAND. Never

GOLI. Then that's another treat to come.—Instantly offered my umbrella—which was accepted!

MORLAND. Lucky fellow!

GOLI. I don't know that—because being obliged to walk home in the rain, I caught a cold, which kept me incessantly sneezing for the next six weeks. However, the next day, by the lady's permission, I called, for the sake of politeness; and, I'm not ashamed to own it, for the sake of my umbrella. I was shown up, into the drawing-room, where the lady, taking me by the hand, and leading me up to a sort of mummy, sitting bolt upright in an arm-chair and muffled up to the eyes in flannel, like muffins at Christmas, said, "My dear Major, will you thank the gentleman for his politeness?" Upon which the aforesaid mummy grunted out, "Sir, there's my hand—and there's your umbrella!"—upon which I was civilly shewn down stairs.

MORLAND. And the door slammed in your face?

GOLI. No, sir, not slammed—but shut—I flatter myself I know the difference between a slut and a sham—I mean between a slut and a sham—I should say between a shut and a slam.

MORLAND. And with this lady you fell in love—a married woman, too! Oh, fie!

GOLI. I did—I admit the enormity of the offence—but I did. Judge then, my delight at meeting her, after an interval of fifteen months, at our Annual Assize Ball, this evening.

MORLAND. And her husband—the mummy?

GOLI. Is certainly not with her, or she would not have condescended to request my escort home. No, the "dear Major," is still drinking the Harrowgate pump dry; or else, he has done the handsome thing, by leaving his wife a widow. Now, as I think I've given you a good five shillings worth, I'll trouble you for the money!

LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS.

MORLAND. Really, I'm ashamed to say, I haven't got so much about me!

GOLI. Goodness gracious!—and you call yourself respectable member of society! Sir, I've a contempt for a man that isn't worth five shillings!—I despise a man without two half-crowns in his pocket. But I must have a fly; if I die, I must have a fly! Oh, for a pair of pistols, loaded to the muzzle!

MORLAND. Good heavens!—what would you do with them?

GOLI. Do with them! (*violently.*) Why, I'd sell them for five shillings!

*Re-enter CAPTAIN PHOBBS, from 2 E. R. D.*

PHOBBS. I've found my hat, at last; and now I'm off. Holloa! Cousin George, are you tired of dancing toe, like Julia, eh?

MORLAND. No—I have the happiness of being engaged to her for the next quadrille.

PHOBBS. That's right!

*Exit MORLAND, C*

Here, waiter!

*SAM runs in at 2 E. R. D.*

SAM. Yes, sir!

PHOBBS. Get me a fly! it's raining cats and dogs!

SAM. Yes, sir—directly.

*Runs out L.*

GOLI. (*observing PHOBBS.*) It strikes me I've seen that head upon a pair of shoulders, somewhere or other! At any rate, whether I have or not, I'll claim his acquaintance, and ask him to lend me five shillings. (*approaching CAPTAIN PHOBBS.*) Ah, Thompson, my boy!

PHOBBS. (*drawing himself up.*) Sir!

GOLI. Beg pardon, I should have said, ah, Smith, my boy; how goes it, Smith? Give us your hand, Smith.

PHOBBS. My name's not Smith, sir!

GOLI. Quite sure it isn't? Well, that's very odd.—You remember me?—Eh, Robinson? Of course, you do—Golightly!

PHOBBS. Go to the devil!



*Enter* MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS, C.

GOLI. (*gallantly advancing to her.*) Ah!

MRS. MAJOR. (*aside to him.*) Hush! Leave me!

GOLI. (*aside.*) What's the matter now?

MRS. MAJOR. (*to* CAPTAIN PHOBBS.) So, you've changed your mind. You intend remaining here! (*delighted.*)

PHOBBS. On the contrary—I'm only waiting for this infernal fly. (*looks off.*)

GOLI. (*aside.*) She knows the gentleman!

MRS. MAJOR. (*to* CAPTAIN PHOBBS.) Surely, surely, this business can be deferred till to-morrow. (*anxiously.*)

PHOBBS. Not for an hour! for with decent luck, in less than a week I shall be a major.

MRS. MAJOR. Indeed! Then success attend you, my dear major!

GOLI. (*aside, starting.*) Her "dear major!"—Good gracious! can it be?—It is—it must be!—She's not a widow!

(CAPTAIN PHOBBS has gone off at 2 E. L. D., and MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS has re-entered the ball-room.)

*Enter* CAPTAIN SPRUCE, C.

SPRUCE. Now, sir! allow me to introduce you to a partner.

GOLI. Come here! (*seizes him by the arm, and drags him forward.*) Do you know that stout elderly individual, there? (*points off, 2 E. L. D.*)

SPRUCE. Perfectly!—A brother officer of mine!

GOLI. Oh!—his name?

SPRUCE. Phobbs.

GOLI. (*aside.*) That settles it!—I didn't know him again, out of his flannels. (*aloud.*) Phobbs' health good?

SPRUCE. Excellent!

GOLI. That's a pity—I mean that's a comfort!

SPRUCE. He's married to a charming young wife!

GOLI. I know he is, poor devil! (*conceitedly.*)

SPRUCE. Oh, oh! Sly rogue! (*poking GOLIGHTLY in the side.*)

GOLI. Ha, ha!

SPRUCE. But don't let Phobbs suspect anything; he's as jealous as a Turk, and would cut your throat, to a certainty.

GOLI. (*very quickly.*) My dear sir, I shan't tell him—and I'm sure you won't, my dear friend. (*squeezes SPRUCE's hand.*) I say, I'm sure you won't, you inestimable creature, you.

SPRUCE. I'm not the man to spoil sport, so come along.

(*they go laughing, arm-in-arm, towards ball-room.*)

GOLI. (*stopping, and eagerly to SPRUCE.*) You'll take your oath, you won't tell Phobbs?

SPRUCE, Pshaw! Ha, ha! Come along.

(*they enter ball-room, through the C. and L.*)

MORLAND and MRS. CAPTAIN enter through D. R. F.

MORLAND. Pshaw! Cousin Julia, I'd no idea you were such a little prude! After all, what is it I ask of you? Merely to enable me, before my departure from England, which takes place to-morrow, to present to your worthy husband a portrait of his good little wife; as a slight return for all his kindness and hospitality to me. It will be an agreeable surprise for him, and it is all that a poor devil of an artist, like myself, can do. And see, (*producing miniature.*) it only required half-a-dozen slight touches.

MRS. CAP. Well, but—

MORLAND. Exactly! I perfectly agree with you that a public assembly room is not exactly the place for a lady to sit for her portrait. But while the company are assembled in the large supper-room, we can easily occupy one of the smaller rooms. I'll run to my room for my box of colours, and then, while you are picking the wing of a fowl—

MRS. CAP. You can catch the interesting expression. (*imitating eating with her mouth full.*) Ha, ha, ha! Then since it must be so, come!

*Exeunt R. D. F.—Enter immediately, C. and L., and sees them go out. She goes R. D. F. and looks after them.*

*Enter GOLIGHTLY, C. from R.*

GOLI. I can't see anybody to lend me five shillings!—

What a distressing position. (*shouting.*) Will anybody lend me five shillings?

MRS. MAJOR. Mr. Golightly!—quick. (*GOLIGHTLY runs to her.*) You see that lady and gentleman? Follow them! Observe them! Then—no—(*pushes him away.*)—that shall be *my* task! (*follows MORLAND and MRS. CAPTAIN PHOBBS, R. C.*)

GOLI. What very remarkable behaviour.

MRS. MAJOR. (*appearing at door, R.*) Mr. Golightly!

GOLI. (*jumping roand.*) Coming!

MRS. MAJOR. Remember. I rely on your escorting me home. *Disappears, D. R. F.*

GOLI. Of course. (*comes forward.*) It's very easy for me to say, of course—but how am I to do it? I have it. After depositing the charming Mrs. Major P. in safety, I'll tell the coachman to drive to my lodgings. That won't help me much, either; I shan't find any money there—at least, I didn't leave any, and I don't think it's very probable that anybody would take the trouble of breaking into the house, merely to leave their purse there! Then, I shan't receive any salary till the 24th! and this is only the 3rd. I can't keep continually riding about, in a one horse fly, for three weeks; that would be ridiculous! (*looks into the ball-room.*) Holloa! the ball's breaking up! Good gracious! Here, waiter! waiter!

*Enter SAM, D. L. 2, E.*

SAM. Sir!

GOLI. My hat—my great coat—quick!

SAM. Yes sir! (*runs out, D. 2 E. L.*)

GOLI. I know what I'll do. I'll go down among the one-horse flies. I'll select the most benevolent-looking coachman of the lot. I'll put him in possession of the peculiarity of my position; and if he won't trust me, he shall have my hat and great coat as security for his fare! It's a spick and span Taglioni—worth ten times the money! A brilliant idea! I wonder it never struck me before!

*Enter SAM, with a great coat over his arm, and a hat in his hand, D. L. 2, E.*

SAM. Here's your great coat, sir!

GOLI. Make haste!

SAM. Now, sir! (*helps him on with a very long shabby white great coat.*)

GOLI. Holloa! this isn't my great coat!

SAM. It's the only one left, sir!

GOLI. The devil it is!

SAM. Yes, sir. All the good coats have been gone this half-hour!

GOLI. (*hysterically.*) Ha! ha!—I've been robbed!

SAM. There are no thieves in this house, sir!

GOLI. No, the thieves are gone.

SAM. You'd better keep it on, sir. I dare say it's a mistake.

GOLI. A mistake! Pooh! do you think anybody could mistake a superfine pea-green Taglioni for a second-hand long-tailed whitey-brown thing like this!—My hat.

SAM. Is this it, sir? (*hands him a hat very much crushed.*)

GOLI. (*vociferating.*) No! (*flings it at SAM's head.*)

SAM. Then this must be it, sir. These are the only two left. (*hands an old broad-brimmed white hat, with a wide brim.*)

GOLI. 'Pon my life, this is pleasant! (*puts on the hat, which is much too large for him.*)

SAM. Ha! ha! ha!

GOLI. Get out you ruffian! (*drives him off at back, L.*) Catch me coming to a public ball again! What one-horse fly proprietor, I should like to know, would advance an hour's drive upon such a hat as this? 'Pon my life, matters are getting more agreeable every minute.

*Enter CAPTAIN SPRUCE from D. R. 2 E.*

SPRUCE. (*to GOLIGHTLY.*) Was it you who bet five shillings on the last rubber?

GOLI. (*aside.*) There's a bit of luck! Ha! ha! (*aloud.*) Oh, yes, 'twas I.

SPRUCE. Then you've lost!

GOLI. (*aside.*) Ha! ha! ha! Another agreeable little incident! (*aloud.*) Very well—very well! (*with apparent unconcern.*)

SPRUCE. Then there's your ticket for the ball, fifteen shillings.

GOLI. Ah! Anything else?

SPRUCE. Yes—Mr. Morland's ticket, which he said you'd pay for.

GOLI. Delicious! Go on—don't be shy!

SPRUCE. That's all—just £1 15s.

GOLI. Then lend me another five shillings, and I shall owe you £2.

SPRUCE. Very good—very good, indeed! I'm in no hurry for the money! Any time will do.

GOLI. Pay now! Have you got change for a £1000 note? I'd rather.

SPRUCE. I think I have.

GOLI. (*aside.*) Damn it!

SPRUCE. At least I can get it.

GOLI. (*quickly.*) I'm in no hurry. Any time will do.

SAM *enters at back, L., carrying a tray with cakes.*

GOLI. (*seeing SAM.*) By jove, I've an idea! (*to SPRUCE, familiarly taking his arm.*) Spruce, my boy, as I've nothing but £1000 bank notes about me, could you just lend me five shillings! (*SPRUCE looks surprised.*) Not for myself—not for myself—no, but I wish to tip the waiter something.

SPRUCE. Certainly; Sam! (*SAM runs to him.*) This gentleman begs me to give you five shillings. There! (*gives money.*)

GOLI. (*aside.*) Confound it! hang it! dash it—d—n it!

SPRUCE. Delighted to have had it in my power to serve you, sir.

GOLI. (*disgusted.*) Don't be absurd!

SPRUCE. Sir!

GOLI. Nothing—thank you, my dear friend, thank you! *Exit SPRUCE at C. and R.*

SAM. (*to GOLIGHTLY.*) Thank you kindly, sir.

GOLI. (*indignantly.*) Pooh! don't thank me.

SAM. Take a few cakes, sir. (*offering.*)

GOLI. No, I wont—yes, I will. (*clears the tray of the cakes, which he puts into the pocket of the great coat.*)

LADIES and GENTLEMEN in cloaks, &c., come from c. from R., and begin wishing one another good night.

GOLI. Good gracious! the people are going.

VOICE. (*without.*) Mr Jones, fly.

*Mr. Jones's party exit, D. L. 2 E.*

VOICE. (*without.*) Mr. Jackson, Miss Dobson, and Mrs. Bumpus flys. *Parties exit, D. L. 2 E.*

GOLI. The flys will all be gone—Sam?

SAM. Sir!

GOLI. If you'll lend me that five shilling piece I gave you just now, you shall have a sovereign to-morrow.

SAM. I was just agoing to give it to you back, sir! (*gives it.*)

GOLI. Thank you, worthy Samuel, thank you!

SAM. It's a bad one, sir.

GOLI. A bad one!

SAM. You know it is! you call yourself a gentleman; for shame of yourself. (*during this, GOLIGHTLY has been biting the five shilling piece, and ringing it on the stage—he then in a fury flings it off ring R.—a smash heard.*)

SAM. There's a pane of glass smashed! that's another five shillings! ha! ha! ha!

(*GOLIGHTLY makes a violent dash at SAM.*)

*Enter MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS, with her cloak, &c. on, from c. from R.*

MRS. MAJOR. Where can Mr. Golightly be. (*approaches him.*) Pray, sir, are you acquainted with a gentleman of the name of Golightly? if so—(*GOLIGHTLY turns—she recognises him, and bursts out laughing*)

SAM. Ha! ha! ha!

MRS. MAJOR. Everybody has left the ball room. Is the fly at the door?

SAM. Lor Ma'am, the flies are all gone long ago?

MRS. MAJOR. Mercy on me!

GOLI. No such thing—don't be alarmed, my dear Mrs. Major P. I'll get a conveyance for you in a moment; I will, if I have to drag it here myself—by the horse.

*Runs out D. L. 2 E. followed by SAM.*



MRS. MAJOR. Julia is not here—she must have returned home—doubtless accompanied by Mr. Morland; how provoking! I, that had so cleverly arranged that Mr. Golightly should accompany us both; but, late as the hour is, I'll see her on my way home—I'll speak to her, reason with her.

*Enter GOLIGHTLY, D. L. 2 E. running.*

GOLI. Now then, my dear Mrs. Major P.

MRS. MAJOR. Is the carriage at the door?

GOLI. Not exactly; but what of that? The rain has ceased—the puddles are drying up—the little stars are twinkling.

MRS. MAJOR. Surely, Mr. Golightly, you would not have me walk home in satin shoes?

GOLI. Why not? I'll carry you over the crossings.

MRS. MAJOR. Sir, once for all—sir, will you procure me a conveyance home?

GOLI. Of course I will. Hillos! There's something upon wheels driving past now. (*shouts.*) Sam.

SAM. (*without.*) Sir!

GOLI. Stop that vehicle.

SAM. Stop that what, sir?

GOLI. That coach—carriage—cab—fly—cart—whatever it is.

SAM. Yes, sir.

GOLI. Now my dear Mrs. Major P., I hope you are satisfied.

MRS. MAJOR. I should be very ungrateful if I were not.

*Enter SAM, D. L. 2 E.*

SAM. Sir, the coachman says he must have double fare—it's past twelve o'clock.

GOLI. (*aside.*) Just my luck! (*aloud.*) Of course—of course. *Exit SAM, D. L. 2 E.*

MRS. MAJOR. Now, Mr. Golightly.

(*takes his arm—GOLIGHTLY places his hand on hers, and kisses her fingers, MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS smiles.*)

GOLI. (*aside.*) She likes it. (*about to do it again, she withdraws her arm.*)

MRS. MAJOR. You will be good enough to desire the man to drive us first of all to the barracks.

GOLI. To the barracks—at this time of—

MRS. MAJOR. Yes, sir, I've a visit to pay there; I shan't keep you waiting more than half an hour.

GOLI. Oh!

MRS. MAJOR. And from there you'll direct him to drive me home.

GOLI. And that is—

MRS. MAJOR. About two miles and a half beyond the turnpike.

GOLI. Oh! (*aside.*) On a moderate calculation, about five miles from my lodgings—a three hour's job at the very least; double fare too—pleasant—but as I'm in for it, I may as well go it.

*Enter SAM, L. D. 2 E. followed by a WAITER, carrying a lady's cloak.*

SAM. I tell you it's all right—you'll find the lady and gentleman in the small supper room, No. 2.

*WAITER runs off at R. C. D.*

MRS. MAJOR. Eh! Surely I can't be mistaken—it was Julia's cloak; then she's not gone home yet. It's impossible I can leave the house now. (*hurries to D. R. C. and anxiously looks off.*)

GOLI. Mr. Golightly's one-horse fly stops the way.

MRS. MAJOR. (*comes quickly down.*) Don't think me capricious, Mr. Golightly, but—if you have no objection, we'll remain here; that is, for the present.

GOLI. Delighted! Sam, send the fly away!

MRS. MAJOR. Yes—pay the man his fare, and let him go. (*looks anxiously, R. C.*)

GOLI. Don't you hear, Sam? The lady says you're to pay the man his fare, and let him go.

SAM. Certainly, sir! (*holds out his hand to GOLIGHTLY.*)

GOLI. Then let the man stop. (*to MRS. MAJOR PHOBES.*) You may change your mind again! (*gallantly.*)

*Exit SAM, L. D. 2 E*

MRS. MAJOR. That's very considerate of you, indeed: (*aside.*) How to find an excuse for the apparent inconsistency of my conduct; I can't leave Julia here Ah, I

have it. (*aloud.*) Mr. Golightly, don't you find that dancing gives you an appetite?

GOLI. (*aside.*) Now, what does she mean by that? Good gracious me! she can't want any supper. (*aloud.*) No, ma'am, quite the contrary!

MRS. MAJOR. That's very odd—do you know, I'm vulgar enough to feel exceedingly hungry!

GOLI. (*aside.*) That's a pretty broad hint—it's a clear case! I'm in for a supper as well as a one-horse fly.

MRS. MAJOR. Well, Mr. Golightly, since you press me so very much I *will* take some refreshment!

GOLI. (*aside.*) Good gracious! I'm sure I didn't press her the least little bit in the world! Sam!

*Enter SAM, L. D. 2 E.*

Of course, at this time of the night, it's out of the question asking for supper.

SAM. Oh dear no, sir—that is, if you have it here, sir. All the lights are out in the supper rooms.

GOLI. (*aside.*) My last hope's gone. (*aloud.*) Then let us have something. (*aside to SAM.*) Something reasonable, you know. A crust of bread and cheese, and pickle—about a shilling's worth—I don't mind fourteen pen'orth.

SAM. Only one charge here for supper, sir; seven shillings a head—however, I'll see what I can do for you, sir. *Exit, L. D. 2 E.*

GOLI. Seven shillings a head! I keep getting deeper and deeper into it—I shan't get off under a five pound note, that's clear—and as I haven't got it, I think the chances are about ten to one that the landlord gives me in charge for swindling. (*driving his hands into the pockets of the great coat.*) Hilloa! what's that? (*rattles the pockets.*) Sounds like the chink of money—and yet—(*drives his hand down to the bottom of the pocket.*) it is! a purse—ha, ha! filled with sovereigns—ha, ha! Jack's alive again!

*Enter SAM, L. D. 2 E. with small tray.*

SAM. I've managed it, sir—crust of bread and cheese, and a pickle!

GOLI. Who for, sir?

SAM. For you, sir—you said—

GOLI. Don't tell me what I said, sir—I know what I said, sir—I said champagne, sir, and plenty of it, turkeys, sir, and plenty of them, Burgundy, partridges, lobsters, pine-apple punch, pickled salmon, everything—look sharp—be off.

*Pushes SAM off L. D. 2 E.*

MRS. MAJOR. Oh, Mr. Golightly! I really can't allow—

GOLI. Not a word, I beg—whatever I do, I like to do it in style, bless you—I don't care how money goes. (*aside.*) Especially when it isn't my own.

*Re-enter SAM, L. D. 2 E.—goes and lays cloth, &c.*

MORLAND *appears at D. R. C.*

MORLAND. Waiter! (*sees MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS.*) Ah! (*disappears.*)

MRS. MAJOR. Ah! Mr. Morland—'twas he!

GOLI. (*to SAM, while taking off great coat, which he puts over one of the chairs.*) You understand, young man, every delicacy of the season!

MRS. MAJOR. (*who has been hesitating near D. R. C.*) I will follow. (*about to do so.*)

CAPTAIN PHOBBS. (*without.*) I tell you she is here!

MRS. MAJOR. My brother-in-law—if he sees me, I cannot conceal my suspicions from him, and then—ah! in here.

*Runs into D. 2 E. R.*

GOLI. (*who has given instructions to SAM.*) Now make haste.

*Enter CAPTAIN PHOBBS, hastily, D. L. 2 E.—goes into ball-room C. L. and returns R. C.—SAM exits D. L. 2 E.*

Come, that's settled, and now my dear—

(*turns, and finds himself face to face with CAPTAIN PHOBBS, who looks at him for a moment, and then turns and looks in all parts of the stage.*)

GOLI. (*aside.*) Her husband! "The dear Major!"—Now why couldn't the worthy man stop where he was, instead of coming here interfering with his wife's little innocent recreations?

PHOBBS. (*coming back to GOLIGHTLY.*) So,—Mr. Go—brightly!

GOLI. Go—lightly, sir.

PHOBBS. You're still here—eh?

GOLI. I'm not aware of being anywhere else!

PHOBBS. Then, Mr. Go—slightly—

GOLI. Go—lightly, sir—omit the S.

PHOBBS. Yet stay—before I enter into particulars, allow me to give you an insight into the state of my mind, Mr. Go—tightly!

GOLI. Go—lightly, sir, I never *do* go tightly!

PHOBBS. You see before you a man furious with indignation, sir—literally boiling over!

GOLI. Well, sir, I'd advise you to wait till you simmer down a little. (*aside.*) It's as well to appear cool and collected before people—but, I confess, I wouldn't have his wife shew her face at this moment for a very considerable trifle! But where can she have got to?

PHOBBS. I see you are dying with curiosity to know what has excited my anger, which I consider both inquisitive and impertinent.

GOLI. My dear sir, you're mistaken; I don't care one straw about you, or your anger either. You may boil all away, as far as I'm concerned.

PHOBBS. Then you're a man devoid of feeling, Mr. Go—sprightly!

GOLI. (*shouting.*) Go—lightly!—d'ye hear — Go—lightly. (*very quietly.*) Don't let me have to tell you again.

PHOBBS. Are you married, sir?

GOLI. Quite the contrary—I haven't that happiness.

PHOBBS. Happiness—he—he! I'm married, and look very happy, don't I? ha! ha! (*cirinning.*)

GOLI. No, I can't say you do!—I never saw a more wretched looking object in all my life!

PHOBBS. Ha! ha! no wonder—you shall hear! I brought my wife here to the ball, to enjoy herself, and shortly after went home.

GOLI. I see! you went home, that your wife might enjoy herself!

PHOBBS. No such thing! Well, Mr. Go—Go—something or—I waited at home till twelve o'clock—no wife—half past twelve—no wife;—so I came here after her, and they want me to believe that everybody's gone.

GOLI. So they are—arn't they, Sam?

(*tipping a wink at SAM, who has entered, D. L. 1 E., just before, with supper, which he places on table.*)

SAM. Yes, all gone, long ago.

PHOBBS. (*to SAM.*) Zounds, and the devil, sir!

GOLI. (*aside.*) Now he wants to pick a quarrel with the waiter!

*Exit SAM, D. R. 2 E.*

PHOBBS. Then, sir, you are alone here, eh?

GOLI. I was alone before you honoured me with your remarkably agreeable society.

PHOBBS. Indeed! then pray, sir, how is it that the table happens to be laid for two?

GOLI. (*confused.*) For two?

PHOBBS. (*vociferating.*) Yes, sir, for two!

GOLI. (*starting away.*) Don't shout in that dreadful way! you'll fracture your voice! I had the table laid for two, certainly—it's a fancy of mine—besides, a friend might drop in.

PHOBBS. Well, that's civil of you—very—thankye—thankye. (*shaking his hand violently.*)

GOLI. Pooh! pooh! I didn't mean—

PHOBBS. Hush! (*violently seizing GOLIGHTLY's arm and listening.*) I thought I heard—no—it's nothing.

GOLI. You call it nothing! You've dislocated my arm, that's all.

PHOBBS. I say, I can't allow you to pay for my supper, though—

GOLI. (*indignant.*) Pooh! a very likely matter!

PHOBBS. Oh, very well, if you insist upon it. (*sits at table.*)

GOLI. Well! ha, ha! delicious!

PHOBBS. Now then, sit down. (*GOLIGHTLY, who is buried in reflection, takes no notice.*) Sit down, I say.

(*banging the table with the handle of knife.*)

GOLI. There. (*disgusted, sitting down opposite.*)

PHOBBS. What's here! partridges? shall I cut 'em up?

GOLI. Oh, bother—yes! cut 'em up! (*turns from table.*)

PHOBBS. I can't let you pay for the supper, if you don't eat.

GOLI. Oh, very well,



(sticks his fork into the partridges, and putting them on his plate one after the other.)

PHOBBS. (bursting out.) By Jupiter! if I thought my wife was deceiving me—

(flourishing the knife close to GOLIGHTLY's face.)

GOLI. I wish, sir, you wouldn't flourish your knife about in that absurd way! (cutting partridge.)

PHOBBS. Beg pardon. (sits down.) Only let me catch a man paying attention to my wife, that's all! Ye Gods!—(starts up again, and flourishes knife, more violently than before.)

GOLI. (jumping up) Put down that knife, sir! I say, sir, put down that knife, sir!

PHOBBS. I'd annihilate him!—as I do this! (sticking fork into partridge.)

GOLI. Waiter! (jumping up, and shouting with all his might.)

PHOBBS. (going to him) Sir, I beg your pardon.

GOLI. Really, sir, you seem to have no other object in life than to beg my pardon.

PHOBBS. Make some allowance for me. I'm not uneasy without grounds—for my wife is young and pretty.

GOLI. I know she is.

PHOBBS. How the devil should you know?

GOLI. I mean—I suppose she is—if she was old and ugly you would not be so excited.

PHOBBS. Ha! ha!—very good—ha! ha!

GOLI. Ha, ha, ha!

(CAPTAIN PHOBBS suddenly stops GOLIGHTLY's slaughter, by placing his hand over his mouth. MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS has come out of door, R. 2 E., she retires and observes.)

PHOBBS. Oh!—I swear that I heard somebody in that room. (points to door, R. 2 E.)

GOLI. No such thing.

PHOBBS. I tell you I did! (breaks away from GOLIGHTLY, and banging the door open with his fists, runs in, 2 E. R.)

GOLI. Oh, lud!—it's all over with me—I wouldn't give straw for my life! (sinks into chair.)

MRS. MAJOR. (*advancing and touching GOLIGHTLY on shoulder.*) Sir!

GOLI. (*jumping round.*) Come on—eh?

MRS. MAJOR. Hush!—you must send him away instantly—some pretext or other—I care not what; but you must send him away!

GOLI. It's very easy to say "Send him away;" but the man's a wild beast—a hyena!

MRS. MAJOR. It must be done—my happiness depends on it. Ah—(*a loud crash of broken crockery.* MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS *hastily runs off through D. R. C., at the same moment* CAPTAIN PHOBBS *enters, followed by SAM,* R. 2 E.

SAM. But, sir!

PHOBBS. Don't tell me—how should I see your infernal crockery in the dark? Put it down in the bill.

GOLI. Pooh!—pooh! Come, I like that.

PHOBBS. (*to SAM.*) Go along—be off. (*drives SAM off,* D. L. 2 E.) Well, she isn't there!

GOLI. Then, my dear sir, if I were in your place—

PHOBBS. Well, sir—

GOLI. I should go home—have a basin of gruel, and go to bed.

PHOBBS. Oh, that's what you'd do?

GOLI. I should decidedly.

PHOBBS. That's as much as to say you've had enough of my company.

GOLI. Very little of anything satisfies me; besides, I want to go to bed myself. I've been dancing no end of polkas, and I shan't be sorry to get into a horizontal position. Ugh!—(*yawns, and stretching.*)

PHOBBS. D—n it, I won't allow you, or any man, to yawn in my face!

GOLI. Then you'd better take your face somewhere else—for I can't help—yaw! (*yawns.*)

PHOBBS. I see, sir, you want to pick a quarrel with me.

GOLI. (*aside.*) I'll see if I can't frighten him a bit. (*aloud.*) Dash my wig and buttons, sir! (*starts up to him.*)

PHOBBS. That's enough!—you shall soon hear from me.

GOLI. The sooner the better. (*aside.*) I'll shoot him as dead as a herring, and then marry his widow.

PHOBBS. We'll have it out to-night, sir—in this very room, sir. Pistols, as a matter of course, sir?

GOLI. No, sir—I beg your pardon—I don't look upon pistols as a matter of course, at all. I prefer swords, sir, or foils—suppose we say foils?

PHOBBS. Pshaw! Waiter—

*Enter SAM, D. L. 2 E.*

My great coat.

SAM. This is it, sir. (*helps sam on with white great coat from chair.*)

PHOBBS. I'll soon be back, sir—d'ye hear, sir?

*Exit D. 2 E. R.*

GOLI. Come, I've got rid of him at all events, and now I think the best thing I can do is to pay the bill and be off. (*feels in his pockets.*) Holloa! he's taken the great coat away with the purse in it. Stop thief!—stop thief! (*shouting at door, 2 E. L.*)

MORLAND. (*without.*) Indeed—it cannot be, madam!

GOLI. Holloa!—holloa! (*retires, watching.*)

*Enter MORLAND, and MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS, from c.*

MRS. MAJOR. A woman may be imprudent, Mr. Morland.

MORLAND. Imprudent! Nay, my dear madam—

MRS. MAJOR. Silence, sir; but however imprudent she may be, it ill becomes a man to compromise her.

MORLAND. Compromise! ha, ha! my dear madam, if you will but hear me—

MRS. MAJOR. I'll hear nothing, sir, till I have possession of that miniature!

MORLAND. There, my dear madam, you must excuse me.

MRS. MAJOR. I understand, sir—doubtless, the affectionate interest you take in the original prevents you parting with it.

MORLAND. Put whatever construction you please upon

my motive, madam, but with this miniature I will not part. (*going, L.*)

GOLI. (*grasps his arm, and in a very faint voice.*) Mr. Morland.

MORLAND. Well, sir!

GOLI. The original of the miniature you speak of—I tremble to ask it—is it—Mrs. Phobbs?

MORLAND. It is, sir.

GOLI. And you've a sneaking kindness for her? (*in a tremulous voice.*)

MORLAND. Hark ye, Mr. Golightly—I take a sufficient interest in the lady you have mentioned to blow your brains out if I thought you presumed to take any—you understand me, sir—farewell.

*Exit D. L. 2 E.*—GOLIGHTLY *sinks on chair.*

MRS. MAJOR. Now to remove Julia from the house. (*perceives GOLIGHTLY.*) Good Heavens! Mr. Golightly!

GOLI. (*lifting up his head—he is very pale.*) Where am I? (*rises, and falls on her shoulder.*)

MRS. MAJOR. (*she in vain strives to make him stand off.*) I shall never forget your kindness, sir, and should we not meet again—

GOLI. Not meet again. (*takes her hand, and deliberately leads her down to the front.*) Not meet again; and is it for this, Mrs. Major P., that I lent you my umbrella, fifteen months ago, at Harrowgate?

MRS. MAJOR. It was very kind of you.

GOLI. Is it for this that I gave way to a degree of rapture on meeting you again, such, as I flatter myself, was totally unworthy of a rational being?

MRS. MAJOR. I'm sure I was not displeased at seeing you again.

GOLI. Is it for this that I engaged a one-horse fly to take you to the barracks, and then two miles and a half beyond the turnpike?

MRS. MAJOR. And I admit it was very kind; I really feel—

GOLI. Is it for this that I ordered supper, at seven shillings a head—and though last, not least—is it for this, Mrs. Major P., that I got rid of Phobbs, by insulting Phobbs, and promising Phobbs that I'd set myself up as a target for Phobbs to fire at?

MRS. MAJOR. Good heavens, a duel! Believe me, Mr. Golightly, should you fall, nobody would regret it more than I.

GOLI. I beg your pardon, madam—I think I should; and now, madam, the sooner you reward the affectionate interest of Mr. Morland, the better.

MRS. MAJOR. Mr. Morland!—are you mad?—I take no interest in Mr. Morland!

GOLI. Yes you do! I'll bet you five shillings of it, if you'll lend 'em me.

MRS. MAJOR. What proof do you require?

GOLI. There's only one will convince me—and unfortunately it is not in your power to offer it just now.

MRS. MAJOR. What is it you mean?

GOLI. That fair lily-white hand!

MRS. MAJOR. (*aside.*) He's popped the question at last. (*aloud.*) There, Mr. Golightly—take it. (*offers her hand.*)

GOLI. Eh?—no!—Oh, joy!—rapture!—extatic moment! (*about to take it.*) And yet—

MRS. MAJOR. How, sir—do you refuse it?

GOLI. No—that is—I—(*aside.*) Good gracious! she can't seriously contemplate committing bigamy!

CAPTAIN PHOBBS. (*without.*) I tell you, you shall come with me.

MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS *hastily retires to back, and meets* MRS. CAPTAIN PHOBBS, *who enters from D. R. C.; at the same time* CAPTAIN PHOBBS *enters, D. L. 2 E., with a pair of pistols, followed by* MORLAND.

PHOBBS. (*marches up to GOLIGHTLY, and gives him a pistol.*) There—and now—(*walks back, measuring.*) One—two—three—fire!

MRS. MAJOR. Stop! (*coming down with* MRS. CAPTAIN PHOBBS.)

GOLI. Yes, stop—by all means.

MORLAND. Really, sir, this violent state of indignation, about a trifling dispute, at a supper table—

PHOBBS. No such thing! It isn't a question of a paltry supper at all, but of a lady, sir—and that lady, my wife, sir—yes!—(*shouting to GOLIGHTLY.*) The waiter has told me all! She was to have supped here, alone with you,

Mr. Go—sprightly, and that's why the table, Mr. Go—brightly, was laid for *two*—Mr. Golightly; therefore, as I said before—one—two—three—fire! (*measuring and presenting pistol.*)

GOLI. Be quiet! (*with great calmness.*) I don't deny, sir, that I was to have supped here with a lady—and a very charming lady—(*aside, to MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS, who nudges him.*) Don't be alarmed, I won't compromise you—such a brilliant thought! (*takes MRS. CAPTAIN PHOBBS's hand, and leads her towards the CAPTAIN.*) Now, sir, I should like to know what possible objection you can have to my supping with this lady?

PHOBBS. Ha, ha! there, you hear! he confesses it! (*seizing him and shaking him.*) Now, sir, one, two, three, fire. (*puts the pistol close to GOLIGHTLY's nose.*)

GOLI. (*shouting.*) Waiter! take this man away, and bring me a gentleman!

PHOBBS. (*to MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS.*) Now, madam, what have you to say to this—eh?

MRS. CAP. Simply, that I never remember to have seen this gentleman before; let that satisfy you, my dear husband!

GOLI. (*aside.*) Her dear husband! he's got two wives! I'll transport the aged delinquent.

MORLAND. (*to CAPTAIN PHOBBS.*) My dear sir, allow me to explain the mystery; if your jealousy must have a victim, why, egad, you must take me.

GOLI. Certainly—take him by all means.

MORLAND. But, before you blow my brains out, allow me to assure you that the few moments I passed alone with your wife were devoted to a worthy purpose—namely, to enable me, on the eve of my departure from England, to present you with this—(*giving miniature.*) as a slight return for your kindness to cousin George.

PHOBBS. My wife's portrait! Well, thank ye, George! (*shakes hands.*) Give me a kiss—(*kisses MRS. CAPTAIN PHOBBS.*) and you too! (*about to kiss MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS.*)

GOLI. (*pushing him back.*) No, no! I won't allow it.

PHOBBS. I am Major Phobbs' brother, sir.

MRS. MAJOR. And I—his widow!



GOLI. Widow!—no—say it again!—worthy man!—let us bury our little differences in each others arms—embrace your brother-in-law. (*throws his arms round CAPTAIN PHOBBS.*)

MRS. MAJOR. Brother-in-law—nay, Mr. Golightly; when I offered you my hand, just now, you appeared to hesitate.

GOLI. Just give me another chance, that's all. (MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS *offers her hand, which he eagerly takes and kisses.*) Now, if there's anybody here inclined for a bet, I'll lay very considerable odds, that I'm the happiest fellow alive.

*Enter SAM, D. 2 E. L.*

SAM. (*to GOLIGHTLY.*) The bill, sir.

GOLI. (*aside.*) The devil!

SAM. Don't be alarmed—it's paid!

GOLI. (*delighted.*) Paid! (*assumes an important air.*) And who, I should like to know, has taken the liberty of paying my bill?

PHOBBS. Why, as I destroyed the supper, the least I could do was to pay all the bill.

GOLI. (*pretends to be annoyed.*) Well, I don't like this sort of thing; but as it's done, it can't be undone.

PHOBBS. Then suppose we all adjourn to the barracks; there's a fly at the door.

SAM. It's Mr. Golightly's.

PHOBBS. Is it?—then you can set us all down.

GOLI. Of course—that is—(*aside.*) Now really, this is a very awkward situation to be placed in!—I don't know who to ask to lend me five shillings. I don't like to apply to strangers; but then—(*to audience.*) You are not strangers—I think I know a good many of you, and I'm sure you all know me—therefore, if any of you will lend me five shillings—I'll pay you again—or, if you prefer it, you can have a ticket for the boxes, for the money; and I hope, I may add, a hearty laugh by way of interest?

MRS. MAJOR. GOLIGHTLY. MRS. CAPTAIN. CAPTAIN.

*B*

*B*

URTAIN.



THE  
CASTLE SPECTRE.

A romantic Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

BY

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS,

*Author of "The Monk," &c., &c.*

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## THE CASTLE SPECTRE.

*First performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane,  
on December 14, 1797.*

### Characters.

EARL OSMOND.....	Mr. BARRYMOOR.
EARL REGINALD ( <i>a Captive, supposed dead</i> )	Mr. WROUGHTON.
PERCY ( <i>Earl of Northumberland</i> ).....	Mr. KEMBLE.
FATHER PHILIP .....	Mr. PALMER.
MOTLEY ( <i>the Castle Jester</i> ) .....	Mr. BANNISTER.
KENRIC ( <i>Confidant of Osmond</i> ).....	Mr. AICKIN.
SAIB	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle; font-size: 4em; line-height: 1;">}</div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;">           Mr. TRUMAN.            Mr. DOWTON.            Mr. DAVIS.            Mr. WENTWORTH.         </div>
HASSAN	
MULEY	
ALARIC	
ANGELA.....	Mrs. JORDAN.
ALICE.....	Mrs. WALCOT.
THE SPECTRE OF EVELINA .....	Mrs. POWELL.

### Costume.

EARL OSMOND.—Dark velvet shirt, embroidered circular cloak over the left arm, purple velvet belt, dark tights and ankle boots. *Second dress*: handsome morning robe. *Third dress*: as at first.

PERCY.—Plain shirt. *Second dress*: green embroidered velvet surcoat, steel breastplate, leggings, and helmet, white feathers, gauntlets, and russet boots.

KENRIC.—Brown velvet shirt, cloak of the same, and brown stockings.

SAIB, MULEY, ALARIC, and HASSAN.—White body with sleeves looped up, full trunks of the same, black leggings and arms, velvet sls, sandals.

MOTLEY.—Touchstone's dress.

FATHER PHILIP.—Friar's grey gown, with stuffing, a cord round the waist, flesh stockings and sandals.

REGINALD.—Brown shirt, with a loose cloak or drapery, flesh legs and arms, old sandals, the whole dress much torn.

SOLDIERS.—Green shirts, and stockings, boots and breastplates.

ANGELA.—Handsome embroidered satin dress.

ALICE.—Black open gown trimmed with point lace, red stuff petticoat, black hood, high heeled shoes, with buckles.

SPECTRE.—Plain white muslin dress, white ~~and~~ dress, or binding under chin, light loose gauze drapery.

# THE CASTLE SPECTRE.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Exterior of Conway Castle, a barbican with door to open, L. U. E.*

*Enter FATHER PHILIP and MOTLEY, through gate, L. U. E.*

PHILIP. Never tell me !—I repeat it, you are a fellow of a very scandalous course of life ! But what principally offends me is, that you pervert the minds of the maids, and keep kissing and smuggling all the pretty girls you meet. Oh ! fye ! fye ! (*crosses R.*)

MOTLEY. I kiss and smuggle them ? St. Francis forbid ! Lord love you, father, 'tis they who kiss and smuggle me. I protest, I do what I can to preserve my modesty ; and I wish that the Archbishop Dunstan had heard the lecture upon chastity which I read last night to the dairy-maid in the dark ! he'd have been quite edified. But yet what does talking signify ? The eloquence of my lips is counteracted by the lustre of my eyes ; and really the little devils are so tender, and so troublesome, that I'm half angry with nature for having made me so very bewitching.

PHILIP. Nonsense ! nonsense !

MOTLEY. Put yourself in my place :—suppose that a sweet, smiling rogue, just sixteen, with rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, pouting lips, &c.—

PHILIP Oh, fye ! fye ! fye !—To hear such licentious discourse brings the tears into my eyes !

MOTLEY. I believe you, father ; for I see the water is running over at your mouth ; which puts me in mind, my good father, that there are some little points which might be altered in you still better than in myself : such as intemperance, gluttony——

PHILIP. Gluttony! Oh! abominable falsehood!

MOTLEY. Plain matter of fact!—Why, will any man pretend to say that you came honestly by that enormous belly, that tremendous tomb of fish, flesh, and fowl? And, for incontinence, you must allow, yourself, that you are unequalled.

PHILIP. I!—I!—

MOTLEY. You! you!—May I ask what was your business in the beech grove the other evening, when I caught you with buxom Margery, the miller's pretty wife? Was it quite necessary to lay your heads together so close?

PHILIP. Perfectly necessary: I was whispering in her ear wholesome advice.

MOTLEY. Indeed? Faith then she took your advice as kindly as it was given, and exactly in the same way too: you gave it with your lips, and she took it with hers.—Well done, father Philip!

PHILIP. Son, son, you give your tongue too great a license.

MOTLEY. Nay, father, be not angry: fools, you know, are privileged persons.

PHILIP. I know they are very useless ones; and in short, master Motley, to be plain with you, of all fools I think you the worst; and for fools of all kinds I've an insuperable aversion.

MOTLEY. Really? Then you have one good quality at least, and I cannot but admire such a total want of self-love! (*bell rings, L.*) But, hark! there goes the dinner-bell—away to table, father.—Depend upon't, the servants will rather eat part of their dinner unblessed, than stay till your stomach comes like Jonas's whale, and swallows up the whole.

PHILIP. Well, well, fool; I am going; but first let me explain to you, that my bulk proceeds from no indulgence of voracious appetite. No, son, no—little sustenance do I take; but St. Cuthbert's blessing is upon me, and that little prospers with me most marvellously. Verily, the saint has given me rather too plentiful an increase, and my legs are scarce able to support the weight of his bounties.

*Exit through gate, L. U. E.*

MOTLEY. He looks like an overgrown turtle, waddling



upon its hind fins! Yet, at bottom, 'tis a good fellow enough, warm hearted, benevolent, friendly, and sincere; but no more intended by nature to be a monk, than I to be a maid of honour to the queen of Sheba.

(*going*, L. U. E.)

*Enter PERCY, R.*

PERCY. I cannot be mistaken—In spite of his dress, his features are too well known to me! Hist! Gilbert! Gilbert!

MOTLEY. (L.) Gilbert? Oh lord, that's I!—Who calls?

PERCY. Have you forgotten me?

MOTLEY. Truly, sir, that would be no easy matter; I never forget in my life what I never knew.

PERCY. (R.) Have ten years altered me so much that you cannot——

MOTLEY. Hey!—can it be—Pardon me, my dear lord Percy.—In truth, you may well forgive my having forgotten your name, for at first I didn't very well remember my own. However, to prevent further mistakes, I must inform you that he who in your father's service was Gilbert the knave, is Motley the fool in the service of Earl Osmond.

PERCY. Of Earl Osmond?—This is fortunate. Gilbert, you may be of use to me; and if the attachment which, as a boy you professed for me still exists——

MOTLEY. It does, with ardour unabated, for I'm not so unjust as to attribute to you my expulsion from Alnwick Castle: but now, sir, may I ask, what brings you to Wales?

PERCY. A woman whom I adore.

MOTLEY. Yes, I guessed that the business was about a petticoat. And this woman is——

PERCY. (R.) The orphan ward of a villager, without friends, without family, without fortune?

MOTLEY. (L.) Great points in her favor, I must confess. And which of these excellent qualities won your heart?

PERCY. I hope I had better reasons for bestowing it on her. No, Gilbert; I loved her for a person beautiful without art and graceful without affectation, for a heart tender without weakness, and noble without pride. I saw her at once beloved and revered by her village companions; they looked on her as a being of a superior order:

and I felt, that she who gave such dignity to a cottage maid, must needs add new lustre to the coronet of the Percies.

MOTLEY. From which I am to understand that you mean to marry this rustic?

PERCY. Could I mean otherwise I should blush for myself.

MOTLEY. Yet, surely, the baseness of her origin —

PERCY. Can to me be no objection: in giving her my hand I raise her to my station, not debase myself to hers; nor ever, while gazing on the beauty of a rose, did I think it less fair because planted by a peasant.

MOTLEY. Bravo!—And what says your good grumbling father to this?

PERCY. Alas! he has long slept in the grave.

MOTLEY. Then he's quiet at last! Well, heaven grant him that peace above, which he suffered nobody to enjoy below. But his death having left you master of your actions, what obstacle now prevents your marriage?

PERCY. You shall hear.—Fearful lest my rank should influence this lovely girl's affections, and induce her to bestow her hand on the noble, while she refused her heart to the man, I assumed a peasant's habit, and presented myself as Edwy, the low-born and the poor. In this character I gained her heart, and resolved to hail as Countess of Northumberland, the betrothed of Edwy the low-born and the poor! Judge, then, how great must have been my disappointment, when, on entering her guardian's cottage with this design, he informed me, that the unknown, who sixteen years before had confided her to his care, had reclaimed her on that very morning, and conveyed her—no one knew whither.

MOTLEY. That was unlucky.

PERCY. However, in spite of his precautions, I have traced the stranger's course, and find him to be Kenric, a dependant upon Earl Osmond.

MOTLEY. Surely, 'tis not Lady Angela, who——

PERCY. The very same! Speak, my good fellow! do you know her?

MOTLEY. Not by your description; for here she's understood to be the daughter of Sir Malcolm Mowbray, my

master's deceased friend. And what is your present intention!

PERCY. To demand her of the earl in marriage.

MOTLEY. Oh! that will never do: for, in the first place, you'll not be able to get a sight of him. I've now lived with him five long years, and till Angela's arrival, never witnessed a guest in the castle. Oh! 'tis the most melancholy mansion! And as to the earl, he's the very antidote to mirth. He always walks with his arms folded, his brows bent, his eyes lowering on you with a gloomy scowl: he never smiles; and to laugh in his presence would be treason. He looks at no one—speaks to no one. None dare approach him, except Kenric and his four blacks—all others are ordered to avoid him; and whenever he quits his room, ding! dong! goes a great bell, and away runs the servants like so many scared rabbits.

PERCY. Strange!—And what reasons can he have for—

MOTLEY. Oh! reasons in plenty. You must know there's an ugly story respecting the last owners of this castle. Osmond's brother, his wife, and infant child were murdered by banditti, as it was said: unluckily, the only servant who escaped the slaughter, deposed, that he recognised among the assassins a black still in the service of Earl Osmond. The truth of this assertion was never known, for the servant was found dead in his bed the next morning.

PERCY. Good heavens!

MOTLEY. Since that time no sound of joy has been heard in Conway Castle. Osmond instantly became gloomy and ferocious; he now never utters a sound except a sigh, has broken every tie of society, and keeps his gates barred unceasingly against the stranger.

PERCY. Yet Angela is admitted.—But, no doubt, affection for her father——

MOTLEY. Why, no; I rather think that affection for her father's child——

PERCY. How?

MOTLEY. If I've any knowledge in love, the earl feels it for his fair ward; but the lady will tell you more of this, if I can procure for you an interview.

PERCY. The very request which——

MOTLEY. 'Tis no easy matter, I promise you; but I'll

do my best. In the meanwhile, wait for me in yonder fishing-hut—its owner's name is Edric;—tell him that I sent you, and he will give you a retreat.

PERCY. Farewell, then, and remember that whatever reward——

MOTLEY. Dear master, to mention a reward insults me. You have already shewn me kindness: and when 'tis in my power to be of use to you, to need the inducement of a second favor, would prove me a scoundrel undeserving of the first.

*Exit, L. U. E.*

PERCY. How warm is this good fellow's attachment! Yet our barons complain that the great can have no friends! If they have none, let their own pride bear the blame. Instead of looking with scorn on those whom a smile would attract, and a favour bind for ever, how many firm friends might our nobles gain, if they would but reflect that their vassals are men as they are, and have hearts whose feelings can be grateful as their own!

*Exit, R.*

## SCENE II.—*The Castle Hall.*

*Enter SAIB, R. and HASSAN, L.*

SAIB. Now, Hassan, what success?

HASSAN. (R.) My search has been fruitless. In vain have I paced the river's banks, and pierced the grove's deepest recesses. Nor glen nor thicket have I passed unexplored, yet found no stranger to whom Kenric's description could apply.

SAIB. (L.) Saw you no one?

HASSAN. A troop of horsemen passed me as I left the wood.

SAIB. Horsemen, say you?—Then Kenric may be right. Earl Percy has discovered Angela's abode, and lurks near the castle, in hopes of carrying her off.

HASSAN. His hopes then will be vain. Osmond's vigilance will not easily be eluded—sharpened by those powerful motives, love and fear?

SAIB. His love, I know; but should he lose Angela, what has he to fear?

HASSAN. If Percy gains her—everything! Supported by such wealth and power, dangerous would be her claim

to these domains, should her birth be discovered. Of this our lord is aware; nor did he sooner hear that Northumberland loved her, than he hastened to remove her from Allan's care.

SAIB. Think you the lady perceives that our master loves her?

HASSAN. I know she does not. Absorbed in her own passion for Percy, on Osmond she bestows no thought, and, while roving through these pompous halls and chambers, sighs for the Cheviot hills and Allan's humble cottage.

SAIB. But as she still believes Percy to be a low-born swain, when Osmond lays his coronet at her feet, will she reject his rank and splendour?

HASSAN. If she loves well, she will. Saib, I too have loved! I have known how painful it was to leave her on whom my heart hung; how incapable was all else to supply her loss! I have exchanged want for plenty, fatigue for rest, a wretched hut for a splendid palace. But am I happier! Oh no! Still do I regret my native land, and the partners of my poverty. Then toil was sweet to me, for I laboured for Samba! then repose ever blessed my bed of leaves, for there by my side lay Samba sleeping.

SAIB. This from you, Hassan?—Did love ever find a place in your flinty bosom?

HASSAN. Did it? Oh, Saib! my heart once was gentle, once was good! But sorrows have broken it, insults have made it hard! I have been dragged from my native land, from a wife who was everything to me, to whom I was everything! Twenty years have elapsed since these Christians tore me away; they trampled upon my heart, mocked my despair, and, when in frantic terms I raved of Samba, laughed, and wondered how a negro's soul could feel! In that moment, when the last point of Africa faded from my view, when as I stood on the vessel's deck, I felt that all I loved was to me lost for ever, in that bitter moment did I banish humanity from my breast. I tore from my arm the bracelet of Samba's hair; I gave to the sea the precious token, and while the high waves swift bore it from me, vowed, aloud, endless hatred to mankind. I have kept my oath. I *will* keep it!  
(crosses to R.)



SAIB. (L.) Ill-starred Hassan! your wrongs have indeed been great.

HASSAN. (R.) To remember them unmans me.—Farewell! I must to Kenric. Hold!—Look, where he comes from Osmond's chamber!

SAIB. And seemingly in wrath.

HASSAN. His conferences with the earl of late have had no other end. The period of his favour is arrived.

SAIB. Not of his favour merely, Hassan.

HASSAN. How? Mean you that——

SAIB. Silence! He's here!

*Enter KENRIC, R.*

KENRIC. (R.) Osmond, I will bear your ingratitude no longer. Now, Hassan, found you the man described?

HASSAN. (C.) Nor any that resembled him.

KENRIC. Yet, that I saw Percy, I am convinced. As I crossed him in the wood, his eye met mine. He started as he had seen a basilisk, and fled with rapidity. But I will submit no longer to this painful dependance. Tomorrow, for the last time, will I summon him to perform his promise: if he refuses, I will bid him farewell for ever, and, by my absence, free him from a restraint equally irksome to myself and him.

SAIB. (L.) Will you so, Kenric?—Be speedy, then, or you will be too late.

KENRIC. Too late And wherefore?

SAIB. You will soon receive the reward of your services.

KENRIC. Ha! know you what the reward will be?

SAIB. I guess, but may not tell.

KENRIC. Is it a secret?

SAIB. Can you keep one?

KENRIC. Faithfully!

SAIB. As faithfully can I. Come, Hassan.

*Exeunt, L.*

KENRIC. What meant the slave? Those doubtful expressions—ha! should the earl intend me false—Kenric! Kenric! how is thy nature changed! There was a time when fear was a stranger to my bosom—when, guiltless myself, I dreaded not art in others. Now, where'er I turn



the danger appears to lurk; and I suspect treachery in every breast, because my own heart hides it.

*Exit, L.*

*Enter FATHER PHILIP, followed by ALICE, R.*

PHILIP. Nonsense! You silly woman, what you say is not possible.

ALICE. (R.) I never said it was possible. I only said it was true; and that if ever I heard music, I heard it last night.

PHILIP. (L.) Perhaps the fool was singing to the servants.

ALICE. The fool, indeed? Oh, fye! fye! How dare you call my lady's ghost a fool?

PHILIP. Your lady's ghost!—you silly old woman!

ALICE. Yes, father, yes; I repeat it, I heard the guitar, lying upon the oratory table, play the very air which the lady Evelina used to sing while rocking her little daughter's cradle. She warbled it so sweetly, and ever at the close it went——(*singing*)

“Lullaby! lullaby! hush thee, my dear!

Thy father is coming and soon will be here.”

PHILIP. Nonsense! Nonsense!—Why, prythee, Alice, do you think that your lady's ghost would get up at night only to sing Lullaby for your amusement? Besides, how should a spirit, which is nothing but air, play upon an instrument of material wood and wire?

ALICE. How can I tell?—Why, I know very well that men are made; but if you desired me to make a man, I vow and protest I shouldn't know how to set about it. I can only say, that, last night, I heard the ghost of my murdered lady——

PHILIP. Playing upon the spirit of a cracked guitar! Alice! Alice! these fears are ridiculous! The idea of ghosts is a vulgar prejudice. However, the next time you are afraid of a ghost, remember and make use of the receipt which I shall now give you; and instead of calling for a priest to lay the spirits of other people in the Red-Sea, call for a bottle of red wine, to raise your own. *Probatum est.*

*Exit, L.*

ALICE. Wine, indeed!—I believe he thinks I like drink-

ing as well as himself. No, no! let the topping old friar take his bottle of wine; I shall confine myself to plain cherry-brandy.

*Enter ANGELA, R.*

ANGELA. I am weary of wandering from room to room; in vain do I change the scene, discontent is everywhere—There was a time when music could delight my ear, and nature could charm my eye! when as the dawn unveiled the landscape, each object it disclosed to me looked pleasant and fair; and while the last sunbeams yet lingered on the western sky, I could pour forth a prayer of gratitude, and thank my good angels for a day unclouded by sorrow!—Now all is gone, all lost, all faded!

ALICE. Lady!

ANGELA. Perhaps he wanders on those mountains! Perhaps at this moment he thinks upon me! Perhaps then he sighs, and murmurs to himself, "The flowers, the rivulets, the birds, every object reminds me of my well-beloved; but what shall remind her of Edwy?"—Oh! that will my heart, Edwy; I need no other remembrancer.

ALICE. (L.) Lady! Lady Angela! She minds me no more than a post!

ANGELA. (R.) Oh! are you there, good Alice? what would you with me?

ALICE. Only ask how your ladyship rested?

ANGELA. Ill! very ill!

ALICE. Lack-a-day! and yet you sleep in the best bed!

ANGELA. True, good Alice! but my heart's anguish strewed thorns upon my couch of down.

ALICE. Marry, I'm not surprised that you rested ill in the cedar-room. Those noises so near you—

ANGELA. What noises? I heard none.

ALICE. How?—When the clock struck one heard you no music!

ANGELA. Music?—None.—Not that I—Stay! now I remember that while I sat alone in my chamber this morning—

ALICE. Well, lady, well!

ANGELA. Methought I heard some one singing! it seemed as if the words ran thus—(*singing*)

“Lullaby! lullaby! hush thee, my dear!”

ALICE. (*screaming*) The very words!—It was the ghost, lady! it was the ghost!

ANGELA. The ghost, Alice! I protest I thought it had been you.

ALICE. Me, lady!—Lord, when did you hear this singing?

ANGELA. Not five minutes ago, while you were talking with father Philip.

ALICE. The Lord be thanked!—then it was not the ghost. It was I, lady! it was I!—And have you heard no other singing since you came to the castle?

ANGELA. None.—But why that question?

ALICE. Because, lady—but perhaps you may be frightened?

ANGELA. No, no!—Proceed, I entreat you.

ALICE. Why, then, they do say, that the chamber in which you sleep is haunted. You may have observed two folding doors, which are ever kept locked: they lead to the oratory, in which the Lady Evelina passed most of her time, while my lord was engaged in the Scottish wars. She would sit there, good soul! hour after hour, playing on the lute, and singing airs so sweet, so sad, that many a time and oft have I wept to hear her. Ah! when I kissed her hand at the castle-gate, little did I suspect that her fate would have been so wretched!

ANGELA. And what was her fate?

ALICE. A sad one, lady! Impatient to embrace her lord, after a year's absence, the countess set out to meet him on his return from Scotland, accompanied by a few domestics and her infant daughter, then scarce a twelvemonth old. But, as she returned with her husband, robbers surprised the party scarce a mile from the castle; and since that time, no news has been received of the earl, of the countess, the servants, or the child.

ANGELA. Dreadful! Were not their bodies found?

ALICE. Never! The only domestic who escaped, pointed out the scene of action; and as it proved to be on the river's banks, doubtless the assassins plunged the bodies into the stream.

ANGELA. Strange! And did Earl Osmond then become owner of this castle?—Alice! was he ever suspected of——

ALICE. Speak lower, lady! It was said so, I own: but for my part I never believed it. To my certain knowledge Osmond loved the lady Evelina too well to hurt her; and when he heard of her death, he wept, and sobbed as if his heart were breaking. Nay, 'tis certain that he proposed to her before marriage, and would have made her his wife only that she liked his brother better. But I hope you're not alarmed by what I mentioned of the cedar-room?

ANGELA. No, truly, Alice; from good spirits I have nothing to fear, and heaven and my innocence will protect me against bad.

ALICE. My very sentiments, I protest—But heaven forgive me; while I stand gossiping here, I warrant all goes wrong in the kitchen! (*crosses, R.*) Your pardon, lady; I must away! I must away! *Exit, R.*

ANGELA. (*musings*) Osmond was his brother's heir—His strange demeanour!—Yes, in that gloomy brow is written a volume of villany! Heavenly powers! an assassin then is master of my fate!—An assassin too who—I dare not bend my thoughts that way!—Oh! would I had never entered these castle walls!—had never exchanged for fearful pomp the security of my pleasures—the tranquillity of my soul!

Return, return, sweet Peace! and o'er my breast,  
Spread thy bright wings, distil thy balmy rest;  
And teach my steps thy realms among to rove;  
Wealth and the world resigned, nought mine but love.

*Exit, R.*

SCENE III.—*The Armoury. Suits of Armour are arranged on both sides upon pedestals, with the names of their possessors written under each; c. doors to open.*

*Enter* MOTLEY, *peeping, L.*

MOTLEY. The coast is clear!—Hist! Hist!—You may enter.

*Enter* PERCY, *L.*

PERCY. Loiter not here. Quick, my good fellow! Conduct me to Angela!

MOTLEY. (R.) Softly, softly! A little caution is needful; and I promise you just now I'm not upon roses.

PERCY. (L.) If such are your fears, why not lead me at once to Angela? Are we not more exposed in this open hall?

MOTLEY. Be contented, and leave all to me: I will contrive matters so that Osmond shall have you before his eyes, and be no jot the wiser. (*takes down some armour*) But you must make up your mind to play a statue for an hour or two.

PERCY. How?

MOTLEY. (*putting armour on PERCY*) Nay, 'tis absolutely necessary—Quick! The late earl's servants are fully persuaded that his ghost wanders every night through the long galleries, and parades the old towers and dreary halls which abound in this melancholy mansion. He is supposed to be dressed in complete armour; and that which you wear at present was formerly his. Now, hear my plan.—The earl prepares to hold a conference with the lady Angela—even now I heard her summoned to attend him in the armory: placed upon this pedestal you may listen to their discourse unobserved, and thus form a proper judgment both of your mistress, and her guardian. As soon as it grows dark, I will conduct you to Angela's apartments: the obscurity will then shelter you from discovery, and even should you be observed, you will pass for Earl Reginald's spectre.

PERCY. I do not dislike your plan: but tell me, Gilbert, do you believe this tale of the apparition?

MOTLEY. Oh! heaven forbid! Not a word of it. Had I minded all the strange things related of this castle, I should have died of fright in the first half-hour. Why, they say, that earl Hubert rides every night round the castle on a white horse; that the ghost of lady Bertha haunts the west pinnacle of the chapel tower; and that lord Hildebrand, who was condemned for treason some sixty years ago, may be seen in the great hall regularly at midnight, playing at foot-ball with his own head! Above all, they say that the spirit of the late countess sits nightly in her oratory, and sings her baby to sleep. However, if



it be so—(*bell sounds thrice*) Hark! 'tis the earl; quick to your post! (*PERCY ascends the pedestal, R. C.*) Farewell—I must get out of his way, but as soon as he quits this chamber, I'll rejoin you.

*Exit, R.*

(*The folding doors C. are thrown open; SAIB, HASSAN, MULEY, and ALARIC enter, preceding EARL OSMOND, who walks with his arms folded, and his eyes bent upon the ground. After making a few turns through the room, OSMOND throws himself on a sofa. He motions to his attendants, and they withdraw, C. D. He appears lost in thought: then suddenly rises, and again traverses the room with disordered steps*)

OSMOND. I will not sacrifice my happiness to hers! No, Angela, you ask of me too much. Since the moment when I pierced her heart, deprived of whom life became odious; since my soul was stained with his blood who loved me, with hers whom I loved, no form has been grateful to my eye, no voice spoken pleasure to my soul, save Angela's—save only Angela's! Mine she is, mine she shall be, though Reginald's bleeding ghost flit before me, and thunder in my ear—"Hold! Hold!"—Peace, stormy heart! She comes!

*Enter ANGELA, R.*

OSMOND. (*L., in a softened voice*) Come hither, Angela. Wherefore so sad? That downcast eye, that listless air, neither suit your age or fortunes. The treasures of India are lavished to adorn your person; a hundred servants wait upon your nod; yet still do I see you, forgetting what you are, look back with regret to what you were!

ANGELA. (*R.*) Oh! my good lord, esteem me not ungrateful! I acknowledge your bounties—but they have not made me happy. I still linger in thought near those scenes when I passed the blessed period of infancy; I still thirst for those simple pleasures which habit has made so dear. The birds which my own hands reared, and the flowers which my own hands planted; the banks on which I rested when fatigued, the wild tangled wood which supplied me with strawberries, and the village church



where I prayed to be virtuous, while I yet knew of vice and virtue but the name, all have acquired rights to my memory and my love!

OSMOND. Absurd!

ANGELA. While I saw you, Cheviot Hills, I was happy, oh! how happy! At morn when I left my bed, light were my spirits, and gay as the zephyrs of summer; and when at night my head again pressed my pillow, I whispered to myself, "Happy has been to-day, and to-morrow will be as happy!" Then sweet was my sleep; and my dreams were of those whom I loved dearest.

OSMOND. Romantic enthusiast! These thoughts did well for the village maid, but disgrace the daughter of Sir Malcolm Mowbray. Hear me, Angela; an English baron loves you, a nobleman than whom our island boasts few more potent. 'Tis to him that your hand is destined, 'tis on him that your heart must be bestowed.

ANGELA. I cannot dispose of that which has long been another's—My heart is Edwy's.

OSMOND. Edwy's! A peasant's?

ANGELA. For the obscurity of his birth chance must be blamed; the merit of his virtues belongs wholly to himself.

OSMOND. By Heaven you seem to think that poverty is a virtue!

ANGELA. Sir, I think 'tis a misfortune, not a crime: Edwy has my plighted faith; he received it on the last evening which I passed in Northumberland. It was then, that for the first time he pressed his lips to mine, and I swore that my lips should never be pressed by another!

OSMOND. Girl! Girl! you drive me to distraction!

ANGELA. You alarm me, my lord! Permit me to retire. *(going R.; OSMOND detains her violently by the arm)*

OSMOND. Stay!—*(in a softer tone)* Angela! I love you.

ANGELA. *(starting)* My lord!

OSMOND. *(passionately)* Love you to madness!—Nay, strive not to escape: remain and hear me! I offer you my hand; if you accept it, mistress of these fair and rich domains, your days shall glide away in happiness and honour; but if you refuse and scorn my offer, force shall this instant—

ANGELA. Force? Oh no!—You dare not be so base!

OSMOND. Reflect on your situation, Angela; you are in my power—remember it, and be wise!

ANGELA. If you have a generous mind, that will be my surest safeguard. Be it my plea, Osmond, when thus I sue to you for mercy, for protection! look on me with pity, Osmond! 'Tis the daughter of the man you loved, 'tis a creature, friendless, wretched, and forlorn, who kneels before you, who flies to you for refuge!—True, I am in your power; then save me, respect me, treat me not cruelly; for—I am in your power!

OSMOND. I will hear no more. Will you accept my offer?

ANGELA. Osmond, I conjure you——

OSMOND. Answer my question!

ANGELA. Mercy! Mercy!

OSMOND. Will you be mine?—Speak! Speak!

ANGELA. (*after a moment's pause, rises, and pronounces with firmness*) Never, so help me Heaven!

OSMOND. (*seizing her*) Your fate then is decided!

(ANGELA shrieks)

PERCY. (R. C., *in a hollow voice*)—Hold!

OSMOND. (*starts, but still grasps ANGELA's arm*) Ha! what was that?

ANGELA. (*struggling to escape*) Heard you not a voice?

OSMOND. (*gazing upon PERCY*) It came from hence—From Reginald!—Was it not a delusion? Did indeed his spirit—(*relapsing into his former passion*) Well be it so! though his ghost should rush between us, thus would I clasp her! What sight is this! (*at the moment that he again seizes ANGELA, PERCY extends his truncheon with a menacing gesture, and descends from the pedestal—OSMOND releases ANGELA, who immediately rushes from the chamber R. D., while PERCY advances a few steps and remains gazing on the Earl stedfastly*) I know that shield!—that helmet!—Speak to me, dreadful vision! Tax me with my crimes! Tell me, that you come—Stay! Speak! (*following PERCY, who, when he reaches the door, through which ANGELA escaped, turns, and signs to him with his hand—OSMOND starts back in terror*) He forbids my following! He leaves me! The door closes—(*in a sudden burst of passion, and drawing his sword*) Hell, and fiends! I'll follow him,

though lightnings blast me! (*he rushes distractedly from the chamber, R. D.*)

SCENE IV.—*The Castle Hall.*

*Enter ALICE, R.*

ALICE. Here's rudeness! here's ill-breeding! On my conscience, this house grows worse and worse every day!

*Enter MOTLEY, L.*

MOTLEY. (L.) What can he have done with himself? How now, dame Alice, what has happened to you? You look angry.

ALICE. (R.) By my troth, fool, I've little reason to look pleased. To be frightened out of my wits by night, and thumped and bumped about by day, is not likely to put one in the best humour.

MOTLEY. Poor soul! And who has been thumping and bumping you?

ALICE. Who has? You should rather ask who has not.—Why only hear: As I was just now going along the narrow passage which leads to the armoury—singing to myself, and thinking of nothing—I met lady Angela flying away, as if for dear life! So I dropped her a curtsy, but might as well have spared my pains. Without minding me any more than if I had been a dog or a cat, she pushed me on one side; and before I could recover my balance, somebody else, who came bouncing by me, gave me t'other thump—and there I lay sprawling upon the floor—however, thank the saints, I tumbled with all possible decency.

MOTLEY. Somebody else! What somebody else?

ALICE. I know not—but he seemed to be in armour.

MOTLEY. In armour? Pray, Alice, looked he like a ghost?

ALICE. What he looked like, I cannot say; but I'm sure he didn't feel like one: however, you've not heard the worst. While I was sprawling upon the ground, my lord comes tearing along the passage; the first thing he did was to stumble against me—away went his heels—over he came—and, in the twinkling of an eye, there lay his lordship! As soon as he got up again—Mercy! how he

stormed! He snatched me up—called me an ugly old witch—shook the breath out of my body—then clapped me on the ground again, and bounced away after the other two!

MOTLEY. My mind misgives me; But what can this mean, Alice?

ALICE. The meaning I neither know, or care about; but this I know—I'll stay no longer in a house when I'm treated so disrespectfully. "My lady!" says I, "Out of my way!" says she, and pushes me on one side. "My lord!" says I, "Go to the devil!" says he, and pushes me on t'other!—I protest I never was so ill used, even when I was a young woman! *Exit, L.*

MOTLEY. Should earl Percy be discovered—the very thought gives me a crick in my neck! At any rate I had better inquire whether—— (*going, R.*)

*Enter FATHER PHILIP, hastily, R.*

PHILIP. (*R., stopping him*) Get out of the house!—That's your way! (*points L.*)

MOTLEY. (*L.*) Why, what's the meaning ——

PHILIP. Don't stand prating here, but do as I bid you!

MOTLEY. But first tell me——

PHILIP. I can only tell you to get out of the house—Kenric has discovered earl Percy. You are known to have introduced him—the Africans are in search of you. If you are found, you will be hung out of hand. Fly then to Edric's cottage—hide yourself there! Hark!—Some one comes! Away! away! ere it is too late!—— (*pushing him out, L.*)

MOTLEY. (*confused*) But earl Percy—but Angela ——

PHILIP. Leave them to me! You shall hear from me soon. Only take care of yourself, and fly with all diligence! Away! (*Exit MOTLEY, L.*) So, so, he's off, and now I've time to take breath. I've not moved so nimbly for the last twenty years; and, in truth, I'm at present but ill calculated for velocity of motion. However, my exertions have not been thrown away: I've saved this poor knave from Osmond's vengeance; and should my plan for the lady's release succeed—poor little soul! To see how she took on, when Percy was torn from her! Well, well, she shall be rescued from her tyrant. The moveable

panels—the subterraneous passages—the secret spring well known to me—Oh! I cannot fail of success; but, in order to secure it, I'll finally arrange my ideas in the buttery. Whenever I've any great design in hand, I always ask advice of a flagon of ale, and mature my plan over a cold venison-pasty. *Exit, R.*

SCENE V.—*A spacious Chamber; a couch, L. C.; on the other a table, which is placed under an arched and lofty window, in flat, L.*

*Enter OSMOND, R. followed by SAIB, HASSAN, MULEY, and ALARIC, who conduct PERCY, disarmed.*

OSMOND. This, sir, is your prison: but, doubtless your confinement will not continue long. The moment which gives me Angela's hand, shall restore you to liberty; and till that moment arrives, farewell.

PERCY. Stay, sir, and hear me! By what authority presume you to call me captive? Have you forgotten that you speak to Northumberland's earl?

OSMOND. Well may I forget him, who could so far forget himself. Was it worthy of Northumberland's earl to steal disguised into my castle, and plot with my servant to rob me of my most precious treasure?

PERCY. Mine was that treasure; you deprived me of it basely, and I was justified in striving to regain my own.

OSMOND. Earl, nothing can justify unworthy means. If you were wronged, why sought you not your right with your sword's point? I then should have esteemed you a noble foe, and as such would have treated you: but you have stooped to paltry artifice, and attacked me like some midnight ruffian, privately and in disguise. By this I am authorized to forget your station, and make your penance as degrading as your offence was base.

PERCY. If such are indeed your sentiments, prove them now. Restore my sword, unsheath your own, and be Angela the conqueror's reward!

OSMOND. No, Earl Percy! I am not so rash a gamester as to suffer that cast to be recalled, by which the stake is mine already. Angela is in my power.

PERCY. Insulting coward.



OSMOND. Be calm, earl Percy! You forget yourself. That I am no coward, my sword has proved in the fields of Scotland. My sword shall again prove it, if, when you are restored to liberty, you still question the courage of my heart! Angela once mine, repeat your defiance, nor doubt my answering.

PERCY. Angela thine? That she shall never be. There are angels above who favour virtue, and the hour of retribution must one day arrive?

*(throws himself upon the couch)*

OSMOND. But long ere the arrival of that hour, shall Angela have been my bride and now farewell, lord Percy, —Muley, and Saib!

BOTH. My lord?

OSMOND. To you charge I commit the earl; quit not this apartment, nor suffer him for one moment from your sight.

SAIB and MULEY. My lord, we shall obey you.

OSMOND *goes off, attended by HASSAN and ALARIC, R.*

SAIB. Look, Muley, how bitterly he frowns!

MULEY. Now he starts from the sofa! 'Faith, he's in a monstrous fury!

SAIB. That may be. When you mean to take in other people, it certainly is provoking to be taken in yourself.

PERCY. *(after making a few turns with a disordered air, suddenly stops)* He is gone to Angela. Gone perhaps, to renew that outrage whose completion my presence alone prevented!

MULEY. Now he's in a deep study: marry, if he studies himself out of this tower, he's a cleverer fellow than I take him for.

PERCY. Were I not Osmond's captive, all might yet be well. Summoning my vassals, who by this time must be near at hand, forcing the castle, and tearing Angela from the arms of her tyrant. Alas! my captivity has rendered this plan impracticable! And are there then no hopes of liberty?

SAIB. He fixes his eyes on us.

PERCY. Might not these fellows—I can but try it. Now stand my friend, thou master-key to human hearts! Aid me, thou potent devil, gold!—Hear me my worthy friends. Come nearer!—My good fellows, you are charged with a



disagreeable office, and to obey a tyrant's mandates cannot be pleasant to you: there is something in your looks which has prejudiced me too much in your favour to believe it possible.

SAIB. (R.) Nay, there certainly is something in our appearance highly prepossessing.

MULEY. (L.) And I know that you must admire the delicacy of our complexions!

PERCY. The tincture of your skin, my good fellow, is of little consequence: many a worthy heart beats within a dusky bosom, and I am convinced that such a heart inhabits yours; for your looks tell me that you feel for, and are anxious to relieve my sufferings. See you this purse, my friends?

MULEY. It's too far off, and I am short-sighted. If you'll put it a little nearer——

PERCY. Restore me to liberty!—and not this purse alone, but ten times its value shall be yours.

SAIB. To liberty?

MULEY. That purse?

SAIB. Muley!

MULEY. Saib!

PERCY. You well know, that my wealth and power are equal, not to say superior, to earl Osmond's; release me from my dungeon, and share that power and wealth!

MULEY. In truth, my lord, your offers are so generous, and that purse is so tempting—Saib, what say you?

*(winking at him)*

SAIB. The earl speaks so well, and promises so largely, that I own I'm strangely tempted.

MULEY. Look you, Saib; will you stand by me?

SAIB. *(after a moment's thought)* I will!

MULEY. There's my hand then! *(they shake hands)* My lord, we are your servants!

PERCY. You agree then to release me?

MULEY. 'Tis impossible to do otherwise; for I feel that pity, generosity, and every moral feeling, command me to trouble your lordship for that purse.

PERCY. There it is. And now unlock the door.

MULEY. *(chinking the purse)* Here it is! And now I'm obliged to you. As for your promises, my lord, pray don't

trouble yourself to remember them, as I shan't trouble myself to remember mine.

PERCY. (*starting*) Ha! what mean you?

SAIB. (*firmly*) Earl, that we are faithful!

PERCY. What! will you not keep your word?

MULEY. In good troth, no; we mean to keep nothing—except the purse.

PERCY. Confusion! To be made the jest of such rascals.

SAIB. Earl Percy, we are none, but we should have been, could your gold have bribed us to betray our master. We have but done our duty—you have but gained your just reward; for they who seek to deceive others should ever be deceived themselves.

PERCY. Silence, fellow!—Leave me to my thoughts!  
(*throwing himself passionately upon the couch*)

MULEY. Oh! with all our hearts. We ask no better.

SAIB. Muley, we share that purse?

MULEY. Undoubtedly. Sit down and examine its contents—(*they seat themselves on the floor in the front of the stage*)

PERCY. How unfortunate, that the only merit of these villains should be fidelity!—

(*chorus of voices, singing without, behind window*)

“Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!”

MULEY. Hark!—What's that?

SAIB. I'll see. (*mounting upon table*) This window is so high—

MULEY. Here, here! take this chair—

(*SAIB places the chair upon the table, and thus lifts himself to a level with the window, which he opens*)

### *Song and Chorus.*

MOTLEY. (*singing without*) Sleep you, or wake you, lady bright?

CHORUS. (*without*) Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!

MOTLEY. Now is the fittest time for flight.

CHORUS. Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!

MOTLEY. Know, from your tyrant father's power,  
Beneath the window of your tower

A boat now waits to set you free;

Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!

CHORUS. Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!

PERCY. (*who has half-raised himself from the couch during the last part of the song, and listened attentively*) Surely, I know that voice!

MULEY. Now, what's the matter?

SAIB. A boat lies at the foot of the tower, and the fishermen and their wives sing while they draw their nets.

PERCY. (*aside*) I could not be mistaken—it was Gilbert.

*Second Stanza.*

MOTLEY. Though deep the stream, though high the wall,

CHORUS. Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!

MOTLEY. The danger trust me, love, is small;

CHORUS. Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!

MOTLEY. To spring below then never dread;

My arms to catch you shall be spread;

And far from hence you soon shall be,

Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!

CHORUS. Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!

PERCY. (*aside*) I understand him.

MULEY. Prithee, come down, Saib; I long to divide the purse——

SAIB. Stay a moment; (*shutting the window and descending*) Here I am, and now for the purse——

(*they resume their seats upon the ground; SAIB opens the purse, and begins to reckon the gold*)

PERCY. Yes, I must brave the danger—I will feign to sleep; and when my gaolers are off their guard, then aid me, blessed providence! (*extending himself upon the couch*)

SAIB. Hold, Muley!—What if, instead of sharing the purse, we throw for its contents? Here are dice.

MULEY. With all my heart; and look—to pass our time the better, here's a bottle of the best sack in the earl's cellar.

SAIB. Good! Good!—And now, be this angel the stake! But first, what is our prisoner doing?

MULEY. Oh! he sleeps; mind him not. Come, come, throw!

SAIB. Here goes—nine!—now to you.

MULEY. Nine too!—double the stake.

SAIB. Agreed! and the throw is mine. Hark! What noise? (*during this dialogue, PERCY has approached the*

*table in silence : at the moment he prepares to mount it, SAIB looks round, and PERCY hastily throws himself back on the couch)*

MULEY. Oh !—nothing, nothing !

SAIB. Methought I heard the earl——

MULEY. Mere fancy !—you see he is sleeping soundly. Come, come ; throw !

SAIB. There then—eleven !

MULEY. That's bad—huzza !—sixes !

SAIB. Plague on your fortune !—come, double or quits !

MULEY. Be it so, and I throw—zounds ;—only five.

SAIB. Then I think this hit must be mine—aces, by heavens !

MULEY. Ha ! ha !—your health, friend !

PERCY. (*who has again reached the table, mounted the chair and opening the window, now stands at it, and signs to the men below*) They see me, and extend a cloth beneath the window !—'Tis a fearful height !

SAIB. Do you mean to empty the bottle ?—Come, come—give it to me.

MULEY. Take it, blunder-head !— (*SAIB drinks*)

PERCY. They encourage me to venture !—Now then, or never ! (*aloud*) Angels of bliss protect me !—

(*he throws himself from the window*)

MULEY and SAIB. (*starting at the noise*) Hell and furies !

SAIB. (*dashes down the bottle, and climbs to the window hastily, while MULEY remains below in an attitude of surprise*) Escaped ! Escaped !

PERCY, MOTLEY, &c. (*without*) Huzza ! huzza ! huzza.

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*The Castle Hall.*

*Enter KENRIC, L.*

KENRIC. Yonder he stalks, and seems buried in himself—Now then to attack him while my late service is still fresh upon his memory. Should he reject my petition positively, he shall have good cause to repent his ingrati-

tude. Percy is in the neighbourhood; and that secret, known only to myself will surely——But, silence!—Look where he comes! (*retires, L.*)

*Enter OSMOND, R.*

OSMOND. It shall not be! Away with these foreboding terrors, which weigh down my heart!—I will forget the past, I will enjoy the present, and make those raptures again mine, which——Ah! no, no, no!—Conscience, that serpent, winds her folds round the cup of my bliss, and, ere my lips can reach it, her venom is mingled with the draught. And see where he walks, the chief object of my fears!—He advances!

KENRIC (*advances, L.*) So melancholy, my lord?

OSMOND. Ay, Kenric, and must be so till Angela is mine. Know that even now she extorted from me a promise, that, till to-morrow, I would leave her unmolested.

KENRIC. But till to-morrow.

OSMOND. But till to-morrow?—Oh! in that little space a lover's eye views myriads of dangers! Yet think not, good Kenric, that your late services are undervalued by me, or that I have forgotten those for which I have been long your debtor. When, bewildered by hatred of Reginald, and grief for Evelina's loss, my dagger was placed on the throat of their infant, your hand arrested the blow—Judge then how grateful I must feel, when I behold in Angela her mother's living counterpart.—Worthy Kenric, how can I repay your services?

KENRIC. These you may easily.—Let me then claim that independence so long promised, and seek for peace in some other climate, since memory forbids me to taste it in this.

OSMOND. Kenric, ere named, your wish was granted. In a far distant country a retreat is already prepared for you: there may you hush those clamours of conscience, which must reach me, I fear, e'en in the arms of Angela. Are you contented?

KENRIC. (*affected*) My lord!—gratitude—amazement!—and I doubted—I suspected. Oh! my good lord, how have I wronged your kindness!

OSMOND. No more;—I must not hear you. (*aside*)

Shame! shame! that ever my soul should stoop to dissembling with my slave! (*crosses to L.*)

SAIB *enters, L., and advances with apprehension.*

OSMOND. How now?—why this confusion?—why do you tremble?—speak!

SAIB. My lord!—the prisoner——

OSMOND. The prisoner?—go on, go on!

SAIB. (*kneeling*) Pardon, my lord, pardon! Our prisoner has escaped.

OSMOND. Villain! (*wild with rage he draws his dagger, and rushes upon SAIB—KENRIC holds his arm, R. C.*)

KENRIC. Hold! hold! What would you do?

OSMOND. (*struggling*) Unhand me, or by heaven——

KENRIC. Away! away! Fly, fellow, and save yourself!

*Exit SAIB, L.*

(*releasing OSMOND*) Consider, my lord—haply 'twas not by his keeper's fault that——

OSMOND. (*furiously*) What is't to me by whose? Is not my rival fled? Soon will Northumberland's guards encircle my walls, and force from me—Yet that by heaven they shall not! No! rather than resign her, my own hand shall give this castle a prey to flames; then, plunging with Angela into the blazing gulf, I'll leave these ruins to tell posterity how desperate was my love, and how dreadful my revenge! (*crosses R., stops and turns to KENRIC*) And you, who dared to rush between me and my resentment—you, who could so well succeed in saving others—now look to yourself.

*Exit, R.*

KENRIC. Ha! that look—that threat. Yet he seemed so kind—so grateful! He smiled too! Oh! there is ever danger when a villain smiles.

SAIB *enters softly, L., looking round him with caution.*

SAIB. (*in a low voice*) Hist! Kenric!

KENRIC. (*R.*) How now? What brings——

SAIB. (*L.*) Silence, and hear me. You have saved my life; nor will I be ungrateful. Look at this phial!

KENRIC. Ha! did the earl——

SAIB. Even so. A few drops of this liquor should to-



night have flavoured your wine—you would never have drank again! Mark me then: when I offer you a goblet at supper, drop it as by accident. For this night I give you life: use it to quit the castle; for no longer than till to-morrow dare I disobey my lord's commands. Farewell, and fly from Conway—you bear with you my thanks.

*Exit, L.*

KENRIC. Can it be possible? Is not all this a dream? Villain! villain! Yes, yes, I must away! But tremble, traitor! A bolt, of which you little think, hangs over, and shall crush you! The keys are still in my possession; Angela shall be the partner of my flight. My prisoner too—Yet hold! May not resentment—may not Reginald's sixteen years' captivity—Oh no! Angela shall be my advocate; and, grateful for her own, for her parent's life preserved, she can, she will obtain my pardon. Yet, should she fail, at least I shall drag down Osmond in my fall, and sweeten death's bitter cup with vengeance.

*Exit, L.*

SCENE II.—*The Cedar Room, with folding doors in the middle, and a large antique bed, L. C.; on R. side is a portrait of a lady, on the L. that of a warrior armed—both are at full length.*

*After a pause the female portrait falls back, and FATHER PHILIP, after looking in, L. advances cautiously.*

PHILIP. (*closing the panel in flat, R.*) Thus far I have proceeded without danger, though not without difficulty. Yon narrow passage is by no means calculated for persons of my habit of body. But, by my holydame, I begin to suspect that the fool is in the right; I certainly am growing corpulent. And now, how shall I employ myself? Sinner that I am; why did I forget my bottle of sack? The time will pass tediously till Angela comes. And to complete the business, yonder is the haunted oratory. What if the ghost should pop out on me?—blessed St. Bridget, there would be a tête-à-tête! Yet this is a foolish fear; 'tis yet scarce eight o'clock, and your ghosts always keep late hours; yet I don't like the idea of our being such near neighbours, If Alice says true, the apparition just now

lives next door to me; but the Lord forbid that we should ever be visiting acquaintance!

OSMOND. (*without, L. D.*) What, Alice! Alice, I say!

PHILIP. By St. David, 'tis the earl! I'll away as fast as I can. (*trying to open the panel, R.*) I can't find the spring. Lord forgive me my sins! Where can I hide myself? Ha! the bed!—'tis the very thing. (*throws himself into the bed, L. U. E., and conceals himself under the clothes*) Heaven grant that it mayn't break down with me; for, oh! what a fall would be there, my countrymen! They come! (*the L. door is unlocked*)

*Enter OSMOND, ANGELA, and ALICE, L. D.*

OSMOND. (*entering*) You have heard my will, lady. Till your hand is mine, you quit not this chamber, and Alice, on whose fidelity I can rely, shall be your sole attendant.

ANGELA. If then it must be so, welcome my eternal prison! yet eternal it shall not be. My hero, my guardian-angel is at liberty. Soon shall his horn make these hateful towers tremble, and your fetters be exchanged for the arms of Percy.

OSMOND. Beware, beware, Angela! Dare not before me——

ANGELA. Before you! Before the world! Is my attachment a disgrace? No! 'tis my pride; for its object is deserving. Long ere I knew him, Percy's fame was dear to me. While I still believed him the peasant Edwy, often, in his hearing, have I dwelt upon Northumberland's praise, and chid him that he spoke of our lord so coldly! Judge then, Earl Osmond, on my arrival here, how strongly I must have felt the contrast! What peasant names you his benefactor? What beggar has been comforted by your bounty? what sick man preserved by your care? Your breast is unmoved by woe, your ear is deaf to complaint, your doors are barred against the poor and wretched. Not so are the gates of Alnwick Castle; they are open as their owner's heart.

OSMOND. Insulting girl!—This to my face?

ANGELA. Nay, never bend your brows! Shall I tremble, because you frown? Shall my eye sink, because anger

flashes from yours?—No! that would ill become the bride of Northumberland.

OSMOND. Amazement!—Can this be the gentle, timid Angela?

ANGELA. Wonder you that the worm should turn when you trample it so cruelly? Oh! wonder no more; ere he was torn from me, I clapsed Percy to my breast, and my heart caught a spark of that fire which flames in his unceasingly!

ALICE. (C.) Caught fire, lady!

OSMOND. (R.) Silence, old crone!—I have heard you calmly, Angela; now then hear me. Twelve hours shall be allowed you to reflect upon your situation; till that period is elapsed this chamber shall be your prison, and Alice, on whose fidelity I can depend, your sole attendant. This term expired, should you still reject my hand, force shall obtain for me what love denies. (*crosses, L.*) Speak not: I will hear nothing! I swear that to-morrow sees you mine, or undone! and, skies rain curses on me if I keep not my oath! Mark that, proud girl! mark it, and tremble!

*Exit, L.*

ANGELA. Tremble, did he say? Alas! how quickly is my boasted courage vanished! Yet I will not despair; there is a power in heaven, there is a Percy on earth; on them will I rely to save me.

ALICE. The first may, lady; but as to the second, he'll be of no use, depend on't. Now might I advise, you'd accept my lord's offer: what matters it whether the man's name be Osmond or Percy? An earl's an earl after all; and though one may be something richer than t'other—

ANGELA. Oh! silence, Alice!—nor aid my tryant's designs: rather instruct me how to counteract them;—you have influence in the castle; assist me to escape.

ALICE. I help you to escape! Not for the best gown in your ladyship's wardrobe! I tremble at the very idea of my lord's rage; and, besides, had I the will, I've not the power. Kenric keeps the keys; we could not possibly quit the castle without his knowledge; and if the earl threatens to use force with you—Oh, gemini! what would he use with me, lady?

ANGELA. Threatens, Alice! I despise his threats!

Ere it pillows Osmond's head, will I plunge this poniard in my bosom.

ALICE. Holy fathers!—a dagger!

ANGELA. Even now, as I wandered through the armoury, my eye was attracted by its glittering handle. Look, Alice! it bears Osmond's name; and the point——

ALICE. Is rusty with blood! Take it away, lady! take it away! I never see blood without fainting!

ANGELA. (*putting up the dagger*) This weapon may render me good service. But, ah! what service has it rendered Osmond? Haply 'twas this very poniard which drank his brother's blood—or which pierced the fair breast of Evelina! Said you not, Alice, that this was her portrait?

ALICE. I did, lady; and the likeness was counted excellent.

ANGELA. How fair! how heavenly!

ALICE. Ah! 'twas a sad day for me, when I heard of the dear lady's loss! look at the bed, lady:—that very bed was hers. How often have I seen her sleeping in that bed! And, oh! how like an angel she looked when sleeping! I remember, that just after Earl Reginald—Oh! Lord! didn't somebody shake the curtain?

ANGELA. (R.) Absurd! It was the wind.

ALICE. (C.) I declare it made me tremble!—Well, as I was saying, I remember, just after Earl Reginald had set out for the Scottish wars, going into her room one morning, and hearing her sob most bitterly.—So advancing to the bed-side, as it might be thus—"My lady," says I, with a low courtsey, "Isn't your ladyship well?"—So, with that, she raised her head slowly above the quilt, and giving me a mournful look——(*here unseen by ANGELA, who is contemplating Reginald's portrait, FATHER PHILIP lifts up his head, and gives a deep groan*)

ALICE. The devil! the devil!

*Exit, L. D.*

ANGELA. (*turning round*) How now? (FATHER PHILIP rising from the bed—it breaks under him, and he rolls at Angela's feet) Good heavens! a man concealed! (*attempting to pass him, he detains her by her robe*)

PHILIP. Stay, daughter, stay! If you run, I can never overtake you!

ANGELA. Amazement! Father Philip!

PHILIP. The very same; and at present the best friend that you have in the world. Daughter, I came to save you.

ANGELA. To save me? Speak! Proceed!

PHILIP. Observe this picture: (R.C.) it conceals a spring, whose secret is unknown to all in the castle except myself. Upon touching it, the panel slides back, and a winding passage opens into the marble hall. Thence we must proceed to the vaulted vestibule: a door is there concealed, similar to this; and after threading the mazes of a subterranean labyrinth, we shall find ourselves in safety on the outside of the castle walls.

ANGELA. Oh, worthy, worthy father! Quick, let us hasten! let us not lose one moment!

PHILIP. Hold! hold! Not so fast. You forget that between the hall and vestibule we must traverse many chambers much frequented at this early hour. Wait till the castle's inhabitants are asleep. Expect me, without fail, at one.

ANGELA. Stay yet one moment. Tell me, does Percy——

PHILIP. I have apprised him, this night will restore you to liberty, and he expects you at the fisherman's cottage. Now then, farewell fair daughter!

*Exit FATHER PHILIP through the sliding panel, R.C., closing it after him.*

ANGELA. Good friar, till one, farewell! This is thy doing, Father of Justice! receive my thanks. Yes, Percy, we shall meet once more—shall meet never again to separate! Those dreams shall be realised—those smiling, golden dreams which floated before us in Allan's happy cottage. I must not expect thee, friar, before one. Till that hour arrives, will I kneel at the feet of yonder saint, and tell my beads and pray for morning. (*she kneels—soft music as the scene closes very slowly*)

### SCENE III.—*The Castle Hall*

*Enter FATHER PHILIP, R.*

PHILIP. 'Tis near midnight, and the Earl is already



retired to rest. What if I ventured now to the lady's chamber? Hark! I hear the sound of footsteps!

*Enter ALICE, L.*

PHILIP. (R.) How, Alice, is it you?

ALICE. (L.) So, so! have I found you at last, father? I have been in search of you these four hours!—Oh! I've been so frightened since I saw you, that I wonder I keep my senses!

PHILIP. So do I; for I'm sure they're not worth the trouble. And pray what has alarmed you thus? I warrant you've taken an old cloak pinned against the wall for a spectre, or discovered the devil in the shape of a tabby cat.

ALICE. (*looking round in terror*) For the love of heaven, father, don't name the devil! or, if you must speak of him, pray mention the good gentleman with proper politeness. I'm sure, for my own part, I had always a great respect for him, and if he hears me, I dare say, he'll own as much, for he certainly haunts this castle in the form of my late lady.

PHILIP. Form of a fiddle-stick!—Don't tell me of your—

ALICE. Father, on the word of a virgin, I saw him this very evening in Lady Angela's bed!

PHILIP. In Lady Angela's? On my conscience, the devil has an excellent taste! But, Alice! Alice! how dare you trot about the house at this time of the night, propagating such abominable falsehoods? One comfort is, that nobody will believe you. Lady Angela's virtue is too well known and I'm persuaded she wouldn't suffer the devil to put a single claw into her bed for the universe.

ALICE. How you run on! Lord bless you, she wasn't in bed herself.

PHILIP. Oh! was she not.

ALICE. No to be sure: but you shall hear how it happened. We were in the cedar-room together; and while we were talking of this and that, Lady Angela suddenly gave a great scream; I looked round, and what should I see but a tall figure, all in white, extended upon the bed! At the same time I heard a voice, which I knew to be the Countess Evelina's, pronounce in a hollow tone—"Alice!



Alice! Alice!" three times. You may be certain that I was frightened enough. I instantly took to my heels; and just as I got outside of the door, I heard a loud clap of thunder.

PHILIP. Well done, Alice! A very good story, upon my word. It has but one fault—'tis not true.

ALICE. Odds my life, father, how can you tell any thing about it? Sure I should know best; for I was there, and you were not. I repeat it—I heard the voice as plain as I hear yours: do you think I've no ears!

PHILIP. Oh! far from it: I think you've uncommonly good ones; for you not only hear what has been said, but what has not. As to this wonderful story of yours, Alice, I don't believe one word of it; I'll be sworn that the voice was no more like your lady's than like mine; and that the devil was no more in the bed than I was. Therefore, take my advice, set your heart at rest, and go quietly to your chamber, as I am now going to mine. Good night.

*Exit, L.*

ALICE. There, he's gone!—Dear heart! dear heart! what shall I do now? 'Tis past twelve o'clock, and stay by myself I dare not. I'll e'en wake the laundry-maid, make her sit up in my room all night; and 'tis hard if two women ain't a match for the best devil in Christendom.

*Exit, R.*

*Euter SAIB and HASSAN, L.*

SAIB. The earl then has forgiven me! A moment longer and his pardon would have come too late. Had not Kenric held his hand, by this time I should be at supper with St. Peter.

HASSAN. Your folly well deserved such a reward. Knowing the Earl's hasty nature, you should have shunned him till the first storm of passion was past, and circumstances had again made your ministry needful. Anger then would have armed his hand in vain; for interest, the white man's God, would have blunted the point of his dagger.

SAIB. I trusted that his gratitude for my past services—

HASSAN. European gratitude? Seek constancy in the

winds, fire in the ice, darkness in the blaze of sunshine! But seek not gratitude in the breast of an European!

SAIB. Then why so attached to Osmond? For what do you value him?

HASSAN. Not for his virtues, but for his vices, Saib; can there for me be a greater cause to love him? Am I not branded with scorn? Am I not marked out for dishonour? Was I not free, and am I not a slave? Was I not once beloved, and am I not now despised? What man, did I tender my service, would accept the negro's friendship? What woman, did I talk of affection, would not turn from the negro with disgust? Yet, in my own dear land, my friendship was courted, my love was returned. I had parents, children, wife! Bitter thought, in one moment all were lost to me! Can I remember this, and not hate these white men? Can I think how cruelly they have wronged me, and not rejoice when I see them suffer? Attached to Osmond, say you?—Saib, I hate him! Yet viewing him as an avenging fiend sent hither to torment his fellows, it glads me that he fills his office so well! Oh! 'tis a thought which I would not barter for empires, to know that in this world he makes others suffer, and will suffer himself for their tortures in the next! (*crosses, R.*)

SAIB. (L.) Hassan, I will sleep no more in the lion's den. My resolve is taken: I will away from the castle, and seek, in some other service, that security—

OSMOND. (*within, L. U. E.*) What, ho! help! lights there! lights!

HASSAN. Hark! Surely 'twas the earl!

OSMOND *rushes in wildly at L. U. E.*

OSMOND. (c.) Save me! save me! They are at hand! Oh, let them not enter! (*sinks into the arms of SAIB, L.*)

SAIB. (L.) What can this mean? How violently he trembles?

HASSAN. (R.) Speak, my lord! Do you not know us?

OSMOND. (*recovering himself*) Ha! whose voice—Hassan's? And Saib too here? Oh! was it then but a dream? Did I not hear those dreadful, those damning words? Still, still they ring in my ears. Hassan!

Hassan ! Death must be bliss, in flames or on the rack, compared to what I have this night suffered !

HASSAN. Compose yourself, my lord. Can a mere dream unman you thus ?

OSMOND. A mere dream, say'st thou ? Hassan, 'twas a dream of such horror ! Did such dreams haunt my bitterest foe, I should wish him no severer punishment. Mark you not how the ague of fear still makes my limbs tremble ? Roll not my eyes as if still gazing on the spectre ? Are not my lips convulsed, as were they yet pressed by the kiss of corruption ? Oh ! 'twas a sight that might have bleached joy's rosy cheek for ever, and strewed the snows of age upon youth's auburn ringlets ! Hark, fellows ! Instruments of my guilt, listen to my punishment ! Methought I wandered through the low-browed caverns, where repose the reliques of my ancestors ! Suddenly a female form glided along the vault ; it was Angela ! She smiled upon me, and beckoned me to advance. I flew towards her ; my arms were already unclosed to clasp her ; when suddenly, her figure changed, her face grew pale, a stream of blood gushed from her bosom ! Hassan, 'twas Evelina !

SAIB *and* HASSAN. Evelina !

OSMOND. Such as when she sank at my feet expiring, while my hand grasped the dagger still crimsoned with her blood ! " We meet again this night ! " murmured her hollow voice ! " Now rush to my arms—but first see what you have made me ! Embrace me, my bridegroom ! We must never part again ! " While speaking her form withered away : the flesh fell from her bones ; her eyes burst from their sockets ; a skeleton, loathsome and meagre, clasped me in her mouldering arms !

SAIB. Most horrible !

OSMOND. And now blue dismal flames gleamed along the walls ; the tombs were rent asunder ; bands of fierce spectres rushed around me in frantic dance ; furiously they gnashed their teeth while they gazed upon me, and shrieked in loud yell " Welcome, thou fratricide ! Welcome, thou lost for ever ! " Horror burst the bands of sleep ; distracted I flew hither ; but my feelings—words are too weak, too powerless to express them. (*crosses, R.*)

SAIB. My lord! my lord! this was no idle dream! it was a celestial warning; 'twas your better angel that whispered, "Osmond, repent your former crimes; commit no new ones." Remember, that this night should Kenric—

OSMOND. Kenric? Oh, speak!—drank he the poison?

SAIB. Obedient to your orders, I presented it at supper; but ere the cup reached his lips, his favourite dog sprang upon his arm, and the liquor fell to the ground untasted.

OSMOND. Praised be heaven! Then my soul is lighter by a crime. Kenric shall live, good Saib. What though he quit me, and betray my secrets? Proofs he cannot bring against me, and bare assertions will not be believed. At worst, should his tale be credited, long ere Percy can wrest her from me shall Angela be mine. (*crosses, c.*) Hassan, to your vigilance I leave the care of my beloved. Fly to me that instant, should any unbidden footstep approach yon chamber door. I'll to my couch again. Follow me, Saib, and watch me while I sleep; then, if you see my limbs convulsed, my teeth clenched, my hair bristling, and cold dews trembling on my brow, seize me—rouse me—snatch me from my bed! I must not dream again. Oh! how I hate thee, sleep! Friend of virtue, oh! how I hate thy coming!

*Exit with SAIB, L. U. E.*

HASSAN. Yes, thou art sweet, vengeance! Oh! how it joys me when the white man suffers! Yet weak are his pangs compared with those I felt when torn from thy shores, oh, native Africa—from thy bosom, my faithful Samba! Oh, when I forget my wrongs, may I forget myself! When I forbear to hate these Christians, God of my fathers, may'st thou hate me! Ha! whence that light! A man moves this way with a lamp! How cautiously he steals along! He must be watched;—this friendly column will shield me from his regard. Silence! he comes. (*retires, L.*)

*Enter KENRIC softly with a lamp, R.*

KENRIC. All is hushed; the castle seems buried in sleep. Now then to Angela. *Exit, L. U. E.*

HASSAN. (*advancing*) It was Kenric! Still he moves

onwards—now he stops—'tis at the door of Angela's chamber! He unlocks it! He enters! Away then to the earl. Christian, soon shall we meet again! *Exit, L. U. E.*

SCENE IV.—*Angela's Apartment as before—table and chair, R.*

*ANGELA discovered.*

ANGELA. Will it never arrive, this tedious lingering hour? Sure an age must have elapsed since the friar left me, and still the bell strikes not one! Hark! Surely I heard—some one unlocks the door!—Oh! should it be the earl! should he not retire ere the monk arrives!—The door opens—How!—Kenric here!—Speak—what would you?

*Enter KENRIC, L. door.*

KENRIC. Softly, lady!—If overheard, I am lost—and your fate is connected with mine— (*placing his lamp on the table, R.*)

ANGELA. What means this mystery?—This midnight visit—

KENRIC. Is the visit of a friend, of a penitent!—Lady, I must away from the castle: the keys are in my possession: I will make you the companion of my flight, and deliver you safe into the hands of Percy.—But, ere we depart—(*kneeling*)—Oh! tell me, lady, will you plead for me with one, who to me alone owes sixteen years of hard captivity?

ANGELA. Rise, Kenric: I understand you not. Of what captive do you speak?

KENRIC. Of one, who by me has been most injured, who to you will be most dear. Listen, lady, to my strange narration. I was brought up with Osmond, was the partner of his pleasures, the confidant of his cares. The latter, sprung solely from his elder brother, whose birth-right he coveted, whose superiority he envied. Yet his aversion burst not forth, till Evelina Neville, rejecting his hand, bestowed her's with her heart on Reginald. Then did Osmond's passion overleap all bounds. He resolved to assassinate his brother when returning from the Scottish



wars, carry off the lady, and make himself master of her person by force. This scheme he imparted to me: he flattered, threatened, promised, and I yielded to his seduction!

ANGELA. Wretched man!

KENRIC. Condemn me not unheard. 'Tis true, that I followed Osmond to the scene of slaughter, but no blood that day imbrued my hand. It was the earl whose sword struck Reginald to the ground; it was the earl whose dagger was raised to complete his crime, when Evelina threw herself upon her husband's body, and received the weapon in her own.

ANGELA. Dreadful! dreadful!

KENRIC. His hopes disappointed by this accident, Osmond's wrath became madness. He gave the word for slaughter, and Reginald's few attendants were butchered on the spot. Scarce could my prayers and arguments save from his wrath his infant niece, whose throat was already gored by his poniard. Angela, yours still wears that mark.

ANGELA. Mine?—Almighty powers!

KENRIC. Lady, 'tis true. I concealed in Allan's cottage the heiress of Conway: there were you doomed to languish in obscurity, till, alarmed by the report of his spies that Percy loved you, he caused me to reclaim you from Allan, and resolved, by making you his wife, to give himself a lawful claim to these possessions.

ANGELA. The monster! Oh! good—good Kenric! and you knelt to me for pardon? You to whom I owe my life! You to whom—

KENRIC. Hold! oh, hold!—lady, how little do I deserve your thanks!—Oh! listen! listen!—I was the last to quit the bloody spot: sadly was I retiring, when a faint groan struck my ear. I sprang from my horse; I placed my hand on Reginald's heart; it beat beneath the pressure!

OSMOND *appears at the door, L., motions to SAIB to retire, L., and advances himself unobserved.*

ANGELA. It beat! it beat! Cruel, and your dagger—

KENRIC. Oh! that would have been mercy. No, lady; it struck me, how strong would be my hold over Osmond,



while his brother was in my power; and this reflection determined me to preserve him. Having plunged the other bodies in the Conway's flood, I placed the bleeding earl's on my horse before me, and conveyed him still insensible to a retreat, to all except myself a secret. There I tended his wounds carefully, and succeeded in preserving his life—Lady, Reginald still exists.

*(here OSMOND, with a furious look, draws his dagger, and motions to stab KENRIC. A moment's reflection makes him stay his hand, and he returns the weapon into the sheath)*

ANGELA. Still exists, say you? My father still exists?

KENRIC. He does, if a life so wretched can be termed existence. While his swoon lasted, I chained him to his dungeon wall; and no sooner were his wounds healed, than I entered his prison no more. Lady, near sixteen years have passed since the human voice struck the ear of Reginald!

ANGELA. Alas! alas!

KENRIC. But the hour of his release draws near: I discovered this night that Osmond seeks my life, and resolved to throw myself on your mercy. Then tell me, lady, will you plead for me with your father? Think you, he can forgive the author of his sufferings?

ANGELA. Kenric, you have been guilty—cruel: but restore to me my father, aid us to escape, and all shall be forgiven—all forgot.

KENRIC. Then follow me in silence; I will guide you to Reginald's dungeon: this key unlocks the castle gates, and ere the cock crows, safe in the arms of Percy—*(here his eye falls upon OSMOND, who has advanced between him and ANGELA. She shrieks and sinks into a chair, R.)*

KENRIC. Horror!—the earl!—undone for ever!

OSMOND. Miscreant!—within there!

*Enter SAIB, HASSAN, and MULEY, L. door.*

OSMOND. Hence with that traitor! confine him in the western tower!

ANGELA. *(starting wildly from her seat)* Yet speak once more, Kenric; where is my father? What place conceals him?

OSMOND. Let him not speak ! away with him !

KENRIC *is forced off by the AFRICANS, L. D.*

OSMOND. (*paces the stage with a furious air, while ANGELA eyes him with terror : at length he stops, and addresses her*)  
Nay, stifle not your curses ! why should your lips be silent when your eye speaks ? Is there not written on every feature " Vengeance on the assassin ! Justice on my mother's murderer ? " But mark me, Angela ! compared to that which soon must be thine, these titles are sweet and lovely. Know'st thou the word parricide, Angela ? Know'st thou their pangs who shed the blood of a parent ? —Those pangs must be thine to-morrow. This long-concealed captive, this new-found father——

ANGELA. Your brother Osmond ? your brother ?—Surely you cannot, will not——

OSMOND. Still doubt you, that I both can, and will ?—Remember Kenric's tale ! Remember, though the first blow failed, the second will strike deeper !—But from whom must Reginald receive that second ? Not from his rival brother ? not from his inveterate foe !—from his daughter—his unfeeling daughter ! 'Tis she, who, refusing me her hand, will place a dagger in mine ; 'tis she, whose voice declaring that she hates me, will bid me plunge that dagger in her father's heart !

ANGELA. Man ! man ! drive me not mad !

OSMOND. Then fancy that he lies in some damp solitary dungeon, writhing in death's agonies, his soul burthened with crimes, his last words curses on his unnatural child, who could have saved him, but would not !

ANGELA. Horrible ! horrible !

OSMOND. Must Reginald die, or will Angela be mine ?

ANGELA. Thine ?—She will perish first !

OSMOND. You have pronounced his sentence, and his blood be on your head !—Farewell !

ANGELA. (*detaining him, and throwing herself on her knees*) Hold ! hold ! Look with pity on a creature whom your cruelty has bowed to the earth, whose heart you have almost broken, whose brain you have almost turned !  
—Mercy, Osmond ! Oh ! mercy ! mercy !

OSMOND. Lovely, lovely suppliant! Why owe to cold consent what force may this instant give me?—It shall be so, and thus—(*attempting to clasp her in his arms, she starts from the ground suddenly, and draws her dagger with a distracted look*)

ANGELA. Away! approach me not! dare not to touch me, or this poniard—

OSMOND. Foolish girl! let me but say the word, and thou art disarmed that moment. (*attempting to seize it, his eyes rest upon the hilt, and he starts back with horror*) By hell, the very poniard which—

ANGELA. (*in an exulting tone*) Ha! hast thou found me, villain?—Villain, dost thou know this weapon. Know'st thou whose blood incrusts the point? Murderer, it flowed from the bosom of my mother!

OSMOND. Within there! help!

HASSAN and ALARIC enter, L.

Oh! Mercy, heaven! (*he falls senseless into their arms, and they convey him from the chamber, the door is locked after them*)

ANGELA. He faints!—Long may the villain wear thy chains, oblivion!—Long be it ere he wakes to commit new crimes! (*she remains for some moments prostrate on the ground in silent sorrow. The castle bell strikes "one!" she rises*) Hark! the bell! 'Tis the time which the monk appointed. He will not tarry. Ha! what was that? Methought the sound of music floated by me! It seemed as if some one had struck the guitar!—I must have been deceived; it was but fancy. (*a plaintive voice sings within, accompanied by a guitar*)

"Lullaby!—Lullaby!—Hush thee, my dear,  
Thy father is coming, and soon will be here!"

ANGELA. Heavens! The very words which Alice—  
The door too! It moves! It opens! Guard me, good angels!

(*The folding-doors unclose, and the Oratory is seen illuminated. In its centre stands a tall female figure, her white and flowing garments spotted with blood; her veil is thrown back, and discovers a pale*

*and melancholy countenance: her eyes are lifted upwards, her arms extended towards heaven, and a large wound appears upon her bosom. ANGELA sinks upon her knees, R. C., with her eyes rivetted upon the figure, which for some moments remain motionless. At length the Spectre advances slowly to a soft and plaintive strain; she stops opposite to Reginald's picture, and gazes upon it in silence. She then turns, approaches ANGELA, and invokes a blessing upon her, points to the picture, and retires to the Oratory. The music ceases. ANGELA rises with a wild look, and follows the vision, extending her arms towards it. The Spectre waves her hand, as bidding her farewell. Instantly the organ's swell is heard; a full chorus of female voices chant "Jubilate!" A blaze of light flashes through the Oratory, and ANGELA falls motionless on the floor)*

END OF ACT II.

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### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A vaulted Chamber.—(1st grooves).—Stage dark.*

*Enter FATHER PHILIP, R. with a basket on his arm, and a torch, conducting ANGELA.*

PHILIP. (L.) Thanks to St. Francis, we have as yet passed unobserved! Surely, of all travelling companions, fear is the least agreeable: I couldn't be more fatigued, had I run twenty miles without stopping!

ANGELA. (R.) Why this delay? Good father, let us proceed.

PHILIP. Ere I can go further, lady, I must needs stop to take breath, and refresh my spirits with a taste of this cordial. (*taking a bottle from the basket*)

ANGELA. Oh, not now! Wait till we are safe under

Percy's protection, and then drink as you list. But not now, father; in pity, not now!

PHILIP. Well, well; be calm, daughter!—Oh, these women! these women! They mind no one's comfort but their own! Now where is the door?

ANGELA. How tedious seems every moment which I pass within these hated walls!—Ha! yonder comes a light.

PHILIP. So, so—I've found it at last. (*touching a spring, a secret door flies open, L. C.*)

ANGELA. It moves this way! By all my fears, 'tis Osmond! In, father, in!—Away, for heaven's sake!

*Exeunt, L. D. in flat, closing it after them.*

*Enter OSMOND and HASSAN with a torch, R.*

OSMOND. (*after a pause of gloomy meditation*) Is all still within the castle?

HASSAN. As the silence of the grave.

OSMOND. Where are your fellows?

HASSAN. Saib guards the traitor Kenric: Muley and Alaric are buried in sleep.

OSMOND. Their hands have been stained with blood, and yet can they sleep? Call your companions hither. (*HASSAN offers to leave the torch*) Away with the light! its beams are hateful!

*Exit HASSAN, R.*

Yes! this is the place. If Kenric said true, for sixteen years have the vaults beneath me rung with my brother's groans. I dread to unclosethe door! How shall I sustain the beams of his eye, when they rest on Evelina's murderer? Ha! at that name my expiring hate revives! Reginald! Reginald! for thee was I sacrificed! Oh! when it strikes a second blow, my poniard shall strike surer!

*Enter HASSAN, MULEY, and ALARIC, R., with torches.*

THE AFRICANS. (*together*) My lord! my lord!

OSMOND. Now, why this haste?

HASSAN. I tremble to inform you, that Saib has fled the castle. A master-key, which he found upon Kenric, and of which he kept possession, has enabled him to escape.

OSMOND. Saib, too, gone?—All are false! All forsake me!



HASSAN. Yet more, my lord ; he has made his prisoner the companion of his flight.

OSMOND. (*starting*) How? Kenric escaped?

ALARIC. 'Tis but too certain ; doubtless he has fled to Percy.

OSMOND. To Percy? Ha! Then I must be speedy : my fate hangs on a thread! Friends, I have ever found ye faithful ; mark me now! (*opening the secret door, L. C.*) Of these two passages, the left conducts to a long chain of dungeons : in one of these my brother still languishes.—Once already have you seen him bleeding beneath my sword—but he yet exists. My fortune, my love, nay, my life, are at stake! Need I say more? (*each half unsheathes his sword*) That gesture speaks me understood. On then before, I follow you. (*the AFRICANS pass through the secret door : OSMOND is advancing towards it, when he suddenly starts back*) Ha! Why roll these seas of blood before me? Whose mangled corse do they bear to my feet?—Fratricide? Oh! 'tis a dreadful name! Yet how preserve myself and Reginald? It cannot be! We must not breathe the same atmosphere. Fate, thy hand urges me! Fate, thy voice prompts me! Thou hast spoken ;—I obey. (*he follows the AFRICANS, the door is closed after him*)

SCENE II.—*A gloomy subterraneous Dungeon, wide and lofty ; the upper part of it has in several places fallen in, and left large chasms. On R. side are various passages leading to other caverns ; on the L. is an iron door with steps leading to it. The stage nearly dark.*

REGINALD, *pale and emaciated, in coarse garments, his hair hanging wildly about his face, and a chain bound round his body, lies sleeping upon a bed of straw, R. C. ; a lamp, a small basket, and a pitcher, are placed near him ; after a few moments he awakes and extends his arms.*

REGIN. My child! My Evelina!—Oh! fly me not, lovely forms!—They are gone, and once more I live to misery. Thou wert kind to me, sleep! Even now, methought I sat in my castle-hall : a maid, lovely as the



queen of fairies, hung on my knees, and hailed me by that sweet name, "Father!" Yes I was happy!—Yet frown not on me, therefore, darkness! I am thine again my gloomy bride!—Be not incensed, despair, that I left thee for a moment; I have passed with thee sixteen years! Ah! how many have I still to pass?—Yet fly not my bosom quite, sweet hope! Still speak to me of liberty, of light! Whisper, that once more I shall see the morn break, that again shall my fevered lips drink the pure gale of evening! Heaven, thou knowest that I have borne my sufferings meekly: I have wept for myself, but never cursed my foes; I have sorrowed for thy anger, but never murmured at thy will. Patient have I been; Oh! then reward me; let me once again press my daughter in my arms; let me, for one instant, feel again that I clasp to my heart a being who loves me. Speed thou to heaven, prayer of a captive!

*(he sinks upon a stone, with his hands clasped, and his eyes bent steadfastly upon the flame of the lamp)*

ANGELA and FATHER PHILIP are seen through the chasms above, passing slowly along, from R. to L.

ANGELA. Be cautious, father!—Feel you not how the ground trembles beneath us?

PHILIP. Perfectly well; and would give my best breviary to find myself once more on terra firma. But the outlet cannot be far off: let us proceed.

ANGELA. Look down upon us, blessed angels! Aid us! Protect us!

PHILIP. Amen, fair daughter! *(they disappear, L.)*

REGIN. *(after a pause)* How wastes my lamp? The hour of Kenric's visit must long be past, and still he comes not. How, if death's hand hath struck him suddenly? My existence unknown—Away from my fancy, dreadful idea! *(rising, and taking the lamp)* The breaking of my chain permits me to wander at large through the wide precincts of my prison. Haply the late storm, whose pealing thunders were heard e'en in this abyss, may have rent some friendly chasm; haply some nook yet unexplored—Ah! no, no, no! My hopes are vain, my search will be fruitless. Despair in these dungeons reigns despotic;

she mocks my complaints, rejects my prayers, and when I sue for freedom, bids me seek it in the grave!—Death! oh, death! how welcome wilt thou be to me! *Exit, R. 2 E.*

*(the noise is heard of a heavy bar falling; the door*

*L. U. E., opens)*

*Enter FATHER PHILIP and ANGELA, L. U. E.*

PHILIP. How's this? A door?

ANGELA. It was barred on the outside.

PHILIP. That we'll forgive, as it wasn't bolted on the in. But I don't recollect—Surely I've not——

ANGELA. What's the matter?

PHILIP. By my faith, daughter, I suspect that I've missed my way.

ANGELA. Heaven forbid!

PHILIP. Nay, if 'tis so, I shan't be the first man who of two ways has preferred the wrong.

ANGELA. Provoking! And did I not tell you to choose the right-hand passage!

PHILIP. Truly, did you: and that was the very thing which made me choose the left. Whenever I am in doubt myself I generally ask a woman's advice. When she's of one way of thinking, I've always found that reason's on the other. In this instance, perhaps I have been mistaken, but wait here a moment and the fact shall be ascertained.

*Exit, R. 2 E.*

ANGELA. How thick and infectious is the air of this cavern! Yet perhaps for sixteen years has my poor father breathed none purer. Hark! Steps are quick advancing! The friar comes, but why in such confusion?

*Re-enter FATHER PHILIP, running, R. 2 E.*

PHILIP. Help! help! it follows me!

PHILIP. *(detaining him)* What alarms you? Speak!

PHILIP. His ghost! his ghost!—Let me go!—let me go!—let me go!

*(struggling to escape from ANGELA, he falls and extinguishes the lamp; then hastily rises and rushes up the staircase, closing the door after him, L. U. E.)*

ANGELA. Father! Father! Stay, for heaven's sake!—He's gone! I cannot find the door!—Hark! 'Twas

the clank of chains!—A light too! It comes yet nearer!—Save me, ye powers!—What dreadful form! 'Tis here! I faint with terror! (*sinks almost lifeless against the dungeon's side, L.*)

*Enter REGINALD, with a lamp, R. 2 E.*

REGIN. (*placing his lamp upon a pile of stones*) Why did Kenric enter my prison. Haply, when he heard not my groans at the dungeon door, he thought that my woes were relieved by death! Oh! when will that thought be verified?

ANGELA. Each sound of his hollow plaintive voice strikes to my heart. Dared I accost him—yet perhaps a maniac—no matter; he suffers, and the accents of pity will sound sweetly in his ears!

REGIN. Thou art dead and at rest, my wife! Safe in yon skies, no thought of me molests thy quiet. Yet sure I wrong thee! At the hour of death thy spirit shall stand besides me, shall close mine eyes gently, and murmur, “Die, Reginald, and be at peace!”

ANGELA. Hark! Heard I not—(*advancing, L. C.*) Pardon, good stranger—

REGIN. (*R., starting wildly from his seat*) 'Tis she! She comes for me! Is the hour at hand, fair vision? Spirit of Evelina, lead on, I follow thee!

(*he extends his arms towards her, staggers a few paces forwards, then sinks exhausted on the ground*)

ANGELA. He faints—perhaps expires! Still, still,—see he revives!

REGIN. 'Tis gone! Once more the sport of my bewildered brain. (*starting up*) Powers of bliss! Look where it moves again! Oh, say, who art thou? If Evelina, speak, oh, speak!

ANGELA. Ha! named he not Evelina? That look!—this dungeon too!—the emotions which his voice—it is, it must be. Father! oh, father! father! (*falls upon his neck*)

REGIN. Said you?—meant you? My daughter?—my infant, whom I left—Oh, yes, it must be true! My heart, which springs towards you, acknowledges my child!

(*embracing her*) But, say how gained you entrance? Has Osmond——

ANGELA. Oh! that name recalls my terrors! Alas! you see in me a fugitive from his violence! Guided by a friendly monk, whom your approach has frightened from me, I was endeavouring to escape: we missed our way, and chance guided us to this dungeon. But this is not a time for explanation. Answer me! Know you the subterraneous passages belonging to this castle?

REGIN. Whose entrance is without the walls? I do.

ANGELA. Then we may yet be saved! Father, we must fly this moment. Percy, the pride of our English youth, waits for me at the Conway's side. Come then, oh! come! stay not one moment longer. (*as she approaches the door, lights appear above, R. U. E.*)

REGIN. Look! look, my child!—the beams of distant torches flash through the gloom!

OSMOND. (*above, crossing from R. U. E. to L. U. E.*) Hassan, guard you the door. Follow me, friends.

(*the lights disappear*)

ANGELA. Osmond's voice! Undone! undone! Oh, my father! he comes to seek you, perhaps to—Oh! 'tis a word too dreadful for a daughter's lips!—

REGIN. Hark! they come! The gloom of yonder cavern (*R. 3 E.*) may a while conceal you: fly to it—hide yourself—stir not, I charge you.

ANGELA. What, leave you? Oh! no, no!

REGIN. Dearest, I entreat? I conjure you, fly! Fear not for me!

ANGELA. Father! Oh! Father!

REGIN. Farewell! perhaps for ever! (*he leads ANGELA into the cavern, R. 3 E., then returns hastily, and throws himself on the bed of straw*) Now then to hear my doom!

*Enter OSMOND, L. U. E. followed by MULEY and ALARIC, with torches.*

OSMOND. The door unbarred? (*advances, c.*) Softly, my fears were false! Lo! where stretched on the ground, a stone for his pillow, he tastes that repose which flies from my bed of down. Wake, Reginald, and arise!

REGIN. You here, Osmond? What brings you to this

scene of sorrow! Alas! hope flies while I gaze upon your frowning eye! (*advancing, R. C.*) Have I read its language aright, Osmond?

OSMOND. Aright, if you have read my hatred.

REGIN. Have I deserved that hate? See, my brother, the once proud Reginald lies at your feet, for his pride has been humbled by suffering! Hear him adjure you by her ashes, within whose bosom we both have lain, not to stain your hands with the blood of your brother!

OSMOND. He melts me in my own despire.

REGIN. Kenric has told me that my daughter lives! Restore me to her arms; permit us in obscurity to pass our days together! Then shall my last sigh implore upon your head heaven's forgiveness, and Evelina's.

OSMOND. It shall be so. Rise, Reginald, and hear me! You mentioned even now your daughter: know, she is in my power; know, also, that I love her!

REGIN. How?

OSMOND. She rejects my offers. Your authority can oblige her to accept them. Swear to use it, and this instant will I lead you to her arms. Say will you give the demanded oath?

REGIN. I cannot dissemble: Osmond, I never will.

OSMOND. How?—Reflect that your life——

REGIN. Would be valueless, if purchased by my daughter's tears—would be loathsome, if embittered by my daughter's misery. Osmond, I will not take the oath.

OSMOND. (*almost choked with passion*) 'Tis enough—(*to the Africans*) You know your duty! Drag him to yonder cavern! Let me not see him die!

REGIN. Brother, for pity's sake! for your soul's happiness!

OSMOND. Obey me, slaves! Away!

ANGELA *rushes in wildly from the Cavern, R. 3 E.*

ANGELA. (C.) Hold off!—hurt him not! he is my father!

OSMOND. (L.) Angela here?

REGIN. (R. C.) Daughter, what means——

ANGELA. You shall live, father! I will sacrifice all to preserve you. Here is my hand, Osmond. Osmond, release my father, and solemnly I swear——

REGIN. Hold, girl, and first hear me! (*kneeling*) God of nature, to thee I call! If e'er on Osmond's bosom a child of mine rests; if e'er she call him husband who pierced her hapless mother's heart, that moment shall a wound, by my own hand inflicted——

ANGELA. Hold! Oh! hold—end not your oath!

REGIN. Swear never to be Osmond's!

ANGELA. I swear!

REGIN. Be repaid by this embrace. (*they embrace*)

OSMOND. Be it your last! Tear them asunder! Ha! what noise?

*Enter HASSAN, hastily, L. U. E.*

HASSAN. My lord, all is lost! Percy has surprised the castle, and speeds this way!

OSMOND. Confusion! Then I must be sudden. Aid me Hassan!

(*HASSAN and OSMOND force ANGELA from her father, who suddenly disengages himself from MULEY and ALARIC. OSMOND, drawing his sword, rushes upon REGINALD, who is disarmed, and beaten upon his knees; when, at the moment that OSMOND lifts his arm to stab him, EVELINA'S GHOST throws herself between them; OSMOND starts back, and drops his sword*)

OSMOND. Horror! what form is this?

ANGELA. Die!

(*disengages herself from HASSAN, springs suddenly forwards, and plunges her dagger in OSMOND'S bosom, who falls with a loud groan, and faints*)

*Enter PERCY, SAIB, HAROLD, &c., L. U. E., pursuing OSMOND'S PARTY.*

ANGELA embraces PERCY; REGINALD kneels to EVELINA as the GHOST slowly ascends. *Tableau and*

*Curtain.*



# KING O'TOOLE'S GOOSE;

OR, THE

## LEGENDS OF GLENDALOUGH.

AN ORIGINAL

NATIONAL LEGENDARY EXTRAVAGANZA.

BY

EDWARD IRWIN, Esq.

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THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
89, STRAND,  
(*Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,*)  
LONDON.

# KING O'TOOLE'S GOOSE.

*First performed at the Queen's Royal Theatre, Dublin,  
On Easter Monday, March 24, 1856.*



<i>Scenery by</i>	.. .. .	MR. WEIR.
<i>Music Selected and Arranged by</i>	.. .. .	MR. H. WOOD.
<i>Costumes by</i>	.. .. .	MISS and MR. HUTHER.
<i>Machinery by</i>	.. .. .	MR. GILMORE.
<i>Properties and Appointments by</i>	.. .. .	MR. FITZHARRIS.

## MORTALS :

King O'Toole, loving his Goose - -	MR. H. WEBB.
Mountain Dhu, a Spirited youth, who asks for his Jugamile, and won't have any but her - - - -	MISS ELIZA WEBB.
Young Kevin, Loving No-Body - -	MISS ROBERTSON.
Barney M'Brandishtwig, Loving Kath- leen, and Ardent Spirits - -	MR. FOSTER.
Dethshedancrossbones, a Serious Un- dertaker, engaged in a Serious Un- dertaking, - - - -	MR. SAUNDERS.
Princess Jugamile, Daughter of King O'Toole, - - - -	MRS. H. WEBB.
Kathleen O'Leery, a fickle Damsel, who leaves her lover for one that doesn't love her, - - - -	MISS PARKER.
King O'Toole's Goose, - - - -	BY ONE OF THE SPECIES.
<i>Soldiers, Courtiers, Ladies in Waiting, &amp;c.</i>	

## IMMORTALS :

Irish Diamond, Monarch of the Mines, and Father of the Seven Prismatic Sisters — an Evil Genius, whose Sceptre is of Good—The Interceptor	MR. W. BARRY.
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Goldore,	} Representatives. of the Several Mines,	MR. MORREAN.
Silverore,		MR. E. PARKER.
Leadore,		MR. H. STANLEY.
Copperore,		MR. WERNER.
Carbon,		MR. PULLEN.
Sulphur,		MR. M'DERMOTT.
Spar		MR. SAULT.

Rawwhiskee, a Good Strong Tumbler  
from the Land of Spirits - - -

MR. H. DESPARD.

Queen of the Lake - - -

MRS. C. WHARTON.

Water Spirits,

Mesdames FISHER, BELAIR, WEBSTER, KAVANAGH, SERGEANT,  
LANGAN, GREAHAM, COLLIER, S. COLLIER, WOOD,  
E. WOOD, and BREREDON.

Coralie and }  
Nymphæa }

{ Madlles. ERNESTINE and  
KATHINE ST. LOUIN.

Amethyst, }  
Sapphire, }  
Lapis Lazuli, }  
Emerald, }  
Topaz, }  
Amber, }  
Ruby, }

Seven  
Prismatic Sisters  
of the Mines.

{ MISS LATES.  
MISS FLEMING.  
MISS GOWARD.  
MISS FLATMAN.  
MISS KAVANAGH.  
MISS MOLLOY.  
MISS WILLIAMS.

Twelve Good People, who are so determined to do good by stealth,  
that they must be nameless.

SCENES.—Partly in Earth, Air, and water.

TIME.—The Good Old One.

*Incidental to the Piece, a variety of Parodies on the most popular  
Songs, Duets, Trios, &c.*

*Synopsis of the Scenery and Incidents.*

# WICKLOW MINES.

## AND SUBTERRANEAN PALACE

OF

## IRISH DIAMOND.

Consultation of the Mineralogical Spirits—The Result—  
Rawwhiskee sent on his baneful errand.

**DANCE OF THE PRISMATIC SISTERS  
AND SPIRITS OF THE MINES.**

**ENTRANCE TO THE DEVIL'S GLEN,  
BY SUNSET.**

Rawwhiskee at work—a purpose gained.

**ST. KEVIN'S KITCHEN,  
BY MOONLIGHT.**

The “Good People” at work—Harvest.

**KING O'TOOLE'S PALACE,  
Restoration of an Ancient Order of Architecture.**

“Oh, Dear! what will become of me?”—Great grief for  
little cause.

**S T. K E V I N ' S B E D !**

An Unexpected Incident with the Good St. KEVIN—The  
“Bucket's Kicked.”

TRANSPARENT EFFECT DISCOVERING

**THE SLIMY DEPTHS of the LAKE.**

Grand Pas de Deux by Mdles. E. & K. St. LOUIN.

**FAIRY GLEN AND DISTANT VIEW OF KILLINEY BAY.**

Water Nymphs Gliding through the Water.

**LAKE OF GLENDALOUGH.**

AND MAGICAL CHANGE TO THE

**GRAND AQUATIC PALACE  
OF THE FAIRY OF THE LAKE.**

# KING O'TOOLE'S GOOSE.



SCENE I.—*Wicklów Mines. Subterranean Palace and Mineral Throne of the Mine King.*

IRISH DIAMOND, GOLDORE, SILVERORE, LEADORE, SULPHUR-ORE, COPPERORE, IRONORE, CARBON and SPAR, *discovered.*

## CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

AIR.—“Ban, ban, Caliban.”—“Tempest.”

Sunbeams rarely shine on us,  
We can muster  
Native lustre,  
As we dance and gambol thus.  
Man, man, shine if you can,  
We have no enemy only man.

(SPIRITS *dance to the same air.*)

DIAMOND. Subjects and counsellors, we've sworn to plan,  
Eternal mischief for the race of man;  
To punish the presumption that invades  
Our realms, and drags us from these peaceful shades.  
Your'e here— (he descends from his throne.)

SULPHUR. Hear, hear.

DIAMOND. (king strikes him.) Your're here, I say, in court,  
To hear our usual annual report—(loud crash.)  
That's it.

We'll now proceed to future action.

(to GOLDORE.) Goldore, your conduct gives me satisfaction.  
Doctors and lawyers still are won by fees,  
Gold has its influence even with M.P.'s.  
While men, by you seduced, disgrace the nation,  
And ruin thousands by rash speculation.

(GOLDORE bows and bumps SPAR, who turns and squares at him.)

(to LEADORE.) And Leadore, you've been giving balls of late,  
You seem to be in partnership with Fate.

We cannot say how much to thee we owe,

We have no greater friend, nor man a deadlier foe.

(LEADORE bumps GOLDORE against SPAR. Scuffle and business.)

(to IRONORE.) To Ironore our thanks are also due,

He's servant to the race and master too ;

What swords lay low, no ploughshare can renew.

(IRONORE in bowing bumps LEADORE against GOLDORE,  
who jogs SPAR, and a scuffle ensues.)

There are too creatures on the earth above,

By far too happy in each other's love.

To sow between them lasting seeds of evil,

We want a clever and accomplished devil.

(Each SPIRIT steps forward, sings his line and retires,  
when the next does the same ; and finally they all offer  
themselves boisterously. Music becoming forte, till it  
ends with a sudden burst, leaving the SPIRITS in their  
attitudes.)

### AIR,—“ Carolans Concerto.”

SULPHUR. I'm your devil if you want a devil—

GOLD. No, be civil, I must play the devil.

SILVER. What the devil makes you so uncivil ?

ALL. If you want a devil choose one here !

DIAMOND. Alas ! I don't see one such among these,

You're very *mighty*, but you're not the *cheese*.

There's a familiar spirit, who on earth

Poisons the peace of many a social hearth,

Drives men from home, and leaves the weeping wife

Alone among her helpless ties to life.

The friendship he engenders lives a day,

The hatred he excites may ne'er decay ;

And oft in deadly feud makes brother brother slay.

His name is Rawwhiskee.

GOLD. I know the feller,

Rich folks send me to fetch him from the cellar.

SILVER. And I. The poor man tho' he has no bread,

Sends me to bring Rawwhiskee in its stead.

CARBON. I *burned* myself the night that he was born.

COPPER. I gave him a *retort* that very morn.



DIAMOND. I vote we him employ.

OMNES.

Agreed, agreed.

DIAMOND. The mischief must be done, and done with speed.

Come, *bottle* imp, distributor of scars,  
And great progenitor of household *jars*.

RAWWHISKEE *enters, tumbles about, and awaits orders.*

(to RAWWHISKEE.) Spirit, I'd have you visit earth to-night,  
And execute a little bit of spite.

The lover Barney, and his mistress Kate,  
I'd have you change from love to bitter hate.

Unman the man, and let the maid be made  
To show her *mettle* and to *cut the blade*.

Go. (*music.* RAWWHISKEE *frisks about, and exits.*

Daughters mine, and of the mine approach,

Ye precious jewels that I wish to broach

And set within my crown—come form a set

And dance awhile—We may be happy yet.

Shine out fair lustres, till these *sparks* of mine,

*Light* on companions that can take the *shine*.

The PRISMATIC SISTERS *come out of clefts in the rocks, dance a few steps, and assume inviting attitudes.*

Now, Spirits, for a dance your partners choose,  
Here you have guileless *greens* and prudish *blues*.  
No ball-room boasts more beaties than you've here,  
Beauties that never fade. No earth born tear  
From blue-eyed sapphire falls, or sheds a gloom  
Of pale or shadow over ruby's bloom.

No *green eyed monster* troubles *Emerald's* dreams,

Nor *yellow fever* taints the *Topaz'* beams.

True, they've no souls, yet men who souls possess,

Peril their loss for trifles often less.

Let each *fast* colour run upon the floor,

And every *metal* now become *lead o'er*.

(the SEVEN MINE SPIRITS and SEVEN PRISMATIC SISTERS  
*engage in a dance—Air from Der Frieschutz, while the*  
MINE KING *sits on his throne.*

SILVER. Well done, ye sprightly, jovial spirits of earth,  
Of vocal music let us have no dearth.

(opening chorus is resumed, and scene closes in on them dancing.)

SCENE II.—*Entrance to Devil's Glen by Sunset.*  
(1st grooves.)

RAWWHISKEE enters R. 1 E., capering and looking as if in search of some one. BARNEY enters R., singing.

BARNEY. "The finest devarshin that's under the sun,  
Is to sit by the fire till the praties is done."  
In troth, he had a mealy-mouthed potato-phiz,  
The fellow that to music put that prate of his.  
Throw out the praties, and you might make wit by it;  
My hearts *a-fire* for Kathleen to come sit by it.  
Oh, Kathleen, Kathleen, happier is the lot  
Of cup or pink-eye when he *goes to pot*,  
And *gets into hot water*, and for fun,  
Laughs till he *splits his sides*, and then is done.  
His happiness is Barney's far above,  
He doesn't know what 'tis to be in love.  
Och! if I had a wish—to make me frisky,  
It's now I'd like a little drain of whiskey.  
It warms the heart, it does. (sees RAWWHISKEE.)

Stay—what's come o'er me?

Is it a bottle that I see before me?

Be'st thou a *spirit* to *buy* and drink, or tell me

If you're a goblin *spirit* sent to *sell* me?

(RAWWHISKEE nods a negative.)

Are you a man in bottle doomed to dwell

For loving liquor not wisely, but too well?

(RAWWHISKEE nods again.)

No. In the name of Kinahan who are you?

Only you're made of *glass*, I think I'd spar you,

But you'd be sure to *cut*. What's this at top, see?

(pointing to a tap in RAWWHISKEE's chest.)

A tap. Poor fellow! he must have a drop, see.

Well now, old cock, excuse the strange request,

What sort of liquor have you in your chest?

(RAWWHISKEE replies in action.)

Superior quality. I've not a doubt of it,

(aside.) I long this moment for a trifle out of it.

What is it good for? (RAWWHISKEE gesticulates.)

Everything? it ain't.

(aside.) I think myself 'twould just cure my complaint.

A general specific, cures all ills,

And very nearly beats out Morison's pills.

(RAWWHISKEE gesticulates, putting his hand to his eyes.)

Come, come, you mustn't tempt me to the risible,  
You say it makes men see what is invisible;  
That beats out seeing double.

(RAWWHISKEE puts his hands to his ears.

It appears, too,  
It has a like effect upon the ears, too.  
Let's have a drop of it.

(RAWWHISKEE tumbles off L., and returns with a glass.

The wretched fumbler!

Went for a glass, and he himself a tumbler.

(RAWWHISKEE fills the glass from the tap in his chest.—  
BARNEY drinks.

It's lovely liquor—just a little more. (*fills again.*)

By Jove, it's rare! the mixture as before. (*fills again.*)

The patient's better—please repeat the dose. (*fills again.*)

Another, lest I faint—I feel it close. (*fills again.*)

It works already—I'll another try. (*fills again.*)

I hear things now unheard by human eye,

See things invisible to the naked ear,

(*staggering.*) And—stop a bit—I feel a little queer.

Lead on, good bottle, and I'll follow. Steady!

Now who'd think such a drop would make one heady?

Somebody somewhere of the man complains

That swallows thieves to steal away his brains

This is my case—the rogue is here. (*tapping his forehead.*)

Ne'er mind him,

He's welcome to the brains, if he can find 'em.

(*Music*—RAWWHISKEE dodges BARNEY about the stage, and  
vanishes through Vampire cut in scene.

I say, where are you? Och! don't trate me this ill,

I want another drop to wet my whistle. *Exit L. H. 1 E.*

### SCENE III.—*St. Kevin's Kitchen by moonlight.*

FAIRIES discovered crouching by their sheaves. They rise and dance round them, and between them, without knocking them down. They then crouch as before, each by a sheaf, and sing the chorus.

AIR,—“I went to the fair.” from “My spouse and I.”

(*With bell accompaniment.*)

The moon takes a share in our meetings so merry,  
Sing hay down, mow down, merry we'll be,

We never grow tipsy, we're sensible, very,  
 Yet mortals were never so happy as we.  
 We bind up our sheaves and consider it binding  
 On us, when we can, to be doing a kind thing,  
 While sweetly the bells, of this duty reminding,  
 Sing hay down, mow down, merry we'll be,  
 While sweetly the bells, of this duty reminding,  
 Sing hay down, mow down, merry we'll be.

When a farmer is poor and a friend to the fairies,  
 Sing hay down, mow down, merry we'll be,  
 At night when in sleep he of nothing aware is,  
 Good friends in his need to this farmer are we.  
 We bind up his sheaves and consider it binding  
 On us, when we can, to be doing a kind thing,  
 While sweetly the bells, of this duty reminding,  
 Sing hay down, mow down, merry we'll be,  
 While sweetly the bells, &c.

*(the GOODPEOPLE dance round their sheaves to the same air, till BARNEY's voice scares them, and they all disappear through cuts in the back scene. RAWWHISKEE enters, L. tumbles about, and exits R.)*

*Enter BARNEY tipsy, L. H. 3 E.*

BARNEY. Well now, I never saw a purtier drop.

*(displaying a bottle.)*

I haven't tasted—haven't I? then stop,  
 I won't be so. *(drinks.)* I haven't tasted liquor  
 So sweet—*(drinks.)* it's getting creamier and thicker  
 As it gets near the bottom. There's the bother,  
 Why doesn't it last for ever? If my mother  
 Had suckled me with milk and this stuff in it  
 I'd be a babby to the present minute.

*(looking about for RAWWHISKEE.)*

I say. What, gone! That bottle is a rum one,  
 I'll hide my pocket-pistol, here comes some one.

*(hides the bottle.)*

*Enter KATHLEEN, L.*

KATH. Sure that was Barney's voice. *(looking about.)*

BARNEY. Good-morrow miss.

KATH. So distant, Barney, what's the cause of this?

BARNEY. I ain't your Barney.

KATH. What is that you say?

BARNEY. In troth it's true. I'm not myself to-day.

KATH. Then you are Barney?

BARNEY. Devil a word o' lie in it.

KATH. Barney—you're screwed.

BARNEY. Katty, there's no denying it.

KATH. You'll go on so till ruin is your lot,  
Your pot-companions will bring you to pot.

DUET,—KATHLEEN and BARNEY.—“To Ladies eyes.”

KATH. A lazy and a bad boy.

BARNEY. You can't refuse, you can't refuse.

KATH. There, get along you sad boy.

BARNEY. Now don't abuse, now don't abuse.

KATH. You're much too fond of drinking  
To care for me, to care for me.

BARNEY. In troth, I've just been thinking  
I make too free, I make too free.

BOTH. { But when I see before me  
                  you                   you  
          A bottle full, a bottle full,  
          The feeling just comes o'er me  
  you  
          I'd' like a pull, I'd' like a pull.  
          You'd                   you'd

KATH. I don't dislike you, Barney,

BARNEY. I'm sure you don't, I'm sure you don't,

KATH. I only wish to warn you

BARNEY. I beg you won't, I beg you won't.

KATH. That if you go on drinking  
You shan't wed me, you shan't wed me.

BARNEY. In troth, I've just been thinking  
I make too free, I make too free.

BOTH. { But when I see before me, &c. &c.  
                  you                   you

BARNEY. Now don't be hard on me for being dry,  
You like a dandy too, as well as I.

KATH. I! monster?

BARNEY. Aisy now—I don't mean brandy  
Or whiskey—you like me, and I'm a dandy.

KATH. Give the drink over and we're friends again.

BARNEY. Give the drink over, there—but leave a drain.

(giving her the bottle)

I knew she liked it.

KATH. Stuff! (pushing away the bottle.)

BARNEY. Ay, right good stuff.

Go on and take a pull, we'll have enough.

KATH. We'll never pull together, that I see,  
Thus wed to liquor you shall ne'er wed me.

BARNEY. What's that? Wed, *lick her*—O no, honour bright!

KATH. And then, to lower yourself to such a plight!

BARNEY. To *lower myself*, you're wrong in what you've stated,  
The more I drink, the more I'm *elevated*.

*(he falls into a sitting posture in the corn.)*

KATH. Enough! I'm not a fool—and yet I am, tho',  
To be so long the *flame* of such a *flam-beau*.  
I've hidden long a love I strove to quell,  
I'll strive no longer, so, poor sot, farewell.  
He'd *try a saint*, he would—that's game for two,  
I'll go and see if I can't *try* one too.

SONG,—KATHLEEN.—AIR,—“Good bye, Sweetheart.”

The constant heart that brooks forsaking  
Some may admire, but I do not;  
The warmest *fire* will yield to *raking*,  
So with this sot.

He's sunk so in my estimation,  
To love him now in vain I try.  
In fact, he's lost his situation.  
O fie! sweetheart, O fie!

I leave him now to lark at leisure,  
With swells that lounge and live on beer,  
I would not rob him of the pleasure  
Of such career.

I'll seek elsewhere a heart that's true,  
And though I find it not, I'll try.  
Enough! to you I'll bid adieu.

O fie! sweetheart, O fie! *Exit L. H. 2 E.*

BARNEY. She's gone, she is. All our ill luck go with her.  
Well, surely, woman is a wholesome bitther!  
Life would be syrup if we didn't meet  
A woman's tongue to counteract the sweet.

*(Some of the GOODPEOPLE enter and surround BARNEY, prodding him with sickles and covering him with sheaves. Music as in opening. Closed in by*



SCENE IV.—*Apartment in King O'Toole's Palace.*  
(1st grooves.)

LADIES IN WAITING *enter backwards*, L. H. 1 E., and *range themselves*, R. PRINCESS JUGAMILC *enters* L. H. 1 E.

SONG,—PRINCESS.—“Villikins.”

It's said those are mere fools that give up their fling,  
That many a *knock* comes along with a *ring*,  
That old maids are happy—I doubt if they be;  
Though men are not angels—a husband for me.  
Singing tooral al ooral, &c.

I'll grant that a handsomer man might be found,  
Yet beauty abounds where we'd have it abound;  
Each eye sees the beauty it wishes to see,  
So dear Mountain Dhu, you're the *crature* for me.  
Singing tooral al ooral, &c.

(*speaking.*) Well, single life's a blessing, people say,  
I'd let whoever thinks so, single stay.  
For my part, double misery were better.

KING *enters in great grief*, L. H. 1 E., *attended by* SOLDIERS and SERVANTS, *all with white pocket handkerchiefs.* Music.—  
“Goosey, Goosey, Gander.”

KING. Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! At last I've met her.

PRINCESS. Met whom?

KING. O lor! O lor! O lor! O lor! Soon

I'll lose my wits. At last I've met *misfortune*.

Oh! Goosey, goosey, ducky, ducky, goosey.

How little did I think so soon to lose you!

PRINCESS. What—goosey dead? Oh, let me soothe your  
sorrow!

We'll have one *Cotch-in-China*, dear, to-morrow.

There, there. (*wiping his eyes with her handkerchief.*)

KING. Bear me, daughter, if you can,

You know I'm but a foolish, fond old man.

Oh! oh! (*spasmodically.*)

PRINCESS. You've got an ache, I'll whiskey bring.

KING. Ay, girl, I'm *aching*—“every inch a king.”

Yet stay.

(MOUNTAIN DHU *touches his harp outside and sings.*

AIR,—MOUNTAIN DHU.—“ Believe me if all,” &c.

Believe me if all your gold guineas so spiffy  
Which I hope to receive some fine day,  
Were all brought to Dublin and thrown in the Liffey,  
Like pike in the old by-gone days,  
You would still be as dear to this besom of mine,  
Just as if you'd a thousand a year.  
And if at our dinner we couldn't have wine,  
Why—we should be contented with beer.

PRINCESS. How sweet, how precious are his notes!

KING. The clown

Would sell all his notes for half a crown.

PRINCESS. Why, then, he wants to change his notes with me!

KING. He'll quickly change his note, as you shall see.

PRINCESS. He's only serenading.

KING. Don't be green.

His serene-aiding isn't all serene.

(MOUNTAIN DHU plays without, L.

KING. (looking L.) I say—holloa! move on there with your harp,

You'll get no blunt here, so you'd best look sharp.

PRINCESS. Do take him in.

KING. He'll take you in, if so.

(aside.) Yet who the fellow is, I'd like to know.

(crosses to L., and meets, MOUNTAIN DHU, who enters L. H. 1 E.

DHU. A bard his homage pays, your favour under.

KING. Well, bards are not good pays, so that's a wonder.

What brings you?

DHU. Why, then, with your leave, dread lord,

To pull a wire, and also pull a chord.

(looking at PRINCESS.

PRINCESS. (aside.) He's got the Blarney, so he has, the thief!

KING. Sir, I'm the victim of domestic grief. (wipes his eyes.)

To be my prop my daughter knows is proper,

She wouldn't leave me.

PRINCESS. (aside.) O law! what a whopper.

KING. Another time.

PRINCESS. Why pa—

KING. You minx, shut up.

PRINCESS. (aside.) I'll live a spinster all my life!

KING. (aside.) This pup

Must leave the house. The door, sir. (pointing to it.)

DHU. Why so sharp?

KING. Turn head, sir, or I'll toss you, head and harp.

DHU. I call this turning tail. (*going.*) He thinks perhaps  
Because he's king I'll *pocket* all his *raps*.  
I'd *butter* him if he was better *bred*.

(*to KING.*) Your majesty—I heard your goose is dead.  
(*returning.*)

A pun occurs to me—nay, look not black—

I think the doctor must have been a *quack*.

KING. Get out! (*kicks him out L. He re-enters.*)

TRIO,—KING, PRINCESS, and MOUNTAIN DHU.

“Turn on old Time,” from “Maritana.

KING. Turn on you fine conceited ass,  
You'll here no longer stay;  
You think to win by dint of brass,  
The tin I'd give away.  
Get out, and let me hear no prate,  
Again I say—get out,  
Or in the jug I'll cram you straight,  
Your music up the spout!

PRINCESS. Dear father mine, as I'm alas!  
To settle yet in life,  
So good a spec pray don't let pass  
Of making me a wife.  
For us there may be many bright  
And happy years in store,  
If you dislike the man, you might  
Have told me that before.

DHU. I wish he had *told* me *before*  
And not *toe-ed* me *behind*,  
I own I feel a little sore,  
But 't isn't in my *mind*.  
I'll go since he has made so free  
And call another time,  
But tho' it without reason be,  
It shan't be without rhyme.

KING. Turn on you fine conceited ass,  
You'll here no longer stay!

PRINCESS. } I think I know who has the brass,  
& DHU. } To turn <sup>my</sup> love away!  
                  }        your

KING. Get out, and let me hear no prate,  
Again I say—get out!

DHU. No doubt you think you're mighty great,  
But mind what you're about.

PRINCESS. I'll to the good Saint Kevin straight,  
Perhaps he'll help me out.

*Exeunt, MOUNTAIN DHU, L. H. 1 E., PRINCESS, R. H. 1 E.*  
*MOUNTAIN DHU re-enters, L.*

DHU. Your majesty, in dear dear goosey's will  
I hope he thought of leaving me a quill.

*KING threatens him and he exits, L.*

*Enter SERVANT, L.*

SERVANT. My liege, the undertaker waits below.

KING. I cheerful waiter. Send him up if so.

*Exit SERVANT, L.*

*(MOUNTAIN DHU pops in his head, L.)*

DHU. Your ma—

KING. Take that! *(hits the head with truncheon.)*  
majesty meant the fool,  
I'll let him see he jests with an edged Toole.

*Enter DETHSHEDANCROSSBONES slowly and solemnly. Music.*

"Rosin the beau." *slow time.*

A right gay fellow nobody can deny!

Attention soldiers. Dethshed, can you sigh?

DETHS. I can, dread sire. I've sighs of every size  
To suit my customers that need supplies.  
I've sighs for lovers that sit side by side,  
And little sighs that just become a bride.  
I've larger sighs for jealous wives to try  
When husbands threaten a latch key to buy.  
I've stormy sighs—

KING. Let's have a stormy sigh.  
One you can recommend me as a sample,  
I want these chaps to follow your example.

*(DETHSHEDANCROSSBONES sighs.)*

Do you call that a sigh? Sigh louder, man. *(sighs again.)*

Bah, sir! you wouldn't hear it in a can.

Come, try again. Go on, go on, begin it,

I want a sigh, sir, with a body in it.

*(DETHSHEDANCROSSBONES heaves a deep, long sigh, till KING slaps him on the back and brings it to a conclusion.)*

Excellent, excellent, for a beginning.

Now sigh in chorus, and mind use your linen.

DETHSHEDANCROSSBONES AND CHORUS.—“Rosin the Beau.”

His majesty's sorrow's so ample,  
 He wishes his subjects to know  
 If they'd follow the royal example,  
 They straight into mourning must go ;  
 So he wants us to furnish a sample  
 Of the latest new fashion in woe.

It's common for subjects to borrow  
 The vices their princes do show,  
 Who care's if the word's peace or war, O !  
 The king cannot err we all know ;  
 So it's fit we all join in his sorrow  
 When he condescends mourning to go.

KING. Now go your way, and don't forget your woe.  
 Mind that the mutes look wretched ; if you know  
 A henpecked husband—get him, if a debtor,  
 And blessed with progeny—so much the better.  
 For I've seen mutes that were not mutes at all,  
 Mourners, on whom their mourning seemed to pall—  
 Fat, chubby faces, fed with best of beef,  
 'Till I have asked myself if this was grief?  
 Pray you avoid it. Nay, I'd have you try,  
 Prodding with pins, to cause a genuine cry.  
 Let pins in boxes, onions by the hank  
 Be to my subjects given of every rank ;  
 Hire sweeps by hundreds—mind you get 'em cheap—  
 And let the general cry be

BOTH. 'Weep ! 'weep ! 'weep  
*Exeunt L. Music—“Rosin the Beau,” very slowly.*

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SCENE V.—*St. Kevin's Bed.*

ST. KEVIN *discovered on a ledge of a rock, siding the audience, L. H., and angling into the lake, which is seen at back of stage, R. H. Music—“At Glendalough lived a young Saint.”* ST. KEVIN *descends from the rock and comes forward.*

ST. K. I wonder that the fishes don't appear,  
 I've *dropped a line* to let them know I'm here.

My friendship doesn't answer them, I see,  
For they're determined not to answer me.  
It must be, or they wouldn't keep me waiting,  
They fear the *rod*, and don't much like a *baiting*.

*(ascends the rock again.)*

A bite! ay, sure enough—the biter bit too,  
One answer from the many that I writ too.

*(draws up a fish and throws it into a bucket.)*

I'll fish you up a husband if you're good,  
And then you can have "Children in the wood."

*(drops the line again.)*

One votes for fishing as a sport—that's I;  
Two vote against me—that's the fish and fly.  
But what are votes when bribery is the cry?  
Most votes—he carries who most votes can buy.  
Another nibble—*(lifts the line.)* and another fish!  
So far I couldn't better fortune wish

*(throws it into the bucket,*

I yonder see a silver-coated trout, *(drops the line.)*

Doing it heavy in his scales no doubt.

I'll offer him a lodging in this nook—

He'll get his *grub* for nothing, *with a hook*.

I have him. *(lifts it.)* Bless my stars, but he's a stunner!

There, sir, you'll find a wife there, mind, don't shun her;  
*(throws it into the bucket.)*

I'll take a doze, meanwhile you frisk about,  
And whilst you're *in* the bucket, don't fall *out*;  
For if you with each other disgrace,  
Perhaps when fried you'll do the *same* with me.

*(KEVIN is about to lie down, when*

*The PRINCESS enters, R. H. 2 E.*

A woman! There's some mischief in the wind.

*(descends from the rock.)*

PRINCESS. *(apart.)* I didn't think this place so hard to find.

In crossing o'er the lake I met a swell

Who threatened making me a *diving belle*.

From climbing up the rocks I feel a dizziness—

*(to KEVIN.)* Pray, sir—

ST. K. I pray alone, ma'am. What's your business?

PRINCESS. To ask it as a favour you'll embrace my—

ST. K. I couldn't do the like, it would disgrace me.

PRINCESS. I beg your pardon, you don't take me right.

ST. K. Madam, I didn't touch you.

PRINCESS. Nay—my flight



Is from a cruel father ; don't distrust me —  
I want you to embrace my cause.

ST. K. He must be  
As ruthless as a Russian bear.

PRINCESS. By work  
Like this it seems to me he's turning Turk.  
He wants me to live single !

ST. K. That's his *way*,  
While you're for *Doublin'*, as the Jarvies say.

DUET,—PRINCESS and ST. KEVIN.—“Auld Lang Syne.”

PRINCESS. My father's famous King O'Toole  
Whose goose this morning died,  
And I've a loving sweetheart, who'll  
Soon claim me for his bride.  
But father says since goosey's death  
My presence he can't spare,  
So wretched I must travel by  
Life's rail on single fare.

ST. K. So fair a maid 'twould be a shame  
With daddy up to house,  
Whom many men, and little blame,  
Would jump at for a spouse.  
He's all a knave or half a slave  
To treat your beauty thus,  
When you said you wished to wed,  
Why need he make a fuss ?

PRINCESS. But father says since goosey's death, &c.

ST. K. He's all a knave or half a slave, &c.

PRINCESS. It rests with you my manacles to loose,  
I'll get no rib unless you *help the goose*.

ST. K. Enough, I'll help the goose without more stuffing,  
And lunch with you on coffee and hot muffin.

PRINCESS. Thanks ! I'll get muffins from O'Brien's newly,  
And fresh roast coffee all the way from Bewley.

(ST. KEVIN *sees her depart R., then looks and sings. Music—*  
“By that lake, &c.”)

ST. K. In the lake I'll *eye my clothes*,  
Then in sleep I'll *close my eyes*,  
Here I can in safety doze,  
Nor from mortals fear surprise.  
(*he ascends the ledge of rock, leans against it and sleeps.*)

KATHLEEN enters, L. and sings.

AIR,—KATHLEEN.—“ By that lake whose gloomy shore.”

KATH. I this lake have travelled o'er,  
Maid in love can do no more,  
On my charmer's eyes to peep,  
And behold him, fast asleep!

Kevin, why, so cruel be?  
Why avert your eyes from me?  
Turn and be my lover, do,  
And you may turn husband too.

(ST. KEVIN sings in his sleep.

ST. K. Back fiends, back, I spurn the sex  
And all worldly cares that vex.

KATH. What can you be dreaming of?  
I'm no fiend, but maid in love.

ST. K. (*waking.*) Who's there?

KATH. O Kevin, spare me!

ST. K. That I can,

Spare you, what brought you here?

KATH. O! cruel man.

DUET,—ST. KEVIN and KATHLEEN.—“ Ole Dan Tucker.”

ST. K. Out of the way, brazen woman,  
Out of the way, forward woman!  
Who told you to look for men here?  
Cut—and mind don't come again here.

KATH. I came here to look for you  
Throwing over my true lover,  
But, alas! I little knew  
That you'd think to throw me over.

ST. K. Out of the way brazen woman,  
Out of my bed, forward woman!  
Who told you to look for men here?  
Cut—and mind, don't come again here.

(*pushes her towards the precipice—she “kicks the bucket,” and falls into the lake.*

ST. K. What have I done? I did it half in dreaming,  
A fearful light upon my brain is gleaming;  
She fell upon the rocks—I'm now awake—  
She'll fall all washed and mangled in the lake,

She's kicked the bucket, too, the charming sinner!

And spilled the fishes that I had for dinner.

They're *gone to pot*, while I am *done and dished*.

No matter—there's as good a fish that e'er was fished.

(ST. KEVIN *is about to take the rod again, when he lets it fall and stands in amazement, while KATHLEEN'S "GHOST is seen to glide gently o'er the fatal tide."* Music.—"By that Lake."

Be kind to her, ye fishes—let her bed

Be with bright coral, and with seaweed spread.

(*gauze curtains descend and through the front one the WATER SPIRITS are seen coming on. It rises and discovers—*

### SCENE VI.—*Slimy Depths of the Lake.*

KATHLEEN *reclining on a rock, surrounded by WATER SPIRITS.*

1st SPIRIT. It seems this lady's had a *falling out*,

She's come on *divers* business here, no doubt.

Perhaps to leave her measure for *mud boots*,

And get a suit of weeds her grief that suits.

(to KATHLEEN.) You must be mortal hungry, mortal daughter,

You haven't tasted any anything but water.

What will the mortal take?

2nd SPIRIT.

A nice green fly;

So *green*, he let me catch him passing by?

3rd SPIRIT. A frog?

4th SPIRIT.

A worm?

1st SPIRIT.

A maggot long and slimy?

KATH. (*rising.*) I prithee, do not with your dainties try me.

FAIRY OF THE LAKE *enters, L.*

FAIRY. (to SPIRITS.) Your ill-timed hospitality forbear,

So fair a mortal must have mortal fare.

(*leading KATHLEEN forward.*) Kathleen, if in a river's bed you'd lie,

Expect damp sheets—our bed is never dry.

But scaping from *hot water*, as I'm told

You have, perhaps you'd for a change like *cold*.

But come—I'll do my best to re-instate you,

In spite of those bad spirits who all hate you.

Since you're my guest, by virtue my post  
As mistress here, I'm in myself a *host*.

(*leads KATHLEEN to the seat on the rock.*

Come, Coralie, from out your coral bed,  
And fair Nymphæa, show your lily head.

*Take steps to aid this poor young lady's trance,*  
Who has, unhappily, been *led a dance*.

(CORALIE and NYMPHÆA enter and join the WATER SPIRITS  
in a dance, and scene closes in on a picture.

SCENE VII.—*Front Scene. Fairy Glen, and distant view of*  
 *Killiney Bay, through Transparency.*

BARNEY enters L. H. 1 E.

BARNEY. Och! millia murther, but I'm come to ruin.

Only just think of what I'm afther doin'.

Losing the love of her who was my treasure,

And all for what? A momentary pleasure.

Sure Kate, my colleen, was the world to me,

And losing her's a sad *Kate-astrophe*.

She bid me give up drink, but no—I fell,

While conscience whispered “Kate, Oh! thou reasonest  
well.”

If I'd a hould of that same bottle imp

I'd kick his carcass till I'd make him limp.

The spalpeen! Never mind; I'll make him fear me.

The first blue-bottle fly that buzzes near me

I'll catch him—

(*a large blue fly, worked on wire, bobs against his face.*

Aisy! what are you about?

Some playful colleen at her tricks, no doubt.

My eye! A great big fly my peace is troublin'.

Troth! if I had you in in the *Queen's*, in Dublin,

I know a *Webb* there that would keep you quiet.

If I could only catch him—stay, I'll try it.

(*catches at the fly.*

I have him! Not this time. Never say die.

Here goes again. (*tries to catch it.*)

Deuce take you for a fly!

The fellow, 'cute and wily as a dozen is.

There's a good fly, now, go about your buzziness.

Buz! (*the fly hits him in the face.*)

The villain o' the world, he's stung my lip.

Troth, if I had you in the county Tip

'Twouldn't be long before you met your match.  
 My mother lets apartments in her thatch  
 To a whole family of spiders. She  
 Most generously gives them lodging free,  
 Tho' now and then they seem to think it just  
 To pay her—for they *come down with the dust*.

(BARNEY catches at the fly, which disappears L., and  
 RAWWHISKEE enters in its stead, L. H. 1 E.)

What, my ould inimy! Than lightning quicker  
 I'll let that bottle know that I'm his *licker*.  
 I'll take the *hops* out o' you, or if I fail,  
 At least I'll give you what'll make you *ail*.

(BARNEY dodges RAWWHISKEE about.)

It's he that's 'cute! I'd rather than a shilling,  
 Be after giving him a right good milling.

(business. RAWWHISKEE exits L.)

He's gone. I'll go and give him such a whack  
 As soon will stretch him on the bottle rack.

*Here SPIRITS of Scene I., come on, and dance round BARNEY, shoving him from one to the other, while they sing the following chorus.*

#### CHORUS.—MINE SPIRITS.

AIR,—“What's the Properest Day to Drink.”

Pepper and assault him, you,  
 Thump him like potatoes,  
 Let us leave him in a stew,  
*Bate* him or he'll *bate* us.  
 He'd *see double*, and the plan  
 Is, some dust to bring, see—  
 Blind him with it, and he can  
 Not a *single* thing see.

(*they throw dust in his eyes. He exits R. H. 1 E., followed by the SPIRITS, and is seen through the transparency, still pursued, crossing from R. to L.*)

SCENE VIII.—*Lake of Glendalough, at back. Mausoleum inscribed—“Ye Grave'y of King O'Toole's Goose,” c.*

(*A bier, containing an effigy of the GOOSE, is borne on by SOLDIERS, followed by the KING, DETHISHEDANCROSSBONES, and ATTENDANTS, in great grief. Music—“Uncle Ned.”*)

## SONG,—KING.—“Uncle Ned.”

There was an old fool, and his name was King O'Toole,  
 And he didn't know what to do,  
 For his Goose did die, and he couldn't tell why,  
 So he made up his mind to die too.  
 All into mourning you must go—O ! O ! O !  
 Hang up each subject that says no.  
 There's no more work for my poor poor old Goose —  
 He's gone where all good Gooses go.

KING (to SOLDIERS.) Bring forth the bier.

A SOLDIER enters R., with a pot of beer.

Bah ! 'tisn't that beer, ninny.

Attention soldiers. Take the bier between ye.

(SOLDIERS drink the beer.)

Not that beer, did you hear me ? You've no brains.  
 I mean the *bier* that bears the dear remains  
 Of my cooked Goose. We know it's no new thing,  
 A goose to be the favourite of a king.  
 Few offices of state in times of peace,  
 Much less of war, but have their share of geese ;  
 Geese, too, that change their cackle with the weather,  
 And with peculiar grace *show the white feather*.  
 But my Goose ! Such a one I'd seek in vain,  
 “I near shall look upon his like again.”

(to a SOLDIER.) What are you smiling for ? (strikes him.)  
 Ungrateful chap, he  
 Sees my affliction, and yet dares be happy.

Music. PRINCESS and her MAIDS enter L.

DUET,—PRINCESS AND KING.—“Fly not Yet.”

PRINCESS. Do not fret nor thus look sour  
 Embittering the present hour  
 With petty griefs that heaven ne'er meant  
 To turn aside your heart's content,  
 For grief will come too soon,  
 And time enough 'twill be to cry,  
 When sorrow calls in passing by  
 To tell you that your time is come,  
 And that you must suffer some.  
 Then stay—O ! stay.  
 If your sympathetic eyes  
 Would weep for every *goose* that dies,  
 Your tears would drown the moon.



KING. Daughter hold your silly prate,  
 You know of my bereavement late,  
 And how this bird, whene'er I tasked it,  
 Flew to do whate'er I asked it.  
 And now, alas! look here.  
 Its bill dishonoured, and its wing,  
 That lately *soared*, now *sore*, poor thing  
 And tho' its truth I ne'er knew fail,  
 Bears me now a *lying tail*.  
 Sad day!—sad day!  
 Tell me not to dry my eyes,  
 While thus my favourite Goosey lies  
 With *head* upon its *bier*.

PRINCESS. Then stay—O! stay! &c.

KING. Sad day!—sad day! &c.

PRINCESS. If your sympathetic eyes, &c.

KING. Tell me not to dry my eyes, &c.

*Enter MOUNTAIN DHU, L.*

DHU. Divine princess, whose eyes the stars eclipse,  
 My fate, my fortune hang upon your lips.

PRINCESS. You might find somewhere else to hang them.

DHU. No!  
 I'd hang myself there if I dare do so.

PRINCESS. Hang your presumption!

DHU. Thus, then, I presume.  
*(kisses her.)*

KING. This in my presence, too! My rage wants room.

PRINCESS. Good daddy, don't take on so.

KING. Girl, don't scoff!  
 You know you're wanting to be *taken off*.

*Enter BARNEY, L., looking behind him.*

BARNEY. *(aside.)* Well, now, I'd bet a haddock to a herrin,'  
 The good young Kevin's coming to the berrin'.

KING *paces from L. to R., and turns, meeting ST. KEVIN, who enters L. H. 1 E.*

ST. K. Your majesty, I heard, while hither hurrying,  
 That you and all your court had gone goose-burying;  
 So I came too.

KING. A stranger!

ST. K. Not so strange.

I know you, King O'Toole, yon mountain range  
Acknowledges your sway—tho' power and pelf  
Cannot enable you to *sway* yourself.

KING. More truth than courtesy your words disclose.  
We're not accustomed to remarks like those.

ST. K. I know it. Music's harsh when first we hear,  
And truth grates harshly on a monarch's ear.  
You're but a man, tho' purple decks your frame,  
And a poor ragged pauper's just the same.  
You've suffered; learn from pain to pity those,  
Whose lives are little but a train of woes.

KING. A lecture! Who are you that dare to chatter  
Unasked-for counsel to your king?

ST. K. No matter!

What will you give me to restore your goose?

KING. You couldn't do it—and so what's the use?

ST. K. Promise to give me every foot of ground,  
Your goose, if I restore it, flutters round?

KING. Done!

ST. K. And consent that honest Mountain Dhu  
Weds the fair Princess Jugamile?

KING. I do.

I'd grant you anything, I'm so much fretted.

ST. K. Then, Goose, take wing.

KING. Take wing! Where will he get it?  
(GOOSE *flies off*, L.)

PRINCESS. He flies!

DHU. He's gone!

BARNEY. I see him out of sight.

KING. I can't contain myself with sheer delight!

This lucky *prize*, sir, fills me with *surprise*—

I'll thank you when I'm able.

DHU. Here he flies!

GOOSE *walks on* L.

KING. My Goose! my duck!

(*embraces it*.)

Give me a claw—no, steady!  
A wing will do. Your claws have *Webbs* already.

(*gives the* PRINCESS *to* MOUNTAIN DHU.)

There, take her, and be happy! Salt tears trickle

At thought of being rescued from this *pickle*.

My eyes, I find, are playing fast and loose,

I've lost my *chicken*, but I've got my *goose*.

Away with everything that union mars,

We're out of pickles, let's lay by our jars.

*(they retire to back.)*

BARNEY. (R. C.) Och! Kathleen, jewel, if I had you now  
I'd never more get tipsy—that I vow.

(RAWWHISKEE, IRISH DIAMOND, and the MINE SPIRITS  
come on and group themselves about BARNEY, plucking his  
clothes and enjoying his discomforture.)

IRISH DIAMOND. (to BARNEY.) Think not that jewel e'er  
shall grace your brow.

(to RAWWHISKEE.) Rawwhiskee, you've your errand bravely  
done,

And by my sparkles it is glorious fun

To see the man so fallen! It's well the nation

That rails so lately at adulteration,

Challenging coffee, tea, and sugar's merits,

Has overlooked man's greatest bane—*bad spirits.*

(Music.—“Silent O, Moyle.” Gong. The Mausoleum flies  
open and discovers

### SCENE IX.—*Aquatic Palace.*

The FAIRY OF THE LAKE with KATHLEEN by her side.—WATER  
SPIRITS come on.—*Tableau.*

FAIRY. Illicit spirits, there's a gauger coming  
To measure your deserts, so cease this humming.

(to RAWWHISKEE.) Rawwhiskee, your malicious plans are  
over,

See, thus I give back Kathleen to her lover.

I'll quell *teetotally* and *farther* match you,

Down to the regions where fiends will snatch you.

(IRISH DIAMOND sinks through the trap and the MINE SPIRITS  
shrink abashed.)

(to BARNEY.) Barney, it is the Fairy of the tide

Of Glendalough that gives you back your bride,

Be sober and you'll prosper. Friends, to you

(to AUDIENCE.) In parting I would say a word or two.

Lover and Moore, two native bards, have shed

Poetic halo round St. Kevin's bed.

From them we borrow what we here display,

And for its faults your kind indulgence pray.

BARNEY. (to AUDIENCE.) Only that just in time this fairy  
came

The *lowest* of black cards had won the game.

Rawwhiskee played the knave, and made me smart,  
 While Kathleen played the deuce, and took my heart.  
 I'm willing to play every night, if you'll  
 Turn trumps, and by your presence fill the pool.

## TRIO AND CHORUS

PRINCESS, KATHLEEN, AND KING.—“ Cheer up, Sam.”

PRINCESS. I've pa's consent to marry,  
 And could I only see  
 Approval in those eyes around  
 How happy I should be!  
 In wedlock while we join hands  
 And thus our story tell,  
 O! just to keep us company,  
 Do you join hands as well.

Here I am! Pray on our efforts don't frown,  
 For the truth to tell, 'twill all go well  
 If you set us right with the town.

CHORUS. Here I am! &c.

KATH. Of wisdom and discretion  
 I cannot boast a stock,  
 I blush to own when tempted,  
 That I fell—from off the rock,  
 But now I'm quite recovered,  
 And for your favour sue,  
 The only fall that now I dread  
 Is falling out with you.

CHORUS. Here I am! &c.

KING. And now a word for Goosey,  
 Since language he has none;  
 He's had a fly, so, if you please,  
 We'll let him have a run.

While, if it give you pleasure  
 This piece again to see,  
 I won't object, if every night  
 You make a Toole of me.

CHORUS. Here I am! &c.

## TABLEAU.

LORD LOVEL

AND

LADY NANCY BELL

OR

THE BOUNDING BRIGAND OF THE  
BAKUMBOILUM

A THRILLINGLY-INTERESTING AND TRAGICALLY-STARTLING  
BURLESQUE

BY

F. C. BURNAND, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

*"Villikins and Dinah," "Romance Under Difficulties,"*  
*"St. George," "In for a Holyday,"*  
&c. &c. &c.

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38, EAST 14TH STREET.

## LORD LOVEL.

*First Performed at the A. D. C. Rooms, Cambridge, November, 1856.*



### CHARACTERS.

LORD LOVEL ( <i>A swell, betrothed to Lady Nancy Bell.</i> )	- - - - -	CAPT. C. H. RHYS.
BARON BILLY BELL ( <i>Father of Lady Nancy.</i> )	- - - - -	MR. CECIL HARCOURT
RUMTIFOOZLE ( <i>Formerly Duc di Rumti-foozle, now living in exile as the "Bounding Brigand."</i> )	- - - - -	MR. TOM PIERCE.
LADY NANCY BELL ( <i>Daughter of the before-mentioned Baron.</i> )	- - - - -	MRS. A. MELLON.
(A good opportunity for any wag to say something novel about a lovely Bell(e), or that Lord Lovel is going to give this bell a ring.)		
FIRST BRIGAND	{ ( <i>Making in all two Brigands.</i> )	{ MR. U. GLYCOVE. and MR. T. WINKLE.
SECOND BRIGAND		
FIRST RETAINER	{ ( <i>Belonging to Lovel.</i> )	{ MR. P. NORTON and MR. C. REEPE
SECOND RETAINER		

Although he's not a law lord, a feasible opportunity  
for a wag.



# LORD LOVEL & LADY NANCY BELL.



## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Night. A dark Wood in the Bakumboilum Country.  
A small Stream of Water trickles down Rocks at back.*

RUMTIFOOZLE discovered standing c. at back, in a listening attitude. One BRIGAND R. asleep on a bank; another L. H. leaning against tree, as if watching. Music, *Pianissimo*, as curtain rises, "*Rise, Gentle Moon.*"

RUMTI. Past ten o'clock! well this is precious rum.  
I wonder why the blazes they don't come.

(eyeing BRIGANDS.)  
Asleep, I do declare—not two straws caring;  
And on a bank, his conduct is past baring.

(shakes BRIGAND—he snores.)  
Now, spoony, wake.. Come you must sleep no more.  
Get up, you muff!

1st BRIGAND. (sleepily.) Muff! don't you be a bo.

RUMTI. She's coming—

1st BRIG. Who?

RUMTI. The Lady Nancy fair.

1st BRIG. (dropping off again.) On this sward I shall sleep.

RUMTI. Sward! I shall swear.

Ah! here is something that will spoil his dream.

I'll waive all ceremony and catch the stream.

(gets water from rivulet in a drinking horn.)

It's no more use, I'm sure, their ribs to dig,

So the whole hog I'll go, and give cold pig.

(souses both—they start up.)

There, my brisk pippins!

1st BRIG. (threatening.) This I will not endure.

2nd BRIGAND. Oh! what a shame!

RUMTI. No, it's the water cure.

1st BRIG. (crossly.) Was that a joke?

RUMTI. Why, stupid, don't you take?  
 Tho' *fast* asleep, you're precious *slow* awake.  
 Have you seen nothing?

1st BRIG. Yes.

RUMTI. What do you mean?

1st BRIG. Why, simply there was nothing to be seen.

2nd BRIG. Brave Runtifoozle, tell us, if you please,  
 Why watch we here?

RUMTI. Just stop; I'm going to sneeze. (*sneezes.*  
 Deuce take the *dew*! (*sneezes.*)

1st BRIG. The observation's right;  
 We ought to give the deuce his *due*.

RUMTI. To-night

We've met together, gentlemen, to do  
 A deed for which I have selected you;  
 It is to bag a beauty, and off carry her  
 Unto my castle, that I may, gents, marry *her*.  
 She went to pic-nic here this afternoon,  
 And now returns by light of yonder moon.  
 She spurned my suit once; now that debt I'll pay,  
 In full, or I'll be—(*they snore.*) Hallo there! I say,  
 Go it, my tulips; Cuss their stupid heads—  
*Tulips* indeed! they ought to be in *beds*.  
 Now in a minute precious brisk I'll make 'em,  
 Or rather, in a *brace of shakes* I'll wake 'em. (*shakes both.*  
 Come, keep a going!

1st BRIG. (*drowsily.*) So I do. I keep  
 A going.

RUMTI. Yes, you do—a going to sleep.  
 Upon my life, your conduct's most improper.  
 (*listening.*) A step—her step—we must take steps to  
 stop her.

Now look out both.

1st BRIG. (*L. 1 E.*) Well then, clear as I can see,  
 It is a lady.

RUMTI. Ha! the Lady Nancy.

Don't go too far. Let my call stop your rambles;  
 You take that *route*, and hide among the *brambles*.  
 And as for you—there is no cause for funk;  
 You hide behind—

2nd BRIG. I twig.

RUMTI. Twig! No, that *trunk*.

2nd BRIG. The *object* of our schemes tho' may *object*—

RUMTI. What's that to you—you do as I direct.

(1st BRIGAND goes cautiously up L. E.; 2nd BRIGAND, cau-  
 tiously R. E.; RUMTIFOOZLE retires up O.)

TRIO.—AIR, "Macbeth."

1ST B. (*sneezes.*) Artchi!

RUMTI. Hush! Hush!

2ND B. (*sneezes.*) Artchi!

RUMTI. Hush! Hush!

Look out, you lout,  
What you're about;  
The pricking of my thumbs  
Tells me that she is near, and here,  
Straight on this way, she comes.

BRIGANDS *disappear among trees, repeating Trio.* RUM-  
TIFOOZLE *retires up c.* Band play "Polly Hopkins,"  
*very slowly.*

*Enter* LADY NANCY, L. H.

LADY N. How dark it is. *Would from this wood I'd got*  
Right clear away, for this way clear is not.  
'Tis very lonely here—I'm quite afraid—  
Oh! what away from my Papa I've strayed,  
And from my Lovel, too, that nice young man,  
I can't but love him, do what e'er I can.  
To-morrow is our wedding day, but I  
A sad foreboding feel, I can't tell why.  
But on the morrow my fears I'll deride,  
Tied will the nuptial *knot* be.

RUMTI. (*aside.*) No: not tied.

LADY N. But I've caught cold: 'twill make my nose so red.  
(*takes out pocket handkerchief.*)

RUMTI. (*aside.*) Were I that glove, or handkerchief instead,  
Or that 'ere hand, to blow that nose—Oh, blow it!

She sneezes! sneeze again, "Bright Angel." *(she sneezes)* Go it!

LADY N. There, I feel better. Now I'll be off.

RUMTI. (*coming forward.*) Pooh! poo

LADY N. If I may make so bold, pray who are you?

RUMTI. You dont know? Oh! 'Pon my life, 'tis too bad.

You shall know soon—permit me, Ma'am, to add  
He who'd lay hands—

LADY N. (*aside.*) I'm in a pretty mess.

RUMTI. He who'd lay hands on woman in distress,  
Save in the way of *kindness*—don't you know—  
Is of the British seaman's name unworthy—so  
Be quiet and listen: I intend no wrong.

LADY N. You're armed?

RUMTI.

Not e'en a *stave*. Just list my *song*.

SONG,—RUMTIFOOZLE.—AIR, "Gentle Zitella."

Sweet Lady Nancy  
Whither away?  
You suit my fancy,  
So, prythee, stay.

LADY N. No, no. I have lingered too long on my route:  
I've got my best dress on, and 'tis wet under foot.

So let me proceed, sir,  
At once on my way;  
If you are a gentleman,  
Behave as sich, I pray.

RUMTI. Sweet Lady Nancy, don't be absurd;  
Scream, if you fancy—you can't be heard.  
If you've lost your way, ma'am, its nothing to me,  
Come up to my house, change your shoes, and have tea.

Now you shall know, ma'am,  
What hither me brings.  
'Tis Runtifoozle  
Himself who now sings!

LADY N. (*recitative.*) Runtifoozle!

RUMTI. (*recitative.*) Runtifoozle!

SONG,—LADY NANCY.—AIR, "Billy Taylor.

Runtifoozle, you do use ill  
A weak woman, meaning me:  
My going with you, p'raps you excuse will.

RUMTI. Further first myself I'll see!

LADY N. (*imploringly.*) Tiddy fol, &c.

RUMTI. (*with detrmination.*) Tiddy fol, &c.

LADY N. (*more imploringly.*) Tiddy fol, &c.

RUMTI. (*with greater determination.*) Tiddy fol, &c.

RUMTI. Madam, mind you, where a party  
Loves a party—meaning you;  
Tho' this may seem a rum start, he  
Anything for love will do.

(*endearingly*) Tiddy fol, &c.

LADY N. (*proudly.*) Tiddy fol, &c.

RUMTI. (*endearingly.*) Tiddy fol, &c.

BOTH (*together—in their separate styles.*) Tiddy fol, &c.

LADY N.	( <i>recitative.</i> )	Begone!	} <i>Recitative Agitato.</i>
RUMTI.	( <i>recitative.</i> )	Walker!	
LADY N.		Begone!	
RUMTI.		Hookey!	
LADY N.		Begone!	
RUMTI.		Hookey Walker!	

AIR,—“Lucretia Borgia.”

LADY N. Don't come near me:  
I don't fear thee.  
Where, alas, is my papa?

RUMTI. He's not near thee;  
He can't hear thee.  
In a pretty mess you are.  
You shan't fly me.

LADY N. Just you try me.  
If you come near, I declare  
You shall catch it,  
You shall catch it, if you dare.

RUMTI. To hold a captive one so fair,  
I will very soon show you, ma'am, I dare!

(*Struggle. Hurried Music.*—BRIGANDS *rush on at back.*  
*Enter LORD LOVEL and ATTENDANTS. LORD LOVEL*  
*rushes in between LADY NANCY and RUMTI-FOOZLE. The*  
*ATTENDANTS stand over disarmed BRIGANDS at back.*  
*Picture.*

LADY N. What, Lovel!

RUMTI. (*aside.*) Damme!

LOVEL. Just in time, I see.

LADY N. (*rushing to him joyfully.*)  
I'm not deceived, 'tis you—

LOVEL. (*tenderly.*) 'Tis I!

RUMTI. (*aside, savagely.*) 'Tis he!

LOVEL. Go, take those ruffians off, and hang them straight  
On some near tree.  
(ATTENDANTS *drag off the BRIGANDS, L. U. E.*)

RUMTI. (*aside.*) Oh, Lor! at any rate.  
They're up a tree.

LOVEL. Now, villain, as for you,  
Upon my life, I don't know what to do;  
Hanging's too good.

RUMTI. (*servilely.*) A great deal, sir, I know;  
Therefore, perhaps, you'll kindly let me go.  
My name is Runtifoozle.

LOVEL. Ha! that name—

The duke?

LADY N. Outlawed?

RUMTI. Exactly.

LOVEL. 'Tis the same.

We must cross swords.

RUMTI. For that there is no need;

I saved your father's life.

LOVEL. You!

RUMTI. Yes, indeed!

Once on a time, as says a story book,  
Your father, after dinner a walk took,  
Into a wood opaque—he, slightly "heady,"  
Went through a *gate*—his own *gait* none so steady.  
I, walking near the place, most lucky saw him,  
For, at that minute, two men stood before him.  
One *seizes* him,—your father *sees his* knife  
Gleam in the air—then struggles for his life.  
By their *steel cuts* he *would* have been in *grave'd*,  
Save for my broadsword, by which he was *saved*.  
I say 'tis truth; and, for the rest, *jam satis*,  
*Great is the truth*.

LOVEL. Which truth you've given *gratis*.

My father owed you, if 'tis as you say,

A debt of gratitude which I will pay:

There, take my *hand*.

RUMTI. A *handsome* thing to do;

And, madam, may I ask—

LADY N. Yes, take mine too.

RUMTI. To you I will swear friendship from this night.

(*about to swear*.)

LOVEL. (*stopping him*.) Don't swear 'fore ladies.

RUMTI. Well, perhaps you are right;

And, for my friends, as they are not yet strung up,

Perhaps you will order that they mayn't be hung up.

LOVEL. (*calling off*.) What ho! without! those parties we'll  
respite;

But, Nancy, come, we must haste home to-night.

To-morrow is my wedding day, and we

Shall be most pleased you, as a friend, to *see*.

And let the *time past* be forgotten, pray,

While taking *pastime* on our wedding day.

LADY N. You'll come?

RUMTI. Most surely, ma'am, when asked by you.

LOVEL. A dew is falling, so *adieu*!

LADY N. Adieu!



SONG,—AIR—"Young May Moon."

LOVEL. 'Tis getting dark and damp, I fear ;  
 So I think you had better go home, my dear  
 For a pair of bays  
 Are in my chaise,

And wait at the edge of the wood, my dear !

LADY N. 'Tis getting dark and damp, I fear,  
 So I think I'd better go home, my dear ;  
 And your pair of bays,  
 That are in your chaise,

Shall whisk us away from the wood, my dear.

RUMTI. Oh ! in this wood, so dark and drear,  
 I hope you'll forget what has happened here :  
 Like the pair of bays,  
 That are in your chaise.

May the thoughts gallop off of our doings here.

LOVEL.	} <i>Tout</i> {	} 'Tis getting dark, etc.		
LADY NANCY.			} <i>ensemble.</i> {	} 'Tis getting dark, etc.
RUMTI.				

(LORD LOVEL and LADY NANCY dance off, R. 1 E., to  
 the air.)

RUMTI. (*coming forward.*)

So they are gone. Well, here's a pretty puzzler ;  
 'Tis clear on Lovel I must put a muzzler,  
 And to their happiness I'll place a bar,  
 The which I *marvel* not their fun *vill mar*.  
 "If it were done—when 's done, then t'were well  
 It were done quickly"—or t'might be a sell.  
 I must send Lovel off—my friends will track  
 Him on his *lay*, and *lay* him on his back ;  
 And in some quiet nook they'll do the trick :  
 First cut his throat, and then they'll cut their stick.  
 I'll woo proud Nancy, saying, "*Vouslez woo*  
*Wed me ?*" And then she'll be in such a stew  
 That Nancy's pride, I guess, will have a fall ;  
 And then she's mine—and then—and then—that's all.  
 Here come my friends

*Enter the TWO BRIGANDS, L. U. E.*

Well, gentlemen, I hope

You're none the worse for having too much rope.

I saved you from a cord, gents both, to-night.

1st. BRIG. Accordingly we thank you.

2nd. BRIG. If I might  
Add that a *chord* of gratitude you've struck  
In both our hearts

RUMTI Or *cordu*—Eh? my buck?  
It happens luckily—since, for you two,  
I've got a pretty little job to do.  
You *love ill Lovel*?

BOTH. Yes.

RUMTI. Of course you do—  
And, strange to say, that I dislike him too.  
He shall receive a summons for to fight  
Against the Turks, just on his wedding night.  
He then must leave—and, you are not obtuse,  
Whilst on his road to *Turkey*, cook his *goose*.  
"Resolve yourselves apart," what part you'll take.

1st BRIG. We are resolved. Nought shall our purpose shake  
From here to there—

2nd BRIG. No, *ear to ear* we'll slit  
His throat.

RUMTI. First *Burk*, then hide him in a *Pitt*.

1st BRIG. His hash we'll settle.

RUMTI. I hope you will—a bit.  
Mind, make a hash of *him*, and not of *it*.

SONG,—RUMTIFOOZLE.—AIR, "Tamaroo."

Since to-night I have failed in my plan—

Rumti! &c.

Since to-night I have failed in my plan—

Tamaroo!

Since to-night I have failed in my plan,

You must try and assist me as much as you can,

With your Rum tum tiddy iddy ido!

On his journey you'll follow this odious chap. Rumti!

Tamaroo!

On his journey you'll follow this odious chap,

Then meet him in the dark and give him a rap

On his Rum tum, etc.

Now if either of you should blab a thing. Rumti! Tamaroo!

P'rhaps 'tis needless to observe that you'll both of you swing,

With your Rum tum, etc.

1st BRIG. We're yours, great Rumtifoosle.

RUMTI.

*Yours!* It is well said.

Be hewers of Lovel's bones, until he's dead.

Now I'll be off, so, worthy pals, adieu!

1st BRIG. Farewell, most noble!

RUMTI. Gents, the same to you.

*Exeunt* BRIGANDS, L. H., RUMTI-FOOZLE, R. H.

SCENE II.—*Hall in the Mansion of Baron Billy Bell.*

GUESTS grouped about the stage. In C. at back a table, at which sit the BARON, LADY NANCY, LOVEL, and RUMTI-FOOZLE. SERVANTS hand wine.

CHORUS OF GUESTS.—“*La Zingarella.*”

When ladies here we see,  
Of beauty each a *stella*,  
Who would e'er wish to be  
Still a single *fellar*?

1st GUEST. Who'd be?

2nd GUEST. Who'd be?

3rd GUEST. Who'd be!

4th GUEST. Who'd be?

OMNES. A single *fellar*?

*(clink their glasses to symphony.)*

1st GUEST. *(rising.)* Ladies and gentlemen—

OMNES. Hear! hear!

1st GUEST. Although my speech, I fear, will be but poor,  
And unaccustomed as I am—

OMNES. No! no! Pooh! Pooh!

1st GUEST. Thank you—I'm sure—and so if all of you  
Feel what—

BARON. I feel.

1st GUEST. Thank you—that's what I mean.

As I was saying—

OMNES. Hear!

1st GUEST. *(becoming unintelligible.)* This great event—  
Unfitted as I am for an oration

On this auspicious—

OMNES. *(excited.)* Hear! Hear! Hear!

1st GUEST. *(vaguely.)* Occasion.

From what I've said—I think—that is—you'll guess  
My toast. You'll all agree with me—the less  
Is said the better.

OMNES. *(much relieved.)* Hear! Hear! Hear!

1st GUEST. Join me

In drinking, “Bride and bridegroom”—three times three.

CHORUS.—“Tippetywitchet.”

Hip! Hip! Hooray!  
 Drink to them in Champagne;  
 Hip! Hip! Hooray;  
 Drink to them once again.

LOVEL. (*on his legs.*)

Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you—it is true—

(*in tears.*) This the happiest (*sob.*) day I ever (*sob.*) knew.

GUEST. (*tearfully.*) Hear!

LOVEL.

If you knew what 'tis to be a wife—  
 I mean a husband—(*sob.*)—proud moment—(*sob.*)—life—  
 And my bride, too, my wife, if I may call  
 Her so—

OMNES. Hear! Hear!

LOVEL.

I mean—that is—that's all.

2nd GUEST. Brief be my speech. Your glasses pray fill well,  
 And drink the health of Baron Billy Bell.

(*the toast is responded to as before.*)

BARON. I rise to say—

OMNES.

Hear! Hear!

BARON.

That, as a father,  
 My feelings overpower me—slightly, rather.

Lord Lovel as a son-in-law to see,

Is very gratifying, I am sure, to me.

And for my daughter—well—for words I'm stuck—he

To get that gal, I think, was gallous lucky.

OMNES. Oh, oh!

BARON.

And now I will beg leave to state

Some sights I have prepared to celebrate

The bridal feast. Ho! dancers!—music, play!

Ye sit the *while*—they'll *wile* the time away.

RUMTL. Great Baron Billy, I have brought with me

Some wondrous gentlemen you'd like to see:

You'll own that all things their performance beats,

For with their legs and hands they'll show queer *feats*.

The “Bounding Brigands,” your applause to win,

I'll call at once. Now, “All in to begin.”

(*wonderful performance of the BOUNDING BRIGANDS—feats  
 of strength—after which GUESTS dance.*)

RUMTL. (*apart, eyeing LORD LOVEL.*)

Ah! dance away. If my plan works, full soon

You will be dancing to another tune.

If my two ruffians do but mind their hits,

When Lovel *quits* this country, I'll cry *quits*.

I'll from the dancers, lest they suspect me false,  
And hide my measures in those of the waltz.

(*dancing continues with spirit. A trumpet sounds.*)

Enter MESSENGER, R. H., with large letter, which he gives to the  
BARON.

BARON. A message from the court—no time to lose.

RUMTI. (*aside.*) My scheme works well. (*aloud.*) My Lord,  
let's have the news.

LOVEL. (*reading.*) What's this! "Lord Lovel is, without  
delay,

To start for Palestine this very day."

BARON. That's a rum start.

LADY N. A wretched bride I'll be.

LOVEL. "To fight the Paynim"—*pain him*; It pains *me*  
To leave thee, Nancy—

LADY N. Lovel, don't you go.

I can't stop here, though I hear naught but *woe* (*wou*).

I would not have you go for worlds of pelf,

When not beside you, I'm beside myself!

LOVEL. But duty calls—

LADY N. And go I fear you must.

In one year and a day, I hope and trust

To see you back.

LOVEL. I promise, if I'm not

Back at that time, may I be—(*drum*)—thank you, shot.

To your care, Rumtifoosle, I confide

The Lady Nancy—my own blushing bride;

Since to the father one good deed you've done,

Confer a *farther* kindness, on the son.

RUMTI. To take a trust like this, I'll not decline:

She shall be safe, quite safe. (*aside.*) Safe to be mine.

BARON. We cannot quaff your *bridal* glass, and so

Let's have a *stirrup* cup before you go. (*they fill.*)

SONG.—BARON.—AIR,—“The Hour of Parting.”

The hour of parting is now drawing nigh,

I've a drop in my glass—and another in my eye,

With money or friends to part is e'er such pain—

Especially the former, which we never see again.

LORD LOVEL.—AIR,—“Mary Anne.”

Oh, fare-thee-well, my own Lady Nan,

Tho' soon far away I shall be!

Yet Rumtifoosle is the man,

Who will take care of thee—

Lady Nan!

LADY NANCY—

For a year and a day you'll stay not more,  
If kind fate will but protect thee—  
While driving in a cab from the front, front door,  
Or while sailing over the sea—

Poor dear man

*Enter SERVANT, R. H.*

SERV. My Liege, the cab is waiting.

LOVEL. Hansom is he?

SERV. Yes. For each fifteen minutes you a tizzy—  
With the cabby's compliments—will have to pay.

LOVEL. Well, as a Hansom he Hansom does—away!

SONG.—LOVEL, LADY NANCY, AND CHORUS.

AIR,—“To the West.”

To the East—bad's the best, since to choose I'm not free;  
Or might I be sure I should you again see!  
Sword in hand, overland the bold paynim to slay—  
Let me hope I'll return in a year and a day.

LADY N. True to thee I will be, since you I love most.

Newspaper reports of thy prowess shall boast,  
While thoughts of thy danger will disturb all my rest;  
But my feelings are better described than exprest.

Chorus—(*Dancing to the air.*) To the East, etc.

END OF ACT I.

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*An Interval of One Year between the Acts.*

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## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Lady Nancy's boudoir.*

LADY NANCY *discovered sitting pensively.*

LADY N. No news of Lovel—that's good news, they say;  
And he's been absent one year and a day.  
This year's brought nothing my ear to delight.  
And each day passed with no news of my knight.  
My Lovel's brave and strong, yet in some tussle,  
The Mussulmen have slain my man of muscle:



*Our nuptials sad, performed in a sad hour,  
Leaving me in Runtifoozle's power.*

RUMTIFOOZLE. (*without.*) Your Lady in?

LADY N. His voice! Lor' how I tremble.  
I hate the man—but soft, I must dissemble.

*Enter RUMTIFOOZLE, R. H.*

RUMTI. Oh! charming creature! thee once more I view.

Permit me, ma'am, to ask you—how d'ye do?

LADY N. Sir, let my countenance my feelings tell.

RUMTI. Then I should say you're looking very well.

Perhaps, ma'am, you the news already know.

LADY N. What, news of Lovel?

RUMTI. Yes, exactly so.

Look here—(*opens newspaper.*) "The Seat of War—last  
night a sally

"Was made in the plains—a sally in the valley,

"Lord Lovel led it, for bravely always fought he,

"He sought the Paynim leader in a *sortie* :

"A leg he lost, but still fought on his knee,

"A *scimitar* had spoilt his *symmetry*.

"O'erpowered by numbers, 'gan his strength to fail,

"Till one cut off his *head*."

LADY N. A woful tale!

A field his bed—a grave he is without. It

Is true he's dead?

RUMTI. Yes, there's no doubt about it.

LADY N. It cannot be. Oh! miserable elf!

RUMTI. I'll swear it's true—(*aside.*) I put it in myself.

(*aloud.*) Why grieve for him, when at your feet you see

One who adores you? need I say 'tis me?

LADY N. Wrong both in conduct and in grammar!

RUMTI. Why,

If I say "me," 'tis clear it's not my *eye*.

I was his friend—his pal—the truth I state.

LADY N. But, tho' his *pal*, nothing can palliate

Such conduct.

RUMTI. You he to my care committed.

LADY N. Oh!

Committed *himself*, you mean, in doing so.

He thought you one, as he was, brave and frank.

RUMTI. You trust me?

LADY N. As I would a Joint Stock Bank.

RUMTI. As Richard says, "You know no rules of charity."

LADY N. T'wixt Richard and yourself there's small disparity.

RUMTI. I don't mean *Cœur de Lion*—

LADY N. No, nor I;  
Less of the *Lion* than the cur—you have.

RUMTI. My eye!  
Well, this is fun! Cur was the name I heard:  
Take care, this *cur's* displeasure you've incurred.

LADY N. "Diffused infection of a man"—

RUMTI. Oh! drop it!  
"This keen encounter of our wits," let's stop it!

I seek your hand, sweet one, there's naught to fear!

LADY N. And you shall have it—

RUMTI. (*with rapture.*) Shall I?

LADY N. (*suiting the action to the word.*) On the car.

SONG.—RUMTIFOOZLE.—"Il Balen."

Too far you'll my patience tease, oh!

Look before you leap!

At my threats you need not sneeze, oh!

I am precious deep!

If you think to treat me so-o-o-o, ma'am,

For your answer I will wa-a-a-ait.

But I would have you to know, ma'am,

'Twill not change your fate!

Ah! no more, no more, to guard, oh!

Is Lord Lovel at your side,

Soon you'll be, or 'twill go hard, oh!

My own fair dear blushing bride.

(*changes into "Sing song Polly," with bones.*)

Very savage you've me made,

'Twas wrong! too far have you tried me, oh!

Of my vengeance be afraid,

'Twas wrong! too far have you tried me, oh

For just five minutes I'll retire,

Not long! jolly chance, so try it, oh!

Then p'raps you'll answer as I desire,

Sing song! jolly chance, so try it, oh!

Keemo! kimo! Whar, oh! Whar!

It's all my eye my—oh!

Then in comes I a singing, etc.

Sing song! jolly chance, so try it—oh!

*Exit, R. H., playing bones.*

LADY N. Lovel's defunct, and what I *funked's* come true;

So but one thing is left for me to do,

To end my life by drug, or dagger's blow,

And follow Lovel where good niggers go.

Yes I will die like heroines in story,  
 Or Leonora in the "Trovatore."  
 I've got a poison from a young druggist's boy,  
 Who mixed the draughts, while "master" did enjoy  
 The country air. 'Tis time they put a stop  
 To games like this—the game of playing at shop.  
 A poison's hid within this ring so fair,  
 A diamond ending *dire mundane* care.  
 By operatic rules a chant I'll try,  
 Drunk from the *signet*—then, like a swan, I'll die.

SONG.—LADY NANCY.—"Trovatore."

Without a wink, Oh!  
 This I will drink, Oh!  
 Then can I think, Oh!  
 That I am free.

*Enter RUMTIFOOZLE, behind R. U. E.*

That Rumtifoosle  
 Shan't me bamboozle,  
 Still my refusal  
 I'll give to he.

*Music fortissimo. She drinks poison. RUMTIFOOZLE advances furiously.*

LADY NANCY.  
 You've come too late, Oh!  
 Long may you wait, Oh!  
 Men will my fate, Oh!  
 Give to thee!

RUMTIFOOZLE.  
 No more I'll wait, Oh!  
 Choice comes too late! Oh!  
 And now kind Fate, Oh!  
 Gives thee to me!

*(at the end of the song she dies in strong convulsions.)*

RUMTI. Hallo! she's poisoned—here, murder! Fire! Water!

*Enter BARON.*

BARON. *(distracted.)* What's this I hear? My daughter! Oh  
 my daughter!

RUMTI. I'm sold—but—no!—*(reflecting.)*

BARON. From grief this is a thump—

A blow—

RUMTI. Oh! blow it! try the stomach pump!

SONG.—RUMTIFOOZLE.—AIR, "One Pound Note."

Stomach pump! stomach pump!

'Tis the thing, I'm sure will do;

So come along, my pippin, and don't you look so blue,

And then for an apothecary send a hasty note;

P'rhaps we may save your daughter,

Upon whom you fondly doat!

BOTH. (*together.*) Stomach pump, etc.

(RUMTIFOOZLE and BARON carry LADY NANCY off as scene closes.)

SCENE II.—*Tomb of Lady Nancy. Night.*

*Enter LOVEL.*

LOVEL. Alive and safe I'm back—alive, I said;

But scarce alive when now my Nancy's dead—

And shall I still survive—Love cries out "Don't!"

I answer Love, and say—"Ecod! I won't."

"Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit does contain"

My own dear Nancy—only once again

Shall I impress thy lips with a foud kiss.

Then die—(*a sneeze heard.*)—Hallo! Now, who the deuce

is this?

A peeler? with a lantern—I catch sight of it.

Shame to him! This grave subject to make light of it.

I will retire, and then hope to see

The muf'nl quickly go. "Night, muffle me!" (*retires up.*)

*Music.*—*Enter RUMTIFOOZLE, wrapped up, with spade.*

RUMTI. How cold it is—what's that? Ha, ha! at present

My feelings, I must say, are far from pleasant.

Naught should me ever out at this time bring,

Except a most confounded handsome ring

Which I observed on Lady Nancy's finger,

And when I've got it, here I'll not long linger.

This spade, I guess, will come unhommon handy

(*clock strikes one.*)

Just one, I wonder where I put the brandy;

Oh! here it is—(*drinks.*)—Lor', I feel quite afraid,

And scarce have got the heart to use this spade.

*Music.*—RUMTIFOOZLE forces open door, and enters tomb.

LOVEL. (*coming forward.*) 'Tis Rumtifoозle—oh! I am in thy debt

A life, I think, and I will pay thee yet.

(*Music.*—LOVEL conceals himself behind door.

*Re-enter RUMTIFOOZLE from tomb, with ring,*

RUMTI. I've got it, such a plummy one to pop  
Off to "my uncle's." I will go, and—

LOVEL. (*advancing, L.*) Stop! (*chord.*)

RUMTI. Hallo! What's that? Dear me, I thought at present  
That you were dead.

LOVEL. I'm not.

RUMTI. I see (*aside.*) How pleasant!  
(*aloud.*) I'm sure that I—that is—(*aside.*)—Lor', I can't  
talk.

(*aloud.*) It's a fine night: I'll go and take a walk.  
Good bye.

LOVEL. No, stay—to speak to you I've leisure;  
Suppose you first refund your stolen treasure.

RUMTI. My treasure! I assure you, such a thing—

LOVEL. You shall not "spout" your sentiments or ring;  
So give it up.

RUMTI. (*gives it up.*) Well then, but tell me why—

LOVEL. Thank you. Excuse my freedom, "you must die."

RUMTI. Die! Pooh! absurd!

LOVEL. Escape me, you ne'er can.

RUMTI. "Good, gentle youth, don't tempt a desperate man."

Go home at once, it is full time for bed:

"Heap not another sin upon my head,

By urging me to fury." Go—or stay,

But, in the latter case, I'll cut away:

Show kindness to me, Lovel, I pray, do.

LOVEL. Kindness is wasted, sir, on such as you;

Like those philanthropists, mistaken men,

Who try the "ticket system," which, alas! again

To the freed villain does but ope the door

To rob, garotte, and plunder as before.

RUMTI. But take my counsel—

LOVEL. Alive you shall not hence;

Employ your counsel in your own defence.

Draw, sir!

RUMTI. Police!

LOVEL. Don't waste your breath—be still,

You might as well be at Notting Hill.

What! do you think, if so, you're precious green—  
A Peeler, when he's wanted, can be seen!  
No more delay.

RUMTI. I'm desperate, and will do it.  
The row in China shall be as nothing to it.

*(they fight. RUMTIFOOZLE is run through the body.)*

RUMTI. Oh! I am slain! Yet promise me to do  
One favour when I'm dead.

LOVEL. I will.

RUMTI. Thank you;  
And in my grave I then shall lie quite still.

*(speaks with difficulty.)*

Just pay my washerwoman's last week's bill:

I've got no money—worldly goods are folly,

So you may keep the change, and I die jolly.

*(dies jolly. Ghost music from the "Corsican Brothers," pianissimo. LOVEL enters tomb, and brings out LADY NANCY in his arms, deposits her gently on a low column.)*

LOVEL. Oh! Nancy, Nancy! "Why art thou yet so fair?"

Why does the raven black still die the hair?

A filmy veil spreads o'er that once bright eye:

To see on you death's hue does make me cry.

One kiss! *(walks to L. H.)* My dagger! Now I join thee,  
Nancy. *(about to stab himself.)*

Ah! stay, she moves, or was it only fancy:

"Methinks an air comes from her"—oh! I'm unmanned!

T'was but the air they're playing on the band.

*(LADY NANCY gradually rises. Business from the statue scene in "Winter's Tale.")*

LOVEL. "The fixture of her eye has motion in it"—why

She moves her eyelid, and she winks her eye.

It must be—yet—I know not—"thus she stood

When first I woo'd her," and I thought she would

Refuse me. But my joy then naught did mar,"

When she said, blushing, "You must ask papa!"

*(she comes gradually towards him.)*

LADY N. *(in a sepulchral tone.)* Lovel!

LOVEL. My name! Of fear I have no qualm.  
Joy's in my heart.

LADY N. *(stretching out her arms.)* Lovel!

LOVEL. Again!

*(she falls into his arms; then à la Kean in "Leontes.*

"She's warm!" *(long chord.)*

LADY N. So you're alive.

LOVEL. Well, I believe I am.

Your death was but a faint—in short, a sham.



LADY N. 'Twas but a sleeping draught that I had got.

LOVEL. And in a pretty *pickle* you'd have been, if not.

Now you're *preserved*, and, being so, be *candid*,

And tell me all the mischief this dead man did.

LADY N. What, killed! Let's say no more, then, as he's dead  
But to my father go.

LOVEL. He'll be in bed.

Ah!—Look!—he's coming this way—well, 'tis queer;

Why, what the dickens, baron, brings you here?

*Enter BARON, R. H., in nightcap and dressing gown.*

BARON. (*yawning.*) I'm very sleepy, and might ask the same.

The call-boy told me, so, of course, I came.

LADY N. Don't you see me, papa?

BARON. (R. H.) Why, so I do:

My darling daughter—(*yawning.*)—Pray, dear, how are  
you?

Come, let's within—to stay up longer's folly.

RUMTI. (*rising.*) And leave me here—thank you, that's very  
jolly.

LOVEL. What, you're alive!

RUMTI. (L. H.) I'm glad to say you're right:

You see, I've got to act another night, (*to AUDIENCE.*)

That is, at least, if our friends here but say

I, with their favour, once again may play.

If I but gain your good-will, for the rest

Your humble servant here will do his best.

LOVEL. (R. C.) So say we all; if you're pleased (*to AUDIENCE.*)  
then pleased well

Are Lord Lovel—

LADY N. And Lady Nancy Bell.

SONG.—RUMTIFOOZLE AND CHORUS.—“Paddy's Wedding.”

If on our boards all has gone right,

Approving effervescence shew!

And again, should our play have pleased to-night,

Pray honour us with your presence, Oh!

We all are actors, says the great-

est poet that ever the world can know;

So, brother actors, I may state,

We've tried our best to please you, Oh!

## MORAL.

Um, Oh! Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Waggerum doodle digey, Oh!

And concluding chorus of the same.

## CURTAIN.

RUMTIFOOZLE.

L. H.

LADY NANCY.

L. C.

C.

LORD LOVEL.

R. C.

BARON.

R. H.

---

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.
Right.	Right Centre.	Centre.	Left Centre.	Left.

FACING THE AUDIENCE.

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# DON'T LEND YOUR UMBRELLA

A Comic Drama

IN

TWO ACTS

BY

LEICESTER BUCKINGHAM, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

*Aggravating Sam—Do Shake Hands—Belphegor Travestie—  
Take that Girl Away, &c. &c.*

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LONDON:  
SAMUEL FRENCH,  
PUBLISHER,  
89, STRAND.

NEW YORK:  
SAMUEL FRENCH & SON,  
PUBLISHERS,  
122, NASSAU STREET.

# DON'T LEND YOUR UMBRELLA.



*First performed at the Strand Theatre,*

*On Monday, January 26, 1857.*

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## CHARACTERS.

Adolphus Birdseye	-	Mr. KINLOCH.
Crotchet	-	Mr. HERBERT.
Comfit	-	Mr. J. B. JOHNSTONE.
Quill	-	Mr. J. CLARKE.
Brown	-	Mr. JAMES.
Jones	-	Mr. EDGE.
Robinson	-	Mr. RICHARDS.
Mrs. Crochet,	-	Miss KATE PERCY.
Julia	-	— E. WILTON.
Lucy	-	— CRAVEN.
Jane	-	— YARNOLD.

Time of representation one hour and a half.

Period.—PRESENT.

Costumes.—Of the day.

# DON'T LEND YOUR UMBRELLA.



## A C T I.

SCENE.—*A Drawing Room. Doors C. R., and L. Fireplace, L. U. E. Window R. U. E. Table L.*

LUCY discovered arranging her hair before the chimney glass.

LUCY. Well, thank goodness, I've got an evening to myself at last, and long enough I've waited for it too. However, the coast is quite clear now—missus is gone to see her aunt, and won't be back till late, and master's gone to Birmingham, so there's no chance of my being found out. If it was only a fine evening, now—but no, just my luck—it's raining cats and dogs! No matter! I've made up my mind to go and have a walk with Tom, and go I will, if I have to walk through a waterspout.

*Enter MRS. CROTCHET, C., with umbrella.*

MRS. C. What a frightful storm!

LUCY. (*turning round.*) Lor', ma'am, is that you? What a turn you gave me, to be sure.

MRS. C. Yes, and wet through from head to foot. My aunt was not at home, and on my way back I was caught in the rain, without an umbrella, too.

LUCY. But you've got one, ma'am

MRS. C. Yes! one that I borrowed from a friend whom I met by a lucky chance. If it hadn't been for that, goodness knows how I should have got home at all.

LUCY. (*aside.*) Was there ever such a horrid bore—when I thought I was sure of a merry evening.

MRS. C. But it seems to me that you've changed your dress since I left—surely you were not going out.

LUCY. Lor', ma'am, what an idea—leave the house to take

# 4 DON'T LEND YOUR UMBRELLA. Act 1

care of itself! You know I wouldn't think of such a thing not for all the world.

MRS. C. So you say, but mind, be careful what you're about, you know how particular Mr. Crotchet is upon that point.

LUCY. Oh yes, ma'am, I'm perfectly aware of master's nonsensical whims.

MRS. C. They are nothing of the kind, Lucy, they're simply reasonable precautions, and I beg that you will never think of neglecting them.

LUCY. Of course not, ma'am. (*aside.*) Here's a predicament—and to think that Tom's waiting for me all this while round the corner. He'll be washed away.

MRS. C. (*crosses L.*) But I'm thoroughly drenched, so I may as well change my dress at once. Mind you're not out of the way, Lucy; I'll ring for you, when I want you.

LUCY. (*aside.*) Not a chance of getting out, even for half a minute.

MRS. C. Has anyone called since I went out?

LUCY. Nobody but Mr. Quill, ma'am. He came about half hour ago.

MRS. C. Indeed!

LUCY. Yes, ma'am, and when I told him that master was gone to Birmingham, he said so much the better, and that he would call again by-and-bye.

MRS. C. Ah!

LUCY. Yes, ma'am, and he said—

MRS. C. There, that will do. By-the-bye, you may as well take this umbrella to—

LUCY. (*aside.*) Here's a chance—I shall get out at last (*aloud.*) Yes, ma'am to—

MRS. C. No, after all it doesn't matter.

LUCY. (*aside.*) There! I thought she'd say so! It's just my luck.

MRS. C. (*giving umbrella.*) Put it in the hall and spread it out to dry—I can send it back to-morrow.

LUCY. Very well, ma'am.

*Exit C. and L.*

MRS. C. I must take it back myself; if she knew where I got it from, Heaven only knows what she might fancy.

*Enter LUCY, C. from L.*

LUCY. You're quite sure you don't want me to get anything for you, ma'am; I'll run for it in a minute—I don't mind the rain a bit, I assure you, ma'am.

MRS. C. Thank you, I don't want anything, but mind you don't keep me waiting when I ring for you, that's all, *Exit L.*



LUCY. There's some mystery about that umbrella, I'm certain. I wonder what it can be? I'd give my eyes to find out, that I would, for if I could only get hold of anything queer about missus, we should see whether she'd refuse to let me go out, and make poor Tom catch his death of cold into the bargain.

*(goes and stirs fire.)*

*Enter CROTCHET, C., from L.*

CROT. *(aside.)* It's lucky I came back; I'm sure I heard a strange noise. *(aloud.)* Who were you talking to, Lucy?

LUCY. Lor', sir, is that you? I thought you were half way to Birmingham by this time.

CROT. I got to the station an hour and a half too soon; they've changed the times; last week I thought they'd changed them and they hadn't, so I was three quarters of an hour too late—both the railways!

LUCY. Then you're not going, sir.

CROT. Of course I am, but I couldn't wait an hour and a half at a railway station—and besides, I have come back for my cap. I hate travelling by night with a hat on. Give me my cap. *(gives hat to LUCY.)*

LUCY. *(putting hat on chair, R. 2 E.)* I'll fetch it directly, sir!

CROT. *(aside.)* I thought I might as well have another look about the premises, too; one can't be too particular. *(aloud.)* But you haven't answered my question—who were you talking to when I came in?

LUCY. Talking to? only to missus, sir.

CROT. Don't attempt to deceive me, Lucy, you know very well that my wife is at her aunt's.

LUCY. I'm sure she isn't, sir, for she was caught in the rain and came back as wet as she could be. She's just gone to her room to dress herself.

CROT. Indeed! I'm not surprised at it, for it's a frightful night, enough to make an honest citizen tremble in his night-cap. It's a horrible calamity, this rain.

LUCY. Lor', sir, I've always heard say that it was so good for the vegetables.

CROT. So it is, Lucy, in the day time, but at night it's good for burglars—think of that, Lucy, and highwaymen—think of that—and thieves, and incendiaries, and all manner of abominations. Are you afraid of burglars, Lucy?

LUCY. Not a bit, sir; I never was afraid of anything in my life.

CROT. To be sure; it's only natural—you've got nothing but your character, and if you were robbed of that you wouldn't

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lose anything worth mentioning. Besides, you don't read the police reports. It's positively appalling to see what interminable catalogues of atrocities one finds in the papers every day, and although they catch scores of the scoundrels, it doesn't seem to produce the least effect. Upon my soul, I believe that if they were to imprison all the honest folks they'd find it the shortest plan.

LUCY. They'll do that some day, I dare say, sir.

CROT. Do you think so? (*aside.*) That girl's even a greater fool than I took her for. (*aloud.*) Lucy!

LUCY. Yes, sir!

CROT. Duty calls me far from the domestic hearth, so be vigilant—sleep with one eye open.

LUCY. Good gracious, sir, I'm sure I couldn't do it if I tried.

CROT. Don't be absurd, it's only a figurative expression, but keep a sharp look out, for if you don't take care you'll wake up some morning and find yourself murdered in your bed.

(*knocking without, L.*

LUCY. There's somebody at the door, sir.

CROT. It's very strange, at such a time of night.

LUCY. (*aside.*) If it should be Mr. Quill come back, won't there be a precious row.

CROT. Go and see who it is; but mind you put up the chain before you open the door.

LUCY. Yes, sir!

*Exit LUCY, C., and L.*

CROT. One can't be too cautious, there are such crowds of malefactors about—I must move, there's not a doubt of it, for this house would frighten me into my grave in a twelvemonth. I'll throw myself into the arms of the police, and take a house in Scotland Yard.

*Enter LUCY, C., from L.*

LUCY. It's Mr. Comfit and his daughter, sir.

*Enter COMFIT and JULIA, C., from L.*

CROT. My dear old friend, I'm enchanted to see you, you're the last person in the world I should have expected—I thought you were miles away. Julia, my love, how d'ye do? (*to LUCY.*) Go and tell your mistress directly. *Exit LUCY, L.*

COMFIT. We only arrived this afternoon.

CROT. And you've come to pay me a visit at ten o'clock at night? How kind of you.

COMFIT. I couldn't think of going to bed without seeing you; besides, I always sleep sounder after a chat with you.

CROT. You overpower me, upon my word you do. Well, so

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you've been to the French exhibition—but you seem to have made a very short stay, after all.

COMFIT. I should have remained another month, for Julia, who is learning French, said that she was never so happy in her life, but an urgent motive called me home.

CROT. Indeed! what was it?

COMFIT. Must I reveal it to you?

CROT. You're not obliged to, but you must.

COMFIT. Well, then, the motive was Birdseye.

CROT. You don't say so. I didn't know you were a smoker.

JULIA. Oh, papa don't mean that, Mr. Crotchet; it's the name of the gentleman he wants me to marry.

CROT. And pray, who is Mr. Birdseye?

COMFIT. He's an exceedingly charming young man, I assure you.

JULIA. Why you know you've never seen him, papa.

COMFIT. That's quite immaterial; I've heard all about him, and I've a presentiment that he's perfectly fascinating. Besides, he's very rich; his father is an eminent importer of tobacco at Bristol, and owns whole acres of market gardens in the neighbourhood of London.

CROT. What an odd combination! Importer of tobacco, and market gardener.

COMFIT. Not at all, my dear friend; he doesn't find the two occupations interfere with each other in the least; on the contrary, they help each other amazingly. In short he's a splendid match.

*Enter MRS. CROTCHET, L.*

MRS. C. My dear Mr. Comfit, this is indeed a pleasant surprise, and Julia, too. How kind of you to come and see us so soon; but I think you were talking of a splendid match—may I ask for whom that precious rarity is destined?

COMFIT. For my daughter.

MRS. C. Indeed! So you're really going to be married, my dear Julia? Of course you love your intended to distraction?

JULIA. I've never seen him, but I detest him with my whole heart and soul.

MRS. C. You don't say so! and for what reason?

JULIA. In the first place, I'm convinced that he's ugly.

CROT. Ah, it's very true, that beauty in the estimation of the fair sex—but then, on the other hand, ugliness has its advantages; I don't mean that as a compliment to you, Comfit, but if one were carefully to calculate the benefits and inconveniences of these two qualities it's almost certain that—of course everyone will form his own opinion, but I'd lay half a crown—

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MRS. C. Take care my dear, you're getting yourself into a muddle.

CROT. So I am, but it's a great pity, for I was going to say something very profound.

JULIA. Well, you may say what you please, but I'm sure he's not the husband I've dreamt of.

COMFIT. My child, no young lady should dream of her husband until she's married to him.

MRS. C. Of course not ; but it's always just the contrary, as soon as she's married to him she never dreams of him at all.

CROT. There's no rule without exceptions, love, and I flatter myself that I'm one.

COMFIT. Well, it's getting very late, so we must be going, but I hope you'll both dine with us to-morrow. I expect Birdseye, so you must help me to do the honours.

CROT. With pleasure ; I'm off to Birmingham to-night, but I shall be back to-morrow before dinner time.

COMFIT. No ceremony of course ; there will be no one but ourselves and Birdseye.

JULIA. And Mr. Quill, papa ! you've forgotten him.

CROT. Quill ? What, your bookkeeper ?

COMFIT. Very well, I don't mind, I'll invite him, it will be an excellent revenge.

MRS. C. A revenge !

COMFIT. Yes, and one that he richly merits, too. Would you believe it, Mrs. Crotchet, this fellow, a mere subordinate, presumes to aspire to the hand of my daughter—my daughter who is learning French, too.

JULIA. Well, papa, I'm sure it's an honourable ambition.

COMFIT. There, that'll do, don't plague me about him any more.

CROT. (*taking out his watch.*) Bless me, it's five minutes past eleven and the train starts at a quarter past, I shall only just be in time.

JULIA. And it's raining as fast as ever.

CROT. Fortunately the station is not far off.

COMFIT. And our cab is waiting for us at the door, so we won't keep you any longer. Good night ; remember, to-morrow at five precisely.

JULIA. (*to MRS. CROTCHET.*) Do come early, that's a dear, for I've such lots to tell you ; you can't think how miserable I am.

COMFIT. Come, Julia. Remember, at five precisely—good night.

*Exeunt COMFIT and JULIA, C., and L.*

CROT. Now I'll be off to the station. I shan't be too early, this time, at any rate. Good bye, love ; mind that you see that

all the doors are locked, and bolted, and barred, and that the chain is up, and that the bells are put on all the shutters before you go to bed ; one can't be too particular, you know ; such horrible things are happening every day—good bye. *Exit c.*

MRS. C. Poor dear Julia, how on earth could she have suffered herself to be infatuated by that stupid Mr. Quill—a silly coxcomb who makes violent love to me, too. I must find some means of dispelling her illusions. I remember hearing of some love token, a pocket handkerchief or something of the sort, which she gave him before she went to Paris. If I could only manage to obtain it from him—

*Enter LUCY, L.*

LUCY. Your fire is burning up nicely now, ma'am.

MRS. C. Another visitor ; who can it be at this hour ? No matter, I'm not at home to any one. *(knocking without, L. U. E.)*

LUCY. Suppose it should be Mr. Quill, ma'am ; he said he'd come back.

MRS. C. If it's Mr. Quill you may ask him to walk in.

LUCY. Very well, ma'am. *(aside.)* I've a chance yet, for if he comes he's safe to stop an hour, and I shall be able to slip out without anybody knowing it, after all. *Exit c. and L.*

MRS. C. What a lucky chance, perhaps I may be able to secure this famous love token ; at any rate it's worth a trial.

*Exit L.*



*Enter LUCY and BIRDSEYE, C. from L.*

LUCY. This way, sir, walk in.

BIRDS. *(at door.)* You're quite sure that it's here ?

LUCY. Sure that what's here ?

BIRDS. That the lady resides—

LUCY. What lady ?

BIRDS. *(coming down.)* The lady with a white bonnet, rather pretty ; I don't mean the bonnet, but the lady.

LUCY. You mean Mrs. Crotchet.

BIRDS. It's quite possible that I do, but I havn't the slightest idea.

LUCY. Well, then !

BIRDS. Tell her that it's the gentleman come for the umbrella.

LUCY. Oh it's yours, is it, sir ?

BIRDS. Of course it's mine ; blue silk and nearly new ; I've come to fetch it—with an ivory handle. If you've got it give it to me directly.

LUCY. I'll go and tell missus, sir.

*Exit L.*

BIRDS. Well, this is pleasant! to be obliged to plunge into the recesses of Somers Town at this time of night in chace of an umbrella, when she promised to send it back directly. I've a strong suspicion that she never meant to send it back at all, for it's a very nice one—not one of your slim fashionable absurdities, like an elongated stick of black sealing wax with a tassel to it; but an umbrella that's meant to be opened, blue silk with an ivory handle, too. I shouldn't care so much if it were mine, not that I'd let her keep it even then—but it isn't mine, that's the worst of it. I had been dining at Verey's this evening, and seeing that it was beginning to rain, I said to the waiter, "Lend me an umbrella—you can send for it in ten minutes to my lodgings in Princes Street, Hanover Square, close by, and I'll give the man a shilling for his trouble." Ten minutes! and that's more than three hours ago. But women are so horribly unscrupulous; they're charming creatures, overflowing with refinement and delicacy, and good feeling, but unscrupulous to the last degree; and I'm not in the humour to be gallant, just now, for I'm going to be married. Only think of that; you wouldn't suspect it to look at me; but I'm positively going to be married; in fact I've come up to town from Bristol expressly to undergo the operation. To tell the honest truth this marriage causes me a good deal of uneasiness. Not that I'm frightened at matrimony; oh, dear no! but on account of my hair—I don't know whether you may have remarked it, but it's rather a peculiar tint, not positively brown, nor chestnut, nor flaxen, but what they call a bright auburn, and I hear that my fair intended has a decided aversion to the colour. I shall be obliged to have it dyed before I'm introduced to her, for the sake of the first impression. Of course she'll find it out after we're married, but that doesn't matter, there are such lots of things one finds out then that one never guessed before. It's a pity, for I'm very fond of the tint myself—it gives a warm tone to one's general appearance.

*Enter LUCY, L.*

LUCY. Missus' compliments, sir, and she begs you'll have the goodness to wait a few minutes, she'll see you the moment she's dressed.

BIRDS. But I don't want to see her—I want my umbrella.

LUCY. Oh! you must talk to missus about that, sir, she'll be here directly.

*Exit R.*

BIRDS. She'll be here directly! she said she would send my umbrella back directly, and that's more than two hours ago. I wonder whether she means to keep me waiting as long. I don't half like the look of it. Who knows? perhaps she gets



her living by borrowing umbrellas, and selling them at half price on rainy nights in Leicester Square. After all, it's my fault—what business had I to lend a thing that doesn't belong to me? I was walking tranquilly up Regent Street, on my way home, when I espied, standing for shelter under the portico of the church just above Verey's, a pretty little woman, very well dressed, but wet to the skin; when I say wet to the skin, I presume so, for I didn't examine. Well, without reflecting, I accosted the fair dame and ventured to suggest that I had a snug arm chair and a comfortable fire at home, very much at her service—she declined the offer very drily, considering how wet she was, but I managed to engage her in conversation, when suddenly she exclaimed in the most desponding manner—“The rain has set in for the night, and there's not a cab to be seen. I shall never get home unless somebody lends me an umbrella.” I offered her mine, she accepted—I gave her the umbrella and my address, and she tripped away, telling me that she lived only a few steps off, and that she would send it back directly. The moment she was gone I began to feel uneasy, so I rushed after her at full speed, followed her up Regent Street, down Oxford Street, up Tottenham Court Road, down the New Road, up Seymour Street, until at last she stopped at a house in the middle of Somer's Town; she calls that a few steps—it's at the very least an eighteenpenny fare! I inquired at the baker's, ascertained that she resided at the house in question, and then returned home, easy in my mind, but wet to my skin. I did examine this time, and was thoroughly convinced. Well, I waited nearly two hours and nobody came—yes, I forgot, the waiter from Verey's came three times to demand the umbrella and his shilling. At last my patience was at an end, so I rushed out, traversed the same cheerful route, and here I am, resolved to obtain **my umbrella** by all the means which gallantry forbids. I wonder whether she means to keep me here all night—I've half a mind to call for the police, only as I want them they would be sure not to come.

*Enter MRS. CROCHET, L.*

MRS. C. I beg a thousand pardons for having kept you waiting so long. May I inquire to what I am indebted for the honour?

BIRDS. What, is it possible that your servant didn't tell you? and you don't recollect me? Regent Street, under the portico—blue silk, with an ivory handle?

MRS. C. Ah, to be sure, you are the gentleman to whose kindness I was so much indebted this evening; I really did not recognise you.

BIRDS. (*aside.*) I hope she'll recognize my claim to the umbrella.

MRS. C. But my dear sir, you seem to be perfectly drenched.

BIRDS. Completely—I'm as wet as a submarine telegraph.

MRS. C. And it's all my fault, too; pray sit down and warm yourself; the fire has burnt rather low, but that is easily remedied. (*rings bell.*)

BIRDS. Don't put yourself out of the way on my account, I beg. I've been wet through so many hours that I'm quite used to it by this time. (*aside.*) That's a gentle hint; she ought to blush if she has any conscience, but she hasn't—they none of them have a particle. (*aloud.*) So if you'll have the kindness to give me my umbrella.

*Enter LUCY, R.*

MRS. C. Oh, certainly, sir; Lucy, give this gentleman the umbrella that is in the hall.

LUCY. There's no umbrella in the hall, ma'am.

MRS. C. Nonsense, I mean the one I gave you just now.

BIRDS. To be sure—blue silk with an ivory handle.

LUCY. Master has taken it with him to the railway, ma'am; he said he would send it back as soon as he got to the station.

MRS. C. Indeed! well, I dare say it will be here directly.

LUCY. If you would like me to go and fetch it, ma'am, I'll run in a minute, I don't care a bit for the rain.

MRS. C. Certainly not; I would not have you go out on any account.

LUCY. (*aside.*) There, I knew she wouldn't, though I offered to get drenched like a martyr, all for the sake of her rubbishy umbrella. I could cry my eyes out with vexation, that I could.

*Exit, R.*

BIRDS. So now my umbrella has gone on an excursion to a railway station. Very pleasant, upon my word; I've half a mind to be angry.

MRS. C. Really, sir, I cannot forgive myself for having separated you even for a few hours from your darling umbrella. If I had the slightest idea how devotedly you were attached to it, I wouldn't have accepted it for the world.

BIRDS. (*aside.*) Upon my soul I believe she's laughing at me.

MRS. C. However, the sentiment does you honour, it proves that you are orderly and economical, and those are virtues rare enough in these degenerate days.

BIRDS. (*aside.*) She's laughing at me, there's not a doubt of

it. I'm getting into a towering passion. I'll explode, and risk the consequences. (*aloud.*) Madam.

MRS. C. Well, sir.

BIRDS. (*threateningly.*) If you don't give me back my umbrella within ten minutes—

MRS. C. Well, what then?

BIRDS. (*in a gentle tone.*) You can send it to me to-morrow morning, and there'll be an end of the matter.

MRS. C. To be sure; it's the simplest thing in the world.

BIRDS. (*aside.*) It's no use; one can't get into a passion with a pretty little woman like that. She's really very captivating, and if I were not going to be married—

*Enter LUCY with tea, R. 2 E.*

MRS. C. And while we are waiting for the umbrella, you will allow me to offer you a cup of tea. (*pours out tea.*) You see I don't stand upon ceremony.

BIRDS. My dear madam, your kindness overpowers me. I accept with pleasure. (*puts his hat on mantel-piece, and takes cup from MRS. CROTCHET. Aside.*) There's nothing on earth I wouldn't do for the sake of stopping with her.

LUCY. If you please, ma'am, if you don't want anything else, perhaps you'll have the kindness to let me go out for half an hour?

MRS. C. What! go out at this time of night? Not on any account. If my husband knew that you even thought of such a thing, he wouldn't let you stop in the house another hour.

LUCY. Very well, ma'am, I'll stop at home. (*aside.*) Don't you wish you may get it, that's all. *Exit LUCY, C.*

BIRDS. You'll think me very inquisitive, I dare say, but I think you said, your husband. Is it possible that you're married?

MRS. C. Certainly. Does that surprise you?

BIRDS. Oh dear, no! not at all—it's a complaint that's very prevalent.

MRS. C. But what is really surprising is, that my husband is everything that I could desire.

BIRDS. You don't say so! That's a symptom of the utmost rarity.

MRS. C. In fact, he has but a single fault.

BIRDS. Ah! he has a fault. I thought as much.

MRS. C. Yes, but only one, and that is a propensity to discover something marvellous in the most commonplace occurrences, and to be frightfully suspicious of everything and everybody.

BIRDS. Indeed! Well, if that's his only fault, it's lucky that he hasn't any more.

MRS. C. You can't imagine how suspicious he is. At this moment, for instance, you and I are enjoying a little innocent conversation—

BIRDS. No doubt, excessively innocent. (*aside.*) That's it's only blemish.

MRS. C. Well, if he were to come home unexpectedly, it would not be of the slightest use for me to tell him the history of the umbrella; he would look upon it as a pure invention; and, as he is very hasty and violent—

BIRDS. Oh, he's hasty and violent, is he?

MRS. C. It's more than probable that, in the heat of the moment, he might— (*offering biscuits.*) Will you take a biscuit?

BIRDS. (*rising hastily.*) Thank you, but biscuits always disagree with me, and, as it's getting very late—

MRS. C. Don't be alarmed—my husband is out of town.

BIRDS. Oh! he's out of town, is he? In that case I'll take a biscuit, with pleasure. (*knocking without.*)

MRS. C. A visitor at this hour! Who can it be?

BIRDS. If he should have come back unexpectedly?

MRS. C. Oh, that's impossible. But, to avoid all risk of an unpleasant meeting, if you will have the kindness to step into that room— (*points to door, R.*)

BIRDS. (*going R.*) If ever I lend an umbrella to anybody as long as I live—

*Exit BIRDSEYE, R.*

*Enter LUCY, C. from L.*

LUCY. It's Mr. Quill, ma'am. (*aside.*) Now she's safe for an hour, so I'll run round the corner, and save Tom from a watery grave.

*Exit LUCY, C*

*Enter QUILL, C. from L.*

QUILL. (*placing his hat on chair, L. of C. door, as he enters.*) I trust that I'm not disturbing you, my dear madam.

MRS. C. (*sitting by table.*) Oh, dear no! not at all; but this is rather a late hour for a visit, Mr. Quill.

QUILL. Yes, I'm aware that it's rather late, in fact I may say very late, but then I've been here before this evening; I called more than an hour ago, with the chocolate you ordered at our shop to-day.

MRS. C. Indeed! But you need not have troubled yourself to return. Why didn't you leave it with Lucy?

QUILL. I might have done so, no doubt, but as Lucy happened to mention that Mr. Crotchet was out of town, I thought

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I might as well avail myself of such a propitious circumstance, to deliver it into your own fair hands.

*(gives her a parcel in a handkerchief, which he holds by the four corners.)*

MRS. C. *(rising.)* You're really too obliging; but now that you have delivered it, perhaps you will allow me to—

QUILL. *(retraining her.)* Cruel Arabella! you know very well that I didn't come here merely to bring you a parcel of chocolate. *(going to ring bell.)*

MRS. C. *(takes parcel out of handkerchief, and puts it on the table.)* What an awkward situation—with that young man in the next room. If he should overhear us, what in the world will he think of me.

QUILL. You know how tenderly, how devotedly I adore you.

*Enter BIRDSEYE, R., unperceived by them.*

BIRDS. I've forgotten my hat. *(sees QUILL.)* Eh? I wonder who this can be. *(hides behind an arm chair.)*

QUILL. I'm sure I've told you so over and over again, and you don't seem to believe me the least in the world.

MRS. C. *(examining the handkerchief.)* What a pretty handkerchief, and embroidered too. Upon my word, you gentlemen are getting terribly coquettish.

BIRDS. *(aside.)* If it should be the husband—what a nice predicament I shall be in.

MRS. C. *(aside—examining the handkerchief.)* It's Julia's—what a lucky chance. *(aloud—giving handkerchief to QUILL.)* It's really very pretty.

QUILL. So it is, and I got it cheap, too.

MRS. C. Of course; it was a present from a lady, that's very evident.

QUILL. Nothing of the sort, I pledge you my—

MRS. C. There, don't perjure yourself—that name worked in the corner is a stronger proof than all your protestation.

QUILL. *(examining handkerchief.)* You really think there's a name in the corner? Perhaps it's mine.

MRS. C. Yours, indeed. *(pointing to corner of handkerchief.)* Look there, "Julia;" is your name Julia?

QUILL. Well, no, I believe not.

MRS. C. You see, it's the old story, you men are all alike, you persecute me with your attentions, you tell me that you love me.

QUILL. Love you? I adore you.

BIRDS. *(aside.)* My mind's at ease. It's not the husband, that's clear.

MRS. C. I don't believe a word of it, for if I were to ask you for the smallest proof of your affection—

QUILL. Do you want me to embrace you? I'll do it on the spot.

MRS. C. No, it isn't that, but I know you'll think it a strange fancy.

QUILL. Never mind, I'm not at all particular.

BIRDS. (*aside.*) She's going to ask him for a lock of his hair. What frightful depravity. (*hides behind chair.*)

MRS. C. Well, then, give me that handkerchief.

QUILL. That handkerchief!

MRS. C. There, you see, you hesitate.

QUILL. Not the least in the world—I couldn't refuse you anything. (*gives it.*)

MRS. C. (*aside.*) Now, Mr. Quill, you shall pay the penalty for having two strings to your bow.

QUILL. (*aside.*) It's a precious bore; but no matter, I'll manage to get it back again somehow. (*aloud.*) Now, that I've granted your request, of course you won't refuse to bestow upon me the reward of my obedience?

MRS. C. You must be obliging enough to give me credit.

QUILL. Well, but at anyrate you'll let me have something on account!

MRS. C. Oh dear, no! I couldn't think of such a thing.

QUILL. One kiss?

MRS. C. Mr. Quill!

QUILL. Upon that lily hand.

MRS. C. Well, there's not much harm in that. (QUILL kisses her hand.)

BIRDS. (*aside.*) Eh! what's that? I thought I heard— (QUILL kisses Mrs. CROCHET's hand.) Oh! it's positively indecent. (*hides.*)

MRS. C. And now, as it's getting very late, perhaps you'll allow me to wish you good evening. (*crosses to R.*)

QUILL. Certainly, of course; I wouldn't think of intruding. Good evening. (*aside—taking Birdseye's hat from mantelpiece.*) I don't know how it is, but I don't seem to be getting on very fast. However, slow and sure they say. (*aloud.*) Good evening. *Exit C. and L.*

BIRDS. (*going to door, c.*) Here, stop, I say! He's got my hat.

MRS. C. What, you were there, sir? I really hadn't the slightest idea. However, you must have seen that I got rid of my visitor as soon as I possibly could—and as it is nearly midnight—



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BIRDS. Midnight, indeed! what does that matter? It's a charming hour.

MRS. C. As for your umbrella, you may rest assured that the first thing to-morrow morning—

BIRDS. Hang the umbrella. I don't care a farthing for all the umbrellas in the world.

MRS. C. Really I don't understand—

BIRDS. I don't care for anything, but the sparkle of your bright eyes, bewitching little syren. (*puts his arm round her waist.*)

MRS. C. Sir!

BIRDS. Suppose we have a bowl of punch to begin with, eh?

MRS. C. I trust you do not mean to insult me, sir!

BIRDS. Insult you? not for the world! but I was labouring under a delusion, now I'm undeceived, so let us make up for lost time and spend a jolly evening. You won't object to my lighting a cigar. (*puts his arm round her waist.*)

MRS. C. (*struggling with him.*) Enough of this, sir, I can forgive a pleasantry, but this passes all bounds, and if you persist in such conduct—

BIRDS. Well, what then? Of course you'll make a gentle resistance, just to save appearances—struggle violently for half a minute—sink on the sofa bathed in tears, and overpowered by the conviction of your own weakness, fling yourself at my feet and sob forth piteous supplications; and then, having gone through the established ceremonial, you'll dry your eyes and be as merry as a cricket for the rest of the evening. You see, I have the entire routine at my fingers ends; but you may as well save yourself the trouble, for I've been behind the scenes, you know; I was a witness to the interview just now, so you haven't the slightest chance of deceiving me.

MRS. C. (*stamping her foot.*) Once for all, sir, will you leave the house?

BIRDS. Leave the house? Of course not; but go on, you haven't an idea how pretty you look when you pretend to be in a passion.

MRS. C. If you don't go directly I shall send for the police.

BIRDS. You don't mean to say that you are in earnest? What an absurd idea, when we are so snug and comfortable, and your husband is scores of miles away. (*loud knocking without.*)

CROTCHET. (*without.*) Lucy, come and open the door, the chain is up.

MRS. C. Heavens! my husband's voice.

BIRDS. Your husband? Nonsense, he's at the other end of the world.

CROTCHET. (*without.*) Lucy! Lucy!

MRS. C. I tell you, it's his voice.

BIRDS. Well, suppose it is, never mind. Don't pay the slightest attention to him—that's the simplest plan, and it's followed in the best society.

MRS. C. For mercy's sake, go—this instant, I implore you.

BIRDS. It's very easy to say go; but how am I to get out, when your husband is at the street door? Suppose I were to stay here, and tell him that I'm the tax-gatherer—don't you think he'd be satisfied?

MRS. C. The tax-gatherer at midnight! you must be mad. (*opens door R. 2 E.*) This way—there is a back staircase—quick! (*gives him Crotchet's hat from chair, R. 2 E.*) I'll run and open the door to Mr. Crotchet, and Lucy will let you out by the area gate.

*Exit C, and L.*

BIRDS. Don't alarm yourself, I won't lose a minute. (*looks through door, R. 2 E.*) It's frightfully dark, I know I shall break my neck on that confounded back staircase. If I ever lend an umbrella to anybody again—

*Exit, R. 2 E.*

*Enter CROTCHET with umbrella, and MRS. CROTCHET, C. from L.*

CROT. What an enormous time you've kept me waiting at the door; I began to fancy that you must have been murdered in your beds.

MRS. C. (*laughing.*) Not quite so bad as that, my dear, but you see, we had not the slightest idea that you would come back to-night. So you didn't catch the train after all?

CROT. No! but I've caught a frightful cold, standing inside there, in the rain. I was just three seconds too late, think of that, only three seconds—bother the railways.

MRS. C. I am so sorry that you should have had to knock so often, but I was just going to bed, and of course I couldn't come down till I had dressed myself.

CROT. That's very true. But gracious me, the fire is burning quite brightly; how very imprudent not to throw up the ashes before you went to bed—you don't know what the consequences might be. A spark flies out—the hearthrug catches fire—that ignites the floor—the house is burnt to the ground, and a whole parish is involved in one tremendous conflagration. If I hadn't happened to come home, all London might have been in flames before morning.

MRS. C. It was an oversight, that's all.

CROT. An oversight, indeed! (*looking at table.*) So I see you've had a visitor; there are two cups and saucers.

MRS. C. It was only Mr. Quill.

CROT. Mr. Quill! ah!

MRS. C. May I enquire the meaning of that, "Ah?"

CROT. It's only an expression of surprise, nothing more. Everybody says, "Ah!" when they are surprised, unless they prefer saying "Oh!" It all depends upon which university they belong to. (*opens umbrella and places it on floor, c.*)

MRS. C. What! you're spreading out the umbrella to dry in the drawing room!

CROT. Oh! it's nearly dry already. By the bye, I didn't know that you possessed a blue silk umbrella with an ivory handle.

MRS. C. Very likely not, for it isn't mine.

CROT. Indeed! then whose is it?

MRS. C. I'm sure I don't know, most probably some one has left it behind them by mistake.

CROT. It can't be Comfit's, for he came in a cab—nor Quill's, for he has called since I left.

MRS. C. What does it matter to you, who's it is? I'm sure it isn't worth while troubling your head about it.

CROT. What if it should belong to some acquaintance of Lucy's? That girl is getting terribly coquettish of late, her caps are a great deal too pretty for a maid of all work in a quiet family. There's nothing more probable than that she possesses some admirer whose means enable him to indulge in the luxury of a blue silk umbrella with an ivory handle.

MRS. C. You are so dreadfully suspicious.

CROT. But I've another cause for my misgivings, for just now when I was on my way from the station I espied a damsel, the very image of our domestic, walking along the street, arm in arm with a young man; I'm certain it must have been Lucy. I'll go this very instant and satisfy myself. (*goes to door, R. U. E.*)

MRS. C. (*retaining him.*) What an absurd idea! She had not left the room five minutes when you arrived.

CROT. Oh! of course in that case I must be mistaken; but I could have taken my oath it was her physiognomy. It's very odd; however, of course I'm satisfied, so we'll, say no more about it. It's getting very late, and I'm sure you must be terribly tired, my dear.

MRS. C. Oh! I've been three parts asleep for the last half hour, and you?

CROT. I'm as sleepy as prudence will permit, for one should always sleep with one eye open in these dreadful times. (*yawning.*) I shan't be sorry to get to bed, though, upon my word; but I must not forget my cold bath; it will prevent my catching cold. Everything is bolted and barred down stairs, so we have only to lock these doors (*locks doors c.*) and now we are secure;

as secure as anybody can be in these horrible days. There, go to bed, my dear, I shan't be long.

*Exit CROTCHET with candle, R.*

MRS. C. I only hope that Lucy has let that young man out—it was the only means of safety; but what in the world will she think of me? Well! I've made up my mind to one thing, if I'm caught in the rain a thousand times, I'll never borrow an umbrella again as long as I live.

*Exit MRS. CROTCHET, L., with candle—stage dark.*

*Enter BIRDSEYE, R. 2 E.*

BIRDS. What a confounded labyrinth of a house—nothing but narrow staircases and crooked passages, all swarming with black beetles, and as dark as pitch! I can't catch a glimpse of the servant who was to let me out by the area gate. Upon my soul, I don't believe they keep a servant—they have a charwoman by the day once or twice a week, I'm convinced of it. And this horrible hat keeps slipping down over my nose every minute; I might as well be blindfolded, like Ali Baba in the Forty Thieves. (*stumbles against umbrella.*) Eh? what the deuce is that? (*takes it up.*) An umbrella! (*feels the handle.*) And with an ivory handle, too; it's mine, or rather, it's my umbrella that isn't mine—but it's all the same—I've got it at last. (*shuts umbrella and puts it under his arm.*) I should like to see anybody ask me to lend it to them now, I'd rather make them a present of my head. Now, if I can only find the way the street door.

(*feels along the wall till he reaches the door R., which opens outwards on the stage, so that he is hidden behind the door as it opens.*)

*Enter CROTCHET, R., in a dressing-gown and nightcap, with lighted candle in his hand.*

CROT. Upon second thoughts, I didn't much like the idea of the cold bath; I've had one already to-day, in the rain, and I don't care about repeating the dose, so I'll just make a quiet round of inspection, before I turn in. I can't help thinking that there's something wrong about Lucy; that girl I saw in the street was so marvellously like her; at any rate, I'll make sure that she's at home, and set my mind at ease.

*Exit CROTCHET, R. 2 E. Stage dark.*

BIRDS. (*coming from behind door, R.*) Confound the fellow, he's cut off my retreat. So that's the husband, is it? He's a nice compound of rheumatism and wrinkles to be the spouse of such a charming young creature; but women have no taste—not a particle. He looks muscular, though, that is to say,

muscular for a Londoner, and I rather fancy if we were to come to extremities—I don't half like the idea, for I've a horror of pugilistic encounters, and to think that there isn't a corner to hide myself in. What a fool I was not to go to bed this evening at seven o'clock.

*(feels along the wall; as he speaks he reaches the door L., which opens inwards—he pushes it and stumbles through it. Exit L.*

*Enter CROTCHET, R. U. E., with candle.*

CROT. It's just as I suspected; Lucy is not in her room—my eyes did not deceive me when I fancied I saw her walking along the street, arm-in-arm with a man, some housebreaker, no doubt; perhaps the captain of a band of burglars. My wife is sound asleep by this time, I dare say; but no matter, I must wake her; if we don't keep watch to-night we shall have our throats cut before morning. *(goes to door L. and drops his candle-stick in horror. Stage dark.)* There's a man in the room. Help! murder! thieves!

*Enter BIRDSEYE, hastily, L.*

BIRDS. Hush! don't make such an infernal row.

CROT. *(trying to find him in the dark.)* Ah, brigand, you can't escape me now; I've seen you. I can swear to you, you've got red hair. Keep off, scoundrel—I'm armed, armed to the teeth with blunderbuses and revolvers.

BIRDS. *(opening umbrella and sheltering himself behind it.)* Don't fire; I'll go away quietly—I don't want to stay.

CROT. *(seizing the point of the umbrella.)* I'm not afraid of you, assassin—where are you? Let me get at you.

BIRDS. *(pursued by CROTCHET.)* Open the door, I tell you, and let me go.

CROT. Not till I've slaughtered you, miscreant.

BIRDS. *(finding himself near the window.)* Ah! thank goodness! here's a window at last. Good bye, old fellow! *(jumps through window.)*

CROT. He's gone! the scoundrel has escaped. *(runs to window and shouts.)* Help! murder! fire! police! stop thief! Oh! I'm very poorly, oh! *(falls into an arm chair.)*

END OF ACT FIRST.

## ACT II.

SCENE.—*A Drawing Room. Doors C., R., and L.—Piano L., Table R.*

*JULIA discovered seated by piano.*

JULIA. What in the world can have become of Mr. Quill? Papa has been asking for him ever so many times this morning, and I can't find him anywhere, and Jane has been to his lodgings and brought back word that he hasn't been home since yesterday afternoon. Fortunately papa didn't hear that, though, or goodness knows what he would have thought; he has such a terrible prejudice against that poor young man; it's all because he is not rich, I'm certain, and it's a shame to blame him for that, for he has told me over and over again that he would be very rich, indeed, if he knew how. Dear, darling little fellow! I love him better than if he had all the gold in the Bank of England, that I do.

*Enter QUILL, C., pale, with a black eye, and his dress rather disordered.*

QUILL. Well, I'm safely out of that scrape, at last, thank goodness!

JULIA. So, sir, you have made your appearance at last. But good gracious! what a state you are in. What in the world have you been about? (*rises.*)

QUILL. Ah! Miss Julia, if you could only form an idea of the horrible scenes that I have passed through since yesterday evening; there was never anything heard of like it, not even in a tale in *Reynolds's Miscellany*. But never mind that, we've something much more important to talk about. Mr. Birdseye is expected every minute.

JULIA. I know it, and I'm not at all delighted at the prospect, I can assure you.

QUILL. Julia, I should be the last person in the world to advise you to disobey your father, but if I were in your place nothing on earth should induce me to obey him.

JULIA. Ah! it's all very easy to say that; but how can I help myself? If papa has made up his mind to my marrying Mr. Birdseye, I know very well that I shall have to marry him whether I like it or not.

QUILL. Appeal to his compassion; tell him that this marriage



will bring your grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. No, you can't very well say that, but tell him that it will consign you to an early tomb, that's better—then, perhaps, he may relent and change his mind.

JULIA. Ah, I see! you don't half know papa. When he once takes a thing into his head, nothing in the world will drive it out.

QUILL. I shouldn't wonder, now, if he were horribly ugly.

JULIA. I know he is, for one of my old schoolfellows lives at Bristol, and has seen him very often, and she has written to me all about him. Only fancy, he's got red hair.

QUILL. Oh, that's a very trifling defect.

JULIA. Trifling, indeed! on the contrary, it's of immense importance—I can't endure red hair.

QUILL. But suppose that mine were red.

JULIA. What's the use of supposing such a thing when it's nothing of the sort.

QUILL. (*aside.*) If she only knew. (*aloud.*) Well, never mind, we shall be sure to find some means of getting rid of this troublesome intruder. I'd call him out at once if I could only be sure of hitting him at the first shot.

JULIA. In mercy's sake don't do anything imprudent. Besides, you know he might hit you—you might be wounded, killed, perhaps.

QUILL. That's very true; I'll try some other plan.

JULIA. By the bye, talking of wounds, is that cut on your hand quite healed yet?

QUILL. Oh, yes, thank you, perfectly healed.

JULIA. Then, in that case, perhaps you'll have the kindness to give me back the handkerchief I lent you to bind it up.

QUILL. (*confused.*) The handkerchief?

JULIA. To be sure; I hope you have not lost it?

QUILL. Lost it! can you think it possible? But don't ask me for it. Ask me for my head, my life, my anything else you please—you shall have it with pleasure; but don't ask me to give you back that handkerchief.

COMFIT. (*without.*) Oh, he's in the drawing room, is he? very good.

JULIA. That's papa's voice. (*goes to piano and sits.*)

QUILL. The governor! I'm likely to have rather a pleasant time of it.

*Enter COMFIT, L.*

COMFIT. So you've really come to business at last, have you, sir—very pretty conduct upon my word. Quill, I'm disgusted at you—you're a disgrace to a respectable establishment.

QUILL. If you'll allow me to explain, sir!

JULIA. Don't be too hard upon him, there's a dear good papa!

COMFIT. Don't interfere with business, child. When you have heard the history of his disgraceful conduct last night—

JULIA. But what as he done, papa?

COMFIT. That's just what I want to know.

QUILL. Oh! there's no secret about it. I was locked up all night in the station house.

COMFIT. There, I told you so. Didn't I say that he was a disgrace to a respectable establishment?

QUILL. But I was locked up by mistake, instead of somebody else.

COMFIT. What a preposterous invention.

QUILL. I wish you'd let me explain myself! I shall never be able to tell you the whole story if you go on interrupting me in that way.

COMFIT. Well, go on! I don't believe a word of it; but go on!

QUILL. Last night, just at the moment when the suburban chimes were pealing forth the mystic hours of twelve, I was standing under a shed in Somers Town—

COMFIT. What were you standing under a shed for?

QUILL. Because it was raining.

COMFIT. But you've got an umbrella.

QUILL. I had one, but I've lost it; or rather, I think I've left it somewhere; I'll go and see after it by and bye.

COMFIT. Well, never mind the umbrella! go on.

QUILL. Suddenly a piercing shriek broke upon the stillness of the midnight air, and stentorian shouts of "stop thief!" made the silent echoes reverberate with hideous din. Swift as the lightning flash a human form flitted by me in the darkness. What could it be? I asked myself as calmly as my excited feelings would permit, where could it be? Perhaps some vile incendiary whose felon hand had enveloped slumbering innocents in a blazing shroud. Perhaps a bank director absconding with the till; perhaps—

COMFIT. Fiddlededee! I dare say it was only a linendraper's shopman out later than he expected.

QUILL. I rushed after him with the speed of thought—I pounced upon him ferociously as a famished tiger, under an adjacent lamp-post. He asked me what I meant by it, with his right, I explained my motive, with my left, and here's his reply. (*points to his eye.*)

JULIA. Good gracious! what a frightful bruise.

COMFIT. Well, what then?

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QUILL. Why then, as I found that things were getting rather too warm for me, I called police, and immediately the police arrived.

COMFIT. You don't say so! That's a very remarkable occurrence.

QUILL. Yes! and then, what do you think the rascal did?

COMFIT. I haven't the slightest idea—perhaps picked your pocket and ran away.

QUILL. Nothing of the sort; he had the assurance to assert that I was the thief, and that it was he that had captured me, and the policeman, with the sagacity common to his profession, believed the scoundrel, and locked me up, in spite of all my protestations.

COMFIT. I believe that it's a pure invention from beginning to end.

QUILL. It's true, every word of it. You may go to the station house and ask the inspector, if you don't believe me. The moment he saw me this morning, he recognised me—he's a customer of ours—bought some chocolate at our shop only last week.

COMFIT. Indeed! did he find it to his liking?

QUILL. I should fancy he did, for he set me at liberty on the spot. (*looks mechanically at his hat, which he holds in his hand.*) Eh? what's this? a spring hat! I suppose I must have changed it at the station by mistake. Well, it doesn't matter, for it seems a very good one. (*puts hat on chair, R.*)

*Enter JANE, C.*

JANE. If you please, sir, there's a gentleman down stairs, who wants to see you.

COMFIT. Indeed! who is it?

JANE. He said I was to tell you it was Mr. Birdseye, sir.

JULIA. (*aside.*) Arrived already! how annoying.

COMFIT. Birdseye! I'm delighted! Shew him up directly.

*Exit JANE, C.*

QUILL. (*aside.*) Plague take the fellow; but I'll find some means of getting rid of him.

COMFIT. We will resume this conversation some other time, Mr. Quill; for the present, have the goodness to attend to business, and take my advice, don't stand under sheds any more at half past twelve o'clock in Somer's Town.

QUILL. Very good, sir. (*aside.*) If I don't settle that fellow Birdseye's business in double quick time, my name's not Quill, that's all.

(*kisses his hand to JULIA, unperceived by COMFIT.* *Exit*  
QUILL, L.

COMFIT. Now, my child, go and dress for dinner, and remember that this is a solemn occasion ; make yourself as pretty as you can.

JULIA. Yes, papa. (*aside.*) I'll go and put on my ugliest frock, and brush every particle of curl out of my hair, that I will. *Exit R.*

COMFIT. There, now, I'll stake my existence that the silly girl thinks herself barbarously persecuted, and cruelly illused. Talk of the pleasure of being a father, why, it's easier to drive four in hand down Fleet Street at full gallop without an accident, than to manage one daughter any day, that it is.

*Enter BIRDSEYE, C., with black wig and a hat much too large for him.*

BIRDS. Mr. Comfit, I presume.

COMFIT. Enchanted to see you, my dear young friend. Permit me to welcome you with pride and pleasure to my humble roof.

BIRDS. You're very obliging—how d'ye do ?

COMFIT. (*aside.*) He's a very good looking young fellow, upon my word, and Julia was certain that he was ugly—She'll be agreeably disappointed.

BIRDS. (*aside, putting his hat on the piano.*) This horrible machine has been slipping down over my eyes all the way. I meant to have got a new one on the road, but I found I had only half-a-crown in my pocket. It's just like me—I'm always getting into some such agreeable predicaments.

COMFIT. You can't imagine how glad I am to see you. I was beginning to be afraid you wouldn't come to-day.

BIRDS. I know I'm rather late, but it wasn't my fault ; I had some important business to transact. (*aside.*) At the hair-dressers. (*aloud.*) You can see that I haven't lost a moment, for I've walked so fast that I'm in a perfect bath.

COMFIT. So you are—your hair is quite damp.

BIRDS. (*aside, walking up and down.*) The deuce it is ; I hope the colour won't run. (*limps across.*)

COMFIT. You havn't hurt yourself, I hope ; you're limping horribly.

BIRDS. You think so ? Well, the fact of the matter is, you see, I've got new boots on ; but upon my word I'm frightfully remiss, I have not inquired after your charming daughter. I'm all impatience to see her, for I've heard such glowing accounts of her.

COMFIT. Nothing more than she deserves, my dear sir ; she is quite a little treasure, I assure you. She's learning French.

BIRDS. What now, at this very moment ?

COMFIT. No, just now she's tidying herself.

BIRDS. (*aside.*) Tidying herself; he talks like a housemaid.

COMFIT. She won't be long; and in the meantime, suppose you tell me all the news about your family. The Birdseye's are all pretty well, I hope ?

BIRDS. Of course, nobody is ever ill in the country; we're not like you poor Londoners, always ailing and physicing, we're hearty, and vigorous, and healthy—

COMFIT. You'll excuse me for interrupting you, but I think people die in the country sometimes, don't they ?

BIRDS. Well, I believe they do now and then, but they need not if they didn't like; when such a thing does happen, it's merely an oversight, nothing more. But I must not forget my commissions; I'm charged with a whole budget of letters for you. (*gives letters.*)

COMFIT. (*opening letters.*) You'll excuse me, my dear sir ?

BIRDS. By all means, make yourself perfectly at home. (*crosses, L., and sits.*)

COMFIT. Upon my word, you really limp frightfully.

BIRDS. It's all owing to my new boots; they'll be stretched as soon as I've worn them a few hours.

COMFIT. (*aside.*) It's all very well to say that it's his boots, but I don't half like the looks of it. I am afraid I shall have a son-in-law with a damaged leg. (*sits and reads letters.*)

BIRDS. Limp, indeed! I should like to know who wouldn't limp, after jumping in the dark from a first floor window, full eighteen feet from the ground; but what else could I do—when that infuriated old Crotchet was screaming "Police" at the top of his lungs, like a man bewitched. And that other maniac, too, the fellow who sprang upon me like a mad bull, as soon as I reached the ground, and wanted to give me in charge upon the spot. I made short work work of him, though, lodged him quietly in the station house, in spite of his giving his name and address, and offering to send for any number of witnesses to vouch for his respectability, and left him to meditate on his folly in the society of four stone walls and a wooden bench till morning. There's one Londoner that has found me too much for him, at any rate; and I'll answer for it, that Mr. Quill will think twice before he tries to arrest anybody in the streets in the middle of the night again.

COMFIT. (*rises.*) They all speak of you in the most flattering terms; not that you needed any recommendation, my dear Adolphus—I'll call you Adolphus, if you've no objection ?

BIRDS. You like it better than Birdseye ?

COMFIT. Well, to tell the truth, I think I do.

BIRDS. As you please, it's quite immaterial to me. What's your Christian name.

COMFIT. Mine is Nicodemus.

BIRDS. Well, then, if you call me Adolphus, I shall call you Nicodemus.

COMFIT. With all my heart.

BIRDS. Call me Dolly, if you like, I'll call you Nick.

COMFIT. Ha, ha, ha! that's a droll idea. Worthy Dolly.

BIRDS. Ha, ha, ha! Estimable old Nick.

COMFIT. Ha, ha, ha! (*aside.*) He's a funny fellow. I shall have a funny son-in-law.

CROTCHET. (*without.*) He's in the drawing-room, is he? Very well, I'll go to him.

COMFIT. That's Crotchet's voice; I'm glad he's come.

BIRDS. (*startled.*) Eh—what's that you said, Crotchet?

COMFIT. Yes, he's one of my oldest friends; I shall be delighted to introduce you to him.

BIRDS. (*aside.*) After all it may not be the same. There must be more than one Crotchet in the world.

*Enter CROTCHET, c., with umbrella, and hat much too small for him.*

CROT. (L.) Ha, here he is. Well, how d'ye do. I'm afraid we're rather late.

COMFIT. (C., *shaking hands with CROTCHET.*) You're in capital time. I'm delighted to see you.

BIRDS. (R., *aside.*) It's the identical Crotchet. He's got my blue silk umbrella. (*turns his back to CROTCHET.*)

CROT. (*to COMFIT.*) I beg your pardon, I didn't know you were engaged.

COMFIT. Not at all; it's only Birdseye, my future son-in-law, you know.

CROT. Ah, indeed. He seems a very good looking young man, as far as one can judge from the back of his head.

BIRDS. (*aside.*) After all, he caught such a hasty glimpse, it's ten to one if he recognises me.

COMFIT. Allow me to introduce you—Mr. Crotchet, Mr. Adolphus Birdseye.

CROT. (*crosses to BIRDSEYE.*) My dear sir, I'm delighted—(*recognising him.*) Heavens!

BIRDS. (*aside.*) The devil—I'm in for it.

CROT. (*aside.*) No, it isn't possible! it must be an illusion. (*aloud to BIRDSEYE.*) I'm delighted to have the honour of—(*aside.*) Yes, there's not a doubt of it! it's the very man! the same face, the same figure; its only the colour of the hair that bothers me.



BIRDS. (*aside.*) It's all over with me. I'd give a trifle to be at this moment in the ball of St. Paul's.

CROT. (*aside.*) Perhaps he may have a brother, a twin brother, the precise image of himself in everything but the hair. I'll proceed with caution—it won't do to be too rash. (*aloud to BIRDSEYE.*) Will you permit me to inquire if your brother is pretty well?

COMFIT. His brother! what on earth are you talking about? He's an only son.

CROT. (*to BIRDSEYE.*) You haven't got a brother—perhaps you've a sister in male attire?

BIRDS. Really, I'm not aware! perhaps I may—it's just possible; such things do happen, you know. I can't say positively, but I'll inquire.

COMFIT. What in the world can have put such a strange idea into your head?

CROT. Ah, my dear friend, you would not be surprised if you only knew what happened to ~~me~~ last night, but you don't know?

COMFIT. Not the least in the world.

CROT. (*to BIRDSEYE.*) And you?

BIRDS. I'm in a state of perfect ignorance—but I shall be delighted to hear all about it, if it's amusing.

CROT. (*aside.*) He's trying to brazen it out; but I've my eye upon him. (*aloud.*) Such a night, my dear Comfit—it's a mercy that I wasn't cut into a thousand pieces. My dwelling was invaded by a band of burglars.

COMFIT. Nonsense! you must have dreamt it.

CROT. Alas! no, it was was a painful reality, seeing that I was myself engaged in a desperate conflict with the captain of the gang.

COMFIT. Get along with you; you're trying to hoax me. I don't believe a word of it.

CROT. I give you my honour it's the solemn truth. I detected the wretch lurking about my premises after midnight, armed to the teeth, with an umbrella, and he carried off my hat. Mark that—for it's an important fact—he carried off my hat—that proves the felonious intent.

BIRDS. (*aside.*) So it's his hat I've got—that's pleasant.

CROT. Of course I grappled with him, and after a desperate struggle the miscreant made his escape through the chimney.

BIRDS. (*forgetting himself.*) Through the window!

CROT. Eh! what was that you said?

BIRDS. (*aside.*) So I've put my foot in it.

CROT. So you knew that he escaped through the window?

BIRDS. Excuse me, you didn't allow me to finish the sentence

I meant to say. Through the window or through the chimney? with a note of interrogation—I was only asking for information.

CROT. Ah! I see. (*aside.*) He's very deep—but I'll have him yet. (*aloud.*) Now I think of it, it was through the window. Well, what is your opinion of the affair?

BIRDS. My opinion is, he must have hurt himself very much. (*aside.*) If I could only manage to get hold of the umbrella.

COMFIT. But what the devil has all this to do with my son-in-law? To tell you the honest truth, Crotchet, if it wasn't for the regard I have for you, I should say that you've had the nightmare, and that you're not wide awake yet.

CROT. If it wasn't out of respect for your feelings, Comfit, I should tell you that you're an old fool. Nightmare, indeed! just ask my wife—see what she'll tell you about it.

COMFIT. What, your wife saw the robber?

CROT. Saw him? Of course she did. I surprised him in her bed-room, just as he was on the point of attempting—

COMFIT. Good gracious! What?

CROT. Her life with a boot-jack.

BIRDS. (*forgetting himself.*) Come, I say, stick to facts!

CROT. Eh?

BIRDS. (*aside.*) I've done it again.

CROT. (*aside to COMFIT—taking him apart.*) Tell me, Comfit, are you quite sure of that young man?

COMFIT. (*aside to CROTCHET.*) What do you mean?

CROT. (*aside to COMFIT.*) Are you satisfied that he is really the person he pretends to be—the genuine Bristol Birdseye?

COMFIT. (*aside to CROTCHET.*) Of course I am. He brought me a letter from his father.

CROT. (*aside to COMFIT.*) That's no proof—he may have stolen it; such things have happened before now.

COMFIT. (*aside to CROTCHET.*) Nonsense! you must be joking.

CROT. (*aside to COMFIT.*) Be on your guard, for that young man and the robber of last night are one and the same person—I'll take my oath of it.

COMFIT. (*aside to CROTCHET.*) Good gracious! you don't say so. You've put me all over in a fluster.

BIRDS. (*aside.*) I wonder what those two old fellows are confabulating about so mysteriously in the corner. Crotchet suspects me, that's clear. What a lucky thing I had my hair dyed this morning.

COMFIT. Stop a minute; now I think of it—Somer's Town—a little after twelve—escaped by the window. I have it. (*rings bell.*) I think I've got a clue to the fellow.

CROT. You don't say so!

BIRDS. (*aside.*) I'm likely to have a pleasant afternoon, it seems. I wonder what's coming now.

*Enter JANE, C.*

JANE. Did you ring, sir?

COMFIT. Tell Mr. Quill to come here immediately.

JANE. Yes, sir.

*Exit C.*

BIRDS. (*aside.*) Quill! the devil! (*aloud.*) And pray who is Mr. Quill?

COMFIT. Who is he? he's my bookkeeper.

BIRDS. (*aside.*) After all, it may not be the same, there must be more than one Quill in the world.

COMFIT. (*to CROTCHET.*) Have you any means of identifying the rascal?

CROT. Oh yes! plenty of means. In the first place, here's his umbrella, which he left in my hands as a trophy of victory when he jumped out of the window. In the second place, he's got red hair.

COMFIT. (*aside to CROTCHET, pointing to BIRDSEYE.*) Well, but if the fellow had red hair—look at his, it's as black as jet.

CROT. But, after all, that mark of identity is very deceptive, for perhaps he wears a wig. (*to BIRDSEYE.*) It isn't everybody that is blessed with such a fine head of hair as our young friend here. (*passes his hand through BIRDSEYE's hair.*)

BIRDS. Don't! you're tickling me.

COMFIT. (*aside to CROTCHET.*) You see, it's his own hair.

CROT. (*aside to COMFIT.*) I'm not so sure of that; perhaps I didn't pull hard enough. (*pulls BIRDSEYE's hair.*)

BIRDS. Oh! oh! I wish you'd leave my hair alone, you'll make me bald before my time.

COMFIT. (*aside to CROTCHET.*) There, you see, you've hurt him—I hope you are satisfied now.

CROT. (*aside to COMFIT.*) It's very true; I gave a desperate pull that time. That proof of his identity has slipped through my fingers.

*Enter QUILL, L.*

QUILL. You sent for me, sir?

BIRDS. (*aside.*) Here's another pleasant predicament! It's the identical Quill that I had locked up in the station house. (*turns his back to QUILL.*)

COMFIT. Ah, yes, to be sure. Quill, you arrested an individual last night in Somer's Town, didn't you.

QUILL. Well, I can't precisely say that I arrested anybody, but I tried to, and got locked up myself for my pains. I heard somebody cry "stop thief."

CROT. That was me—the scoundrel had just jumped out of my first floor window.

QUILL. You don't say so. (*aside.*) So it seems that Mrs. Crotchet—I suspected as much.

CROT. Do you think you could swear to the individual in question if ever you happened to see him again?

QUILL. Swear to him? I should think so. Why, we were struggling together full five minutes, and right under a gas lamp, too.

CROT. Very good! By-the-bye, I don't think you've been introduced to Mr. Birdseye, have you?

COMFIT. My daughter's future husband, Quill.

CROT. (*pointing to BIRDSEYE.*) There he is; that's Mr. Birdseye.

QUILL. Indeed! Sir, I'm sure I'm delighted to—(*trying to get face to face with BIRDSEYE.*) I'm proud of the honour of—(*recognising him.*) Oh! good gracious!

BIRDS. (*aside.*) Now for the catastrophe.

QUILL. Why, that's him!

COMFIT. Him?

CROT. What do you mean by him?

BIRDS. (*aside.*) If I don't brazen it out, I'm done for. (*aloud to QUILL.*) To be sure it's me, my dear fellow. How d'ye do? delighted to see you. (*shakes hands with QUILL.*) I hope you're pretty well.

CROT. What, you know each other?

BIRDS. Know each other, of course we do—intimately, don't we, Quill? (*aside to QUILL.*) Don't betray me, and you shall have anything you choose to ask for.

QUILL. (*aside to BIRDSEYE.*) Anything?

BIRDS. (*aside to QUILL.*) Yes, anything! If I haven't got it about me, I'll run and fetch it for you.

QUILL. (*aside to BIRDSEYE.*) It's a bargain—I'll keep your secret.

CROT. I should like to know what you two are whispering about?

QUILL. It's a little affair entirely between ourselves. I was only reminding Mr. Birdseye of a promise he made me some time ago, that's all.

BIRDS. (*aside.*) I'm anxious to know what I've promised him.

QUILL. He is aware of my attachment for Miss Julia—

BIRDS. Eh?

QUILL. So he has kindly consented to relinquish, in my favour, his pretensions to her hand.

BIRDS. (*aside.*) Very kind of me, upon my word, but I must

keep up his delusion till the danger is over. (*aloud to COMFIT.*) It's quite true—I couldn't well do less, you know, for an old friend.

COMFIT. (*to CROTCHET.*) What do you think of that, now? They've settled it all between themselves, you see, without taking the trouble to consult me or my daughter, who is learning French too. But of course it's a joke, and a very good joke it is. I can't see the point of it myself; but I dare say it's very funny.

*Enter JULIA, R.*

JULIA. Dinner is nearly ready, papa.

COMFIT. (*aside to JULIA.*) Keep your shoulders down, my child—there he is. (*aloud to BIRDSEYE—taking his hand and leading him to JULIA.*) Permit me, my dear sir—Julia, my love, this is Mr. Birdseye, the gentleman whom your fond father destines you hereafter to love, honour, and obey.

JULIA. Yes, papa. (*aside.*) How very odd! his hair is a beautiful black, and they told me it was a frightful red.

BIRDS. (*aside.*) She's a devilish pretty girl; if her temper is only equal to her face I shall be the luckiest fellow in the world.

JULIA. Here's Mrs. Crotchet, papa.

*Enter MRS. CROTCHET, C.*

COMFIT. (*going to meet her.*) Charmed to see you, my dear madam; I trust you have forgiven us for our unseasonable visit last night.

MRS. C. Forgiven you, indeed! as if old friends were not welcome at all hours. (*sees BIRDSEYE.*) Can it be possible? you here, sir?

BIRDS. (*aside.*) Stupid little idiot! why couldn't she hold her tongue?

CROT. I don't remember ever hearing you speak of him. Where did you meet him, eh?

MRS. C. I'm sure I've had the pleasure of seeing him somewhere before; I don't recollect. Ah! yes, to be sure, it was at Brighton—two years ago—before we were married, my dear.

CROT. Ah! Indeed!

BIRDS. Bravo! she's not an idiot after after all. (*aloud.*) Of course it was; we used to meet each other very often then; we had some delightful walks together, dined together, danced together, bathed together. (*MRS. CROTCHET and JULIA go up.*)

CROT. Bathed together!

BIRDS. In the same ocean, that's all! not in the same machine, of course!

CROT. Ah! I see! (*aside.*) It's very odd; I don't understand it at all.

*Enter JANE, C.*

JANE. Mr. Brown. Mr. Jones, and Mr. Robinson. *Exit, C.*

*Enter BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, C.*

COMFIT. (*shaking hands with them.*) Happy to see you. Mr. Birdseye—three valued friends of mine; you'll be pleased to make their acquaintance, I am sure—you know everybody else—make yourselves quite at home. By the bye, Quill, you may as well go down to the shop and see that all is right before we sit down to dinner.

QUILL. Very good, sir! (*aside.*) If that fellow plays me any tricks I'll poison him with coloured sugar plums; they'll soon settle his business, if I can make him eat enough of them. I'll go and fill my pockets with green ones; they're only plaster of Paris and verdigris, and give him a lot after dinner. *Exit, L.*

CROT. (*seeing hat on piano.*) Heavens! what do I see? my hat! (*takes hat from piano.*)

MRS. C. What's the matter, my dear?

CROT. Arabella, behold how wonderful are the ways of Providence; I've found my hat—the miscreant must be in this house—he can't escape me now.

MRS. C. (*aside.*) What a frightful dilemma. (*aside to BIRDSEYE.*) Did you come here in my husband's hat?

BIRDS. (*aside to MRS. CROTCHET.*) Yes, I'm sorry to say; but it's quite safe, I put it away somewhere.

MRS. C. (*aside to BIRDSEYE.*) Mr. Crotchet has discovered it, and he's got it.

BIRDS. (*aside.*) The devil he has—here's a predicament.

COMFIT. Before we sit down to dinner you must all give me your opinion of my new greenhouse. I've built such a charming little greenhouse on the leads, and it's full of such beautiful flowers; one might fancy oneself miles out of town, instead of in the middle of Oxford Street. Will you come and see it, and meanwhile Julia will run down stairs and keep an eye upon Jane—that girl is not to be trusted for anything beyond a chop and potatoes.

JULIA. Very well, papa.

*Exit, L.*

COMFIT. Well, shall we go and look at the greenhouse?

BIRDS. With all my heart. I shall enjoy a little change of air, for it's frightfully hot in this room.

CROT. (*taking his other hat.*) We had better put on our hats though, for it's a very chilly day.

COMFIT. Crotchet is right; it's frightfully hot, but a very chilly day. We'll put on our hats by all means.



BIRDS. (*aside.*) Artful old wretch! I see his plan; but I don't see how I'm to defeat it, that's the worst of it.

CROT. (*aside.*) I've secured both hats, so the man who hasn't got one must be the miscreant I'm in search of; I'll keep a sharp look out; he can't escape me now.

COMFIT. (*offering his arm to Mrs. CROCHET.*) Allow me, my dear madam!

CROT. Stop a minute, Mr. Birdseye hasn't got his hat.

BIRDS. Haven't I? very true, I forgot. (*takes hat from JONES, who is holding it behind him.*) Here it is.

JONES. I beg your pardon, sir, but that's my hat.

BIRDS. You think so. (*tries on the hat and finds it too large for him.*) So it is; I beg your pardon. (*gives hat to JONES.*) Then this must be it. (*takes hat from BROWN's hand, tries it on and finds it too small.*) No, that won't do. (*puts the hat on ROBINSON's head.*) It's very odd, I certainly had a hat when I came here: somebody must have got two.

CROT. Eh, you think that somebody—ha, ha, ha!—how droll, to be sure—I've positively taken two myself. Perhaps it's one of these?

BIRDS. One of those? (*aside, looking at the hat which CROCHET shows to him.*) Why he hasn't got mine, after all. (*aloud.*) My dear sir, you really don't imagine that I was ever guilty of wearing such antediluvian monstrosities.

CROT. Young man, it's of no use abusing the days of Noah, that's quite apart from the present question. I've got two hats and you've got none; if neither of these is yours, where is your own—what has become of it? Produce your hat, young man, that's all I have to say to you—produce your hat. (*aside.*) I have him now—he can't escape me. I think I'd better send for the police at once. (*going to ring bell.*)

Mrs. C. (*taking the hat left by QUILL, on chair, R., and handing it to BIRDSEYE.*) Ah, here it is!

CROT. Eh?

BIRDS. (*taking the hat mechanically.*) Yes, here it is, to be sure.

CROT. (*looking over BIRDSEYE's shoulder, and reading inside the hat.*) "Tomkins, Hatter, Bristol."

BIRDS. (*aside.*) Tomkins, Bristol, why it is mine. What a miraculous chance. (*aloud to CROCHET.*) There, you see, I told you I had one when I came here, and you wanted to make me believe that it was one of those hideous abominations—ha, ha, ha! (*aside.*) How the deuce came my hat in this house, that's what I want to know.

COMFIT. Well, if you're coming to see the greenhouse, you had better make haste, for dinner will be ready almost imme-

diately. (*giving his arm to Mrs. CROCHET.*) Allow me, my dear madam.

*Exeunt* COMFIT, MRS. CROCHET, BROWN, JONES and ROBINSON, C.

CROT. (*aside, looking after them.*) It's very odd—everybody has got a hat, and I've got two. No one can have lost his hat, unless he has lost his head as well—and they've all got their heads on. (*looking at BIRDSEYE.*) I can't help thinking, even now, that this fellow—and yet that black hair! Perhaps it may be a wig, after all; if I could manage to have another try. (*passing by BIRDSEYE, he pulls his hair.*)

BIRDS. (*turning round.*) Eh—what's that? So you're at it again, my friend?

CROT. I beg your pardon, it was quite an accident, nothing more; quite an accident, I assure you. (*aside.*) I'll find out where he lives, and bribe the housemaid to pull it when he's asleep—that will set my mind at ease. *Exit* CROCHET, C.

BIRDS. Confound the old fellow, it seems to be a positive monomania with him. It's a most unpleasant propensity in a man that one's likely to meet two or three times a week for the rest of one's life, too.

*Enter* JULIA, L., with plate of fruit, she is going C.

—Ah, Miss Julia, will you forgive me if I detain you just for half a minute?

JULIA. (*coming down.*) Certainly, sir.

BIRDS. (*aside.*) Upon my word she's a sweet little creature.

JULIA. (*aside.*) I wonder what he has to say to me? I wish he would begin.

BIRDS. (*aside.*) And I'm going to be such an idiot as to plead the cause of my rival, and say to her—"Accept Quill, love Quill, cherish Quill, and reject Birdseye!" Nature forbids it! Worthy nature, you shall be obeyed!

JULIA. I beg your pardon, sir, but I understood that you had something to say to me. (*going.*)

BIRDS. (*takes plate from JULIA.*) So I have, sweet Julia; the fact is, I've so much to say that I don't know where to begin, but I suppose I had better begin at the beginning?

JULIA. (*laughing*) That's generally the wisest plan.

BIRDS. Oh! if you only knew how wretched I feel in your presence.

JULIA. That's not very complimentary, you must admit.

BIRDS. On the contrary, if I did not adore you I should not have been made so horribly miserable by hearing what I've heard.

JULIA. But what have you heard? I have not the slightest

idea what you mean, or what you can have heard to make you miserable.

BIRDS. Why, that your heart is another's—that Quill has ensnared your tender affections, and become the polestar of your existence.

JULIA. Listen to me, Mr. Birdseye; you deserve that I should treat you as a friend, and I will tell you all.

BIRDS. (*placing plate on table, R.*) That's right, tell me all, and I'll guess the rest.

JULIA. Well, you must know, that ever since I was a child I have been brought up with Mr. Quill; he was my playfellow when I was a little girl, and since then I have been accustomed to see him every day, to talk to nobody else, to think of nobody else, so that almost without knowing why, I had learned to picture him to myself as possessing all the qualities with which my imagination invested its beau ideal.

BIRDS. I see; and he cajoled you with soft words, and fascinated you by tender glances, and so kept up the illusion. Insidious, designing Quill!

JULIA. But this very day I have learned how bitterly I have been deceived, and now I look upon him with indifference, nay, more, with contempt.

BIRDS. You don't say so! Beloved Julia, you've wafted me to the seventh heaven of rapture! I adore you—I idolize you! I'm certain that we shall love each other to distraction, and you shall be mine, in spite of Quill, in spite of the whole world!

JULIA. But nobody objects; on the contrary, it's just what everybody desires.

BIRDS. Don't be too sure of that; there are obstacles and entanglements of which you have not the smallest idea; and when you know all— But you must promise me that you won't believe a word of it?

JULIA. I must know what it is first.

BIRDS. Oh, a mass of abominations, doubts, and suspicions, and jealousies, and heaven knows what besides, and all owing to a confounded umbrella!

JULIA. An umbrella?

BIRDS. But never mind. Don't believe anything but that I love you, distractedly, devotedly, with my whole heart and soul; and when people tell all sorts of atrocious stories about me, say to them—"It isn't true—I'm sure he loves me—he has sworn it on his knees—it's all a pack of lies—go to the devil!" (*falls on his knees, and kisses her hands.*)

*Enter QUILL, L.*

QUILL. Well, I'm sure.

BIRDS. (*rising.*) Quill! (*aside.*) The devil! here's another mess.

JULIA. Are you looking for anyone, Mr. Quill?

BIRDS. Yes, are you looking for anyone, my young friend?

QUILL. No, I'm not looking for anyone, my young friend; but I'm looking for my hat; I'm sure I must have left it here just now—I can't see it anywhere; but I recollect as well as possible putting it on that chair. You're a pretty sort of a chap, ain't you now? With all your palavering promises, to go and make love on your own account as soon as a fellow's back is turned. You're a nice article, you are.

BIRDS. My dear young friend, it is of no use trying to reverse the decrees of destiny; I love Miss Julia, and I flatter myself that she loves me.

QUILL. Oh, you do, do you? Well, it's my opinion that you do flatter yourself, and above a bit, too—for I'd lay half-a-crown that she don't do anything of the kind.

JULIA. Take my advice, Mr. Quill—don't waste your money.

QUILL. Eh!

JULIA. Look at this, Mr. Quill; I don't think that you'll require any further explanations. (*shows handkerchief to QUILL.*)

QUILL. (*aside.*) Her handkerchief that I gave to Mrs. Crotchet; I'm sold and no mistake. (*aloud.*) Very good, that's quite enough—now it's my turn. Mr. Birdseye, I'm going to have a quiet chat with Mr. Crotchet.

BIRDS. Chat away, my young friend, you'll only be laughed at for your pains. Do you think anyone would take me for a burglar?

QUILL. No! but when it's known that at a quarter past twelve o'clock you were closetted all alone with Mrs. Crotchet.

JULIA. You, Mr. Birdseye?

QUILL. Precisely; when that is known everybody will be able to guess what sort of burglary you were bent upon committing.

JULIA. (*to BIRDSEYE.*) Well, sir, have you nothing to say?

BIRDS. I told you how it would be—that's abomination number one!

QUILL. I defy him to contradict me—only fancy, Miss Julia!

BIRDS. Young man, if it's only out of respect for youth and innocence, hold your tongue.

JULIA. What, you confess that it's true.

QUILL. Of course he confesses it; he can't help himself, and I'll go this very instant and tell Mr. Crotchet all about it.

JULIA. It's scandalous.

BIRDS. If you breathe a single word to Mr. Crotchet, you young vagabond, I'll murder you.

QUILL. Don't think to frighten me with your sanguinary threats, libertine. I don't care that for them. (*snapping his fingers—aside.*) I'll have him bound over to keep the peace the first thing to-morrow morning. *Exit, c.*

BIRDS. (*to JULIA, who is going, R.*) Adorable Julia! don't believe a word of it—never mind what he says, believe nothing but that I love you.

JULIA. Don't presume to speak to me, sir. I'll never believe anything any more. *Exit, c.*

BIRDS. She spurns me with indignation; and Quill has hurried off to tell his tale to old Crotchet, who suspects me already, and will believe every word. Things are beginning to look very queer—if I could manage to slip out of the house and catch the express to Bristol, it strikes me that it would be about the wisest thing I could do.

*Enter MRS. CROTCHET, C. with umbrella.*

BIRDS. Ah, my dear madam! why you don't mean to say that it's raining again?

MRS. C. Certainly not. Is it possible that you don't recognize it? (*offering him the umbrella.*)

BIRDS. Recognise it! (*taking the umbrella.*) To be sure I do. It's the blue silk with the ivory handle. What in the world shall I do with it? Ah! to be sure—the very thing. (*rings bell.*) I'm sure you'll excuse me, but I shan't be easy until I've got rid of this abominable source of all my misfortunes; when that's out of sight I shall feel like a free man again.

*Enter JANE, C.*

JANE. Did you ring, sir?

BIRDS. Yes. I want you to run to Vercey's with this umbrella immediately.

JANE. Don't you think I'd better get a boy to take it, sir?

MRS. C. What, then this umbrella is not yours, after all?

BIRDS. Certainly not. I borrowed it, and, wonderful to relate, I'm going to return it. (*aside.*) That's a gentle hint for her. (*aloud to JANE.*) By all means get a boy to take it; there's sixpence for him, and tell him to run all the way. Quick; there's not a minute to be lost. (*gives money and umbrella to JANE.*)

*Exit JANE, C.*

MRS. C. Now, I hope that your troubles are at an end.

BIRDS. Not quite. You've rescued me from one peril, it's true, and I shall be eternally grateful to you for it, but there are others that threaten me still,

MRS. C. Indeed! What are they?

BIRDS. We had better prepare ourselves. Before many hours have elapsed we shall both be hurried to an untimely end.

MRS. C. Good gracious, Mr. Birdseye, you alarm me.

BIRDS. I'm alarmed myself, and not without reason, I assure you, for at this moment that rascal Quill is telling your husband all that he knows, and a great deal more, too, denouncing me as a vile seducer, and Heaven knows what.

MRS. C. It's all your own fault. Why didn't you do as I told you, and ask the servant to let you out by the area gate?

BIRDS. The servant! nonsense, you don't keep a servant.

MRS. C. Not keep a servant! Of course we do!

BIRDS. Excuse me, but I'm sure you're mistaken!

MRS. C. What an absurd idea!

BIRDS. (*aside.*) She hires a charwoman, I'm convinced of it.  
(*VOICES heard without.*)

MRS. C. Heavens—surely that's my husband's voice.

BIRDS. It's all over with us. Let us expire tranquilly in each other's arms.

MRS. C. Nonsense; be cool, and brave the storm.

*Enter CROTCHET with the two hats, and COMFIT, C.*

CROT. Lock the doors, bar the windows, stop up the chimneys. Where is he? Where is the ruffian? Let me get at him—let me strangle him! (*advancing towards BIRDSEYE.*)

BIRDS. (*retreating.*) Hold him, somebody! hold him fast—don't let him come near me—I won't be answerable for the consequences.

MRS. C. Upon my word, Mr. Crotchet, your conduct makes me blush for you. Will you tell me what it all means?

CROT. What, you wish me to unveil your infamous conduct to the public gaze? very good, I'll unveil it. The scoundrel I found in your room last night was not a robber, he was a lover, and that's the man. (*pointing to BIRDSEYE.*)

BIRDS. It's an atrocious calumny. (*CROTCHET advances towards BIRDSEYE, he retreats.*) Will nobody hold that fellow fast?

MRS. C. But you told me that the robber had red hair.

CROT. That's very true; but then he was frightened, and the fright may have turned it black. Fright turns people's hair grey sometimes—why shouldn't it turn it black, too?

MRS. C. If that's your only proof—

CROT. I don't want any proof—Quill has told me all.

BIRDS. Oh! Quill has told you, has he? So the rascal has



had the assurance to accuse me, when he is the real culprit, after all.

CROT. What?

BIRDS. Yes, worthy Crotchet, I didn't mean to tell you—I wanted to spare your feelings, but I can't contain myself any longer. Quill was the vile marauder whom you surprised last night, concealed in the chamber of your virtuous spouse.

CROT. How do you know? Did you see him there?

BIRDS. Of course not; but your wife has told me all about it.

CROT. Arabella! is it possible?

MRS. C. I certainly said that Mr. Quill called on me last evening.

CROT. To be sure; he took tea with you—I recollect.

MRS. C. Yes; and when you came home I thought that Lucy had let him out by the area gate—you know better than I do what happened afterwards.

CROT. So the wretch that jumped out of my first floor window—

BIRDS. Was that vagabond Quill—to be sure it was. (*aside.*) He's swallowed it all at a single gulp.

*Enter QUILL, C., with umbrella.*

QUILL. (*aside.*) They're all together; I suppose the explosion has taken place by this time.

CROT. Ah! here he is! (*to QUILL.*) Have the goodness to step this way, young man.

QUILL. (*coming down.*) With pleasure, sir.

CROT. Show me your hat.

QUILL. I don't know where it is. Somebody must have taken it. I was obliged to go out in a cap. (*sees hat in CROTCHET'S hand.*) Ha, ha, ha! why, it's you that have been hiding it from me all the while.

CROT. What, is this your hat?

QUILL. To be sure it is.

CROT.

COMFIT.

BIRDS.

MRS. C.

Ah!

QUILL. What's the matter now?

CROT. Profligate! libertine! let me get at him—let me tear his eyes out. (*advances to him.*)

QUILL. (*defending himself with the umbrella.*) Come, I say, don't be foolish.

CROT. Gracious powers! what do I see? my umbrella! So it was you that stole it from me, vagabond.

QUILL. Stole it, indeed, it's my own.

CROT. That umbrella is yours?

QUILL. Of course it is.

CROT.

COMFIT.

MRS. C.

BIRDS.

Ah!

QUILL. What on earth are you groaning about? If you must know, I had left it at Verey's by mistake, and I've just been to fetch it, that's all about it:

CROT. Left it at Verey's, indeed; it was at my house that you left it, reprobate.

BIRDS. It was at his house that you left it, reprobate.

QUILL. At his house?

CROT. Yes, at my house, last night, when you jumped from the first floor window.

QUILL. Me! jumped from the first floor window!

BIRDS. Yes, you.

QUILL. Well, I never!

CROT.

COMFIT.

BIRDS.

MRS. C.

Oh!

QUILL. Can't you see, they're all trying to make a fool of you, Mr. Crotchet?

CROT. Let me get at him—I'll massacre him. (*advancing towards QUILL.*)

QUILL. (*retreating*) Keep off—don't come near me.

CROT. Monster! I'll tear you into fifty thousand fragments! Wretch—slanderer—libertine! (*they struggle, CROTCHET seizes QUILL's hair, his wig comes off, and shows red hair beneath.*) Carrots, by Jupiter!

QUILL. (*aside.*) My stars, here's a mess. I'm done for now, and no mistake.

*Enter JULIA, C.*

JULIA. Good gracious, papa, what's the matter. (*seeing QUILL.*) Is it possible, Mr. Quill? Oh, how ugly he looks to be sure!

CROT. That's his natural state, my dear. Let it be a lesson to you through life, never suffer yourself to be deceived by first impressions. Comfit, if I were you, I should kick that fellow out on the spot.

COMFIT. You're right, he deserves it. Quill, consider yourself kicked out.

QUILL. Very good, sir; I appeal to posterity—future ages shall vindicate my memory.

*Exit, QUILL, R.*

MRS. C. (*aside to BIRDSEYE.*) Have you quite forgiven me for all the annoyance I have caused you?

BIRDS. (*aside to MRS CROTCHET.*) Forgiven you, my dear madam? Do angels stand in need of pardon? (*aside.*) Catch me lending you my umbrella again, that's all.

COMFIT. Now let's go to dinner.

BIRDS. Stop a minute; I knew I had something to say to you. Just answer me one question. Have you got an umbrella?

CROT. Yes! do you want to borrow it?

BIRDS. Not for the world; but I can give you a friendly hint that will be worth a fortune to you; if you will only pay attention to it. Shall I?

CROT. By all means.

BIRDS. Well then, never lend your umbrella. Lending is always a losing game; lend your money to a friend, and you'll never see it again, lend your name to a bill, and you'll get into the Gazette; lend your patronage to a Joint Stock Company, and you'll find yourself in chancery; lend yourself to a swindle, and you'll figure at the bar of the Old Bailey; but if you must lend, lend anything, everything, except one thing—Take my advice—never lend your umbrella.

# CURTAIN.

## EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.
Right.	Right Centre.	Centre.	Left Centre.	Left.

FACING THE AUDIENCE.



# A WICKED WIFE

A DRAMA

IN

ONE ACT

BY

JOHN COURTNEY, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

*Time Tries All—Aged Forty—Taken by Surprise—Double  
Faced People—Eustache, &c., &c.*

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ALTERED FOR PRIVATE REPRESENTATION.

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THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market.)

LONDON.

## A WICKED WIFE.

*First performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.*

*February, 1857.*

### CHARACTERS.

Monsieur de Langeais, <i>a Royalist</i>	.. ..	MR. HOWE.
Citizen Rozaire, <i>one of the Committee of Public Safety</i>	.. ..	MR. ROGERS.
Finot, <i>Servant to Madame de Langeais</i>	.. ..	MR. COMPTON.
Commissioner	.. ..	MR. WEATHERLEY.
Bossseau, <i>a Locksmith</i>	.. ..	MR. EDWARDS.
Julie de Langeais	.. ..	MISS REYNOLDS.
Jeanne, <i>Child of De Langeais</i>	.. ..	MISS JULIA EDWIN.

SCENE.—Paris, during the Revolution, 1794.

### COSTUMES.

- DE LANGEAIS.—Dark frock coat with cape, white cravat, light waistcoat, dark pantaloons, top boots; hair worn long; moustaches.
- ROZAIRE.—Brown body coat, lined with white, wide skirts, and lapels; tri-coloured sash and rosettes, leather breeches, striped stockings, top boots; long hair, white cravat, broad brimmed hat.
- FINOT.—Comic blue body coat, nankeen breeches and waistcoat, striped stockings, red cap.
- COMMISSIONER.—Blue uniform coat, white breeches, boots, tricoloured sash, &c.
- BOSSEAU.—Waistcoat and short sleeves, red cap, dark breeches, and grey stockings.
- JULIE.—Grey silk robe showing white muslin petticoat, black silk scarf, laced cap, and hair à la Charlotte Corday.
- JEANNE.—White muslin frock.



## A WICKED WIFE.



SCENE.—*Apartment in the house of Julie de Langeais. Door at back, L. C., window, L. 2 E. with curtain, door, L. 1 E., door, R. 2 E., fireplace, R. 1 E., practicable cupboard, R. C., table, L. C., secretaire, R. H., with writing materials, chairs about room—ottoman, R. H.*

*Enter FINOT, D. L. C. E.*

FINOT. Where can my mistress be? I thought she was here—I want to prepare dinner—poor lady, I know she suffers much, although she endeavours to conceal it—how can she do other? for since this terrible revolution, France has not been France—our nature, ever gay, has sunk to sadness and terror; her husband has fled to save his life from the vengeance of the Directory—and my lady has even discarded her little child in hate of her husband's love of the royal cause. It is rather unnatural, but very patriotic.

*Enter JULIE, D. R. 2 E.*

JULIE. You here, Finot! I thought you had gone where I desired you.

FINOT. I had started—but I'm come back—

JULIE. Why?

FINOT. Why, I found I should only have tenpence left for the fowls; and you can't get a very plump pair for that money.

JULIE. (*goes to secretaire, R. gets money, and gives it to him.*) Here is more, will that be enough?

FINOT. Oh, yes, madame.

JULIE. Then go quickly.

FINOT. I'll fly, madame—I don't want to be absent from the house—for I have been some days on the watch, and I think I have scented a mysterious mystery here.

JULIE. A mystery in my house! what is it? what have you discovered?

FINOT. Nothing! but I suspect there's a man concealed in this house.

JULIE. A man! impossible! Inform me, Finot, of all that you suspect.

FINOT. I suspect there's a man concealed in this house, and a very hungry man.

JULIE. And where?

FINOT. In that cupboard! (*pointing to cupboard. R. C.*)

JULIE. In this cupboard! (*going up and opening it.*) You see!—nothing.

FINOT. (*at cupboard.*) Only a goose I put there after breakfast; he had two wings then, and now he has only one; then there was a paté only half eaten, and now it's all gone; none of the family has eaten anything since breakfast, and that the paté could have taken the other wing of the goose to fly away with, is not very probable.

JULIE. But tell me, Finot, who would dare utter such suspicions at the risk, as they must know, of my severe displeasure?

FINOT. That's what I said, citizen—you, a republican by birth and blood, who have discarded a model of a husband, and his child, for the great cause of the republic—you, who are now about to marry the citizen Rozaire, a good man, a great man—

JULIE. And who do you suspect, Finot?

FINOT. I suspect our servant, Rosalie—but don't be uneasy, madame; I am aware of your noble and magnanimous hatred to your husband; a monster, a fool! who would guillotine no one, and in these times we should cut off the heads of all that do not think as we do. Ah, citizen, what you must have suffered with that man—

JULIE. I have, indeed, suffered much.

FINOT. His daughter, too, is as headstrong and merciful as himself.

JULIE. His daughter! Have I not told you never to speak of her? how is this?

FINOT. Well, madame, I haven't—but she has spoken to me.

JULIE. She! when?

FINOT. Yesterday; she saw me in the street, and ran after me—"Hasn't my mamma asked to see me?" says she. "On the contrary, little citizen," says I "she insists upon not seeing you." "But why," says she, "does mamma hate papa now, when I know she loved him so much once?" And then she began to cry, and her beautiful large eyes were drowned in tears—she looked so beautiful. (*weeps.*) She's very like you, citizen.

JULIE. No, no—do not speak of her—do not speak of her, I tell you.

FINOT. (*aside*) It puts her in pain, I dare say; it must be a very melancholy thing for a mother not to love her children.

JULIE. You made her comprehend you, I suppose?

FINOT. Oh, perfectly; that is—I tried—but she did not comprehend me at all. "What prevents my mamma loving me?" says she. "It's patriotism," said I. "What is patriotism?" says she. "It's loving one's country above all, as Brutus did when he sacrificed his two sons in the market-place, and the other Brutus that stabbed his father before Pompey's statue; everything must give way to patriotism—the nation before nature. Nature has had her day," said I.

JULIE. Why waste time speaking of a child?

FINOT. I believe she corrupted me—gave me all her cherries.

JULIE. Poor child! and she so fond of them.

FINOT. And when we parted, she gave me a letter.

JULIE. What letter?

FINOT. I forgot to give it to you last night; let me see, where did I put it? Oh, here it is. (*gives letter to JULIE.*)

JULIE. From my mother-in-law. She knows that I have nothing now in common with her. (*reads.*) An interview with me, never! What, see her! and with her, all those odious people whose very name I ought to curse.

FINOT. (*aside.*) Sublime woman! Coriolanus in petticoats!

JULIE. Here is a postscript from my cousin Hilarine; she would have me see my mother-in-law—

FINOT. Preposterous!

JULIE. And use my interest for my husba—for citizen de Langeais who has fled.

FINOT. Use your interest for your husband! Well, of all the monstrous things I ever heard, this beats all.

JULIE. Go, seek Madame de Langeais, and tell her I do not look upon her as my mother-in-law, but rather as the enemy of me and of the republic; yet in pity to her years I will see her,

and use what little interest I have with my political friends in her behalf.

FINOT. Well, of course, we may do something for the old—But what about those I suspect to be concealed here?

JULIE. They shall be delivered up without pity.

FINOT. Noble creature! true patriot! worthy citizen.

*(as he goes up stage, and exits, D. in F. L. C.)*

JULIE. Denounce him! give him up—never! *(locks the door of apartment, then goes to cupboard, R. C., and opens it; the cupboard has a double back.)* Come forth, my poor prisoner!

DE LANGEAIS. *(squeezing himself out of cupboard with difficulty.)* Oh, my legs, my legs! thank heaven for this release. *(sits L. H.)* This is enjoyment!

JULIE. How do you feel in your new concealment?

DE L. Well, my love, it's certainly a change from one torture to another. In the one I quitted above, the loft, I couldn't stand upright; in this, I can't sit down. However, for one who has been six months doubled up in a loft, I don't think I look so badly. *(rising, and coming down, L.)*

JULIE. We had to remove you so quickly this morning, that I had no time to furnish your new retreat. That inquisitive Finot heard you moving in the night! Oh, if he had seen you!

DE L. I blew out the scoundrel's candle before he could catch a glimpse. *(imitates blowing out a candle.)* I can't help laughing at his quick retreat, though I could have brained the rascal at the time for preventing my descent.

JULIE. You are better here; I can more frequently come and visit you.

DE L. And I shall run no danger in coming down stairs at night. But let me know the news—I hear nothing within—let me know what is passing without.

JULIE. All are laughing and gay; the more I tremble, the happier others appear.

DE L. My poor dear Julie, look up; if I was melancholy, you might be so. But, believe me, I laugh, and heartily, too.

JULIE. Oh, no, dearest, not laugh.

DE L. But I say yes. Now cannot you understand my laughing? Now, only imagine, standing thus—*(stoops.)* for four or five hours under a low roof, with your eye just opposite the current of a vacant hole where a chimney-pipe once was; or by way of change, squatting down like a Chinese Mandarin; and then finding oneself free to use arms and legs—why, if they had come to conduct me to the scaffold, I should have leaped for joy at the prospect of fresh air and exercise.

JULIE. Jest if you will, but not upon such a subject.

DE L. (*taking her hand.*) My dear Julie, we must be wise in these dangerous times. Come, tell me all the news you have.

JULIE. Well, dearest, your mother has made a most earnest appeal to see me.

DE L. Poor old lady—they surely do not persecute her through hatred of me; but my blessed child, have you no news of the little darling?

JULIE. (*hesitatingly.*) Well—I—

DE L. Tell me quickly, for I know you have—she is ill?

JULIE. No, no; but if I name her, you are always so eager, so furious—

DE L. True, I own it; the thought that I cannot embrace her, almost maddens me. For eighteen months in the same city with my child, she each morning passing under my window, thinking of me, still loving me, and to know that I dare not approach those windows even to look upon her, call, admire, love, cover her with my kisses!—could I but press her to my heart! I own, love, that at times I have been near quitting my prison-house, to denounce myself, that I might once more embrace her. When we do meet, you'll have to watch me well, or I shall suffocate her with my caresses, I know I shall.

(*weeps.*)

JULIE. I told you it would be thus if I spoke of her.

DE L. Well, only tell me what you know of the sweet little soul, and I'll be tranquil.

JULIE. She grows each day more beautiful.

DE L. Do you think she would know me in these great moustaches, and in this change of dress, eh?

JULIE. It is a good disguise, truly; as mine, when I say I do not love her.

DE L. Poor child, it must seem very strange to her to be thus hated.

JULIE. And by me, who so loved her.

DE L. (*embracing her.*) My dear wife, it is too much—a mother, thus long separated from her child! go and see her, and let me die. What am I thus? A coward, shrinking from that death which all my friends have encountered. I can do nothing thus, am nothing thus. Changing concealment for concealment, like a thief. I cannot move or act—I dare not breathe—then why should I be saved?—to do what? Alas! the victims who stood in need of my defence are now no more.

JULIE. You think not of the tribunal.

DE L. Why should it condemn me, in the full strength of my manhood? I have ever loved my country, as a Frenchman ought; should that condemn me? And for acting according to the dictates of my conscience, I dare not be seen in the

city of my birth, where my family has dwelt in respect and honour for centuries past—cannot embrace my poor old mother, or my darling child, because a handful of miscreants who have triumphed in their hellish arts, even to the murder of their king, his wife, family, friends, all who bore allegiance to him, or had faith in heaven, honour upon earth! These wretches, knowing that I loved my king, say “This man, De Langeais, will seek to restrain us! and therefore we must murder him

*(crosses to R.)*

JULIE. Oh, Heavens! silence; you may be overheard!

DE L. Better that I should; I have no fear!

*(a knock at door, L. C., is heard.)*

JULIE. Ah, there is the knock of the Citizen Rozaire! Quick, conceal yourself!

DE L. I have had enough of your concealment—

JULIE. De Langeais, hear me!

DE L. I'll have no more of it. I tremble as you do, but it is with indignation that I have bent my head to such a yoke; better far let it sink beneath the knife of the guillotine!

JULIE. One moment!

DE L. I will not again conceal myself. I tell you I am tired of this cowardly hiding, so open the door.

JULIE. You are right, De Langeais, I also am tired of the odious part I play; better to die with courage. Yes, we will die together.

*(goes towards door, L. C.)*

DE L. *(staying her.)* Julie! Julie! you well know how to make me yield. No, no, you must not die; I am again a coward to preserve you!

*(enters cupboard.)*

JULIE. *(closes cupboard, and then unlocks room door.)* Now let me be calm, for this is the bitterest task of all—to please this butcher, to smile upon this tiger, and listen with seeming pleasure to his brutal relations of horrors, and tears and death!

*Enter FINOT, D. L. C., showing in ROZAIRE.*

FINOT. The Citizen Rozaire.

*Exit FINOT, D. L. 1 E.*

ROZAIRE. *(down L.)* Resplendent and charming citizen, I salute you. Pray excuse my call before the accustomed hour; but I could not pass your door without presenting myself before you—goddess of my admiration!

JULIE. I guessed you would be here, citizen, so ordered some fresh lemonade to be prepared for you, knowing how much you like it.

FINOT *enters, L. 1 E., with a goblet of lemonade, which he hands to*  
ROZAIRE, *bowing—ROZAIRE drinks it with great relish.*

ROZAIRE. Amiable attention!

FINOT. *(aside.)* A government thirst! And the government



that drinks lemonade must be strong—great citizen! Wonderful government!

*Exit D. L. C.*

ROZAIRE. (*seated L. of table, L. H.*) How warm it is—and yet, what beautiful weather. Oh! last night was magnificent—I was obliged to run over the country in search of some suspected aristocrats, and in the vigorous execution of my duty, I could not help admiring the azure of the splendid sombre arch above me, and I remember saying to myself, no wonder that lovers worship Phœbus, the chaste goddess of the night—and many other little things in the poetry of my imagination

JULIE. (*seated R. of L. table.*) Pardon my interruption—but did you pass under my window this morning?

ROZAIRE. Yes, citizen; I did pass under your window, and remained an hour upon the watch.

JULIE. Watch!

ROZAIRE. Yes, lovely being—upon the watch for you; for I hoped the beauty of the night would draw you to the window, and I said—

JULIE. (*impatiently.*) Well, well!

ROZAIRE. Oh! do let me tell you—and I said—“She cannot sleep—it is too hot to sleep—why comes she not to the window to breathe the fresh pure air, and to gaze upon this nocturnal splendour?” Thus was I ruminating, when some of my men came, and awoke me from my delicious reverie.

JULIE. The civic guard!

ROZAIRE. To tell me they had found—

JULIE. What?

ROZAIRE. Nothing—that their search had been in vain; and then, oh, pardon the mad thought, I was half inclined to make an inspection of your house, if only to snatch you from your cruel slumbers. What say you to the stratagem? All means are fair when man would behold the queen of his heart.

JULIE. (*rising, and coming down, R. C.—ROZAIRE down L. C.*) Aristocrat! you mustn't name a queen.

ROZAIRE. Ah, bah! pardon me the hateful word; in the wild warmth of my admiration, I know not what I said.

JULIE. (*aside.*) He makes me tremble. (*aloud, and laughing.*) I should have taken your gallantry very ill, citizen. A search through my house, and accompanied by two soldiers, would, indeed have been a declaration of love for which I was not prepared.

ROZAIRE. I did not seriously intend it; though fully warranted by my orders, which I have no doubt I shall, ere long, be compelled to act upon.

JULIE. What! to search my house?

ROZAIRE. I fear it will be necessary—to clear away calumny.

JULIE. What calumny?

ROZAIRE. The fact is this—scarcely a day passes in which we do not receive a letter, telling us that a man is concealed in the house of Citizen de Langeais, namely, your house; that his shadow has been seen at the window, and that his footsteps are daily heard.

JULIE. And who dares write these calumnies?

ROZAIRE. Some jealous woman, no doubt. I come here every day, the preference I give to you, of course, I do not conceal, and this has caused envy; but we will silence them; we'll throw open your doors, and say—"Enter, search, and satisfy yourselves."

JULIE. (*aside.*) Oh, heavens!

ROZAIRE. Yes, citizen, we'll confound them; they are positively furious; jealous, of course, jealous! (*laughing.*)

JULIE. "*They!*" More than *one*, say you?

ROZAIRE. But not one I care about offending; only they would persuade me that you are deceiving me.

JULIE. (*assuming anger.*) I deceive you! Infamous!

ROZAIRE. Be calm, dear creature! I don't believe them—I believe nothing—only, it is necessary that these calumnies should sink before proofs.

JULIE. What proofs?

ROZAIRE. A trifling inspection of your house, citizen.

JULIE. But for a citizen so well known as I am, it is humiliating—shameful! an indignity I should not be subjected to.

ROZAIRE. (*sentimentally.*) Ah! if it were my house there would be no need of search, they would not dare suspect the Citizen Rozaire; but I wait, and wait for the divorce; have anxiously waited three months, though the draft was to have been copied for me in three days.

JULIE. It is done—it is copied.

ROZAIRE. Blessed intelligence! Give it me quickly, dear object of my future worship! give it me.

JULIE. No, I will not, for you know you don't deserve it.

ROZAIRE. Ah, coquette! you love to tease me—but give it me, dearest. Where is it? in this cupboard? I'll search till I find it. (*crosses R., runs to cupboard, and opens it—sees cakes, &c.*) Preparations for the wedding repast! thanks, dear citizen—but the deed, the deed!

JULIE. I have left it in my boudoir—there is just one little page to finish.

ROZAIRE. You are making the copy with your own fair hand?

JULIE. Yes; my wretch of a husband had drawn out an

act of separation for one of his clients—and they told me it was so well done that I have been copying from that.

ROZAIRE. Ha! ha! ha! Capital! A delicious joke! would do to put into a comedy. Ha, ha, ha! But I am forgetting business; I must meet my courier—I am rather upon thorns, for Paris is much disturbed.

JULIE. Any fear for the safety of Citizen Robespierre?

ROZAIRE. No, thank heaven! the reptile cannot reach the eagle. Excuse me, I must hasten to make two or three little pleasant arrests; I'll then return to you, forgetting all without, when near thee. (*kissing her hand romantically.*)

JULIE. I am happy to solace your leisure hours; but tell me—I may expect you at the usual hour—three.

ROZAIRE. If I should be a *leetle* later, you'll excuse me?

JULIE. Oh, yes.

ROZAIRE. You are all goodness! Au revoir!

*Exit, D. F. L. C.*

JULIE. Au revoir! (*she locks door after him.*) Now this divorce must be at once completed—it is the only thing that can silence these reports—and Henri must depart quickly; I shall to-night have my reply from the captain of the guard. (*opens cupboard.*)

*Enter DE LANGEAIS, from cupboard, R. C.*

Ten minutes of liberty, no more—the divorce.

DE L. (R.) You have got one—you don't want another.

JULIE. But it is not completed.

DE L. Nonsense! didn't I write till one this morning to make the copy?

JULIE. But there's one page you left undone. (*goes out, R. H. for deed.*)

DE L. Ah, I recollect! the list of your grievances—but where are they to come from? I was awake all last night trying to find them.

JULIE. (*returns with deed.*) No, write as fast as you can—that I may give it him.

DE L. What a hurry you are in, to be sure—pleasant employment this, writing a divorce for my wife! I must be a very easy, good-tempered husband, especially as I don't know my wife's intended. (*sits R. H.*)

JULIE. (L. of DE LANGEAIS.) Now, dearest—what are my complaints against you?

DE L. (*looking over deed.*) 'Pon my life, you have copied it capitally! But have you reflected that if this be of any use, we are no longer man and wife—and our poor little child cannot be legitimate?

JULIE. Then we cannot play at divorce ?

DE L. Decidedly not !

JULIE. But I'll give it him to gain time for your escape—sign it ! Never ! Now write, and I will copy it.

DE L. But do give me something to eat—you don't know how desperately hungry I am. (*she brings cakes from the cupboard, places them on table, he eats them very fast.*) Who was it opened the cupboard, just now ?

JULIE. Only Rozaire. (*she crosses behind, and sits beside him, on small stool.*) You can hear nothing within ?

DE L. Not when the cupboard's shut ; but when it's open I can hear every word—and I heard the word wedding very plainly.

JULIE. Come, come, quick !

DE L. For shame, Julie ! the lover in the room, and the poor devil of a husband shut up in the cupboard !

JULIE. My griefs—my grievances—come, quick !

DE L. My love, it is by no means a pleasant task ; come, give me one embrace to assist me in thinking of my enormities and horrible cruelties to you. (*embraces her.*) But come, now, tell me—a wife must have some complaints against her husband in seven years.

JULIE. No, I have none against you—(*suddenly.*) Of course ! disagreement in our political sentiments.

DE L. Political fiddle-de-dee ! that goes for nothing—it's not a woman's grief.

JULIE. You let me want everything.

DE L. Well, your case is not at all singular, for everybody wants everything now-a-days ; you must think of something else.

JULIE. Oh ! you treated me with contempt—you deserted me for others.

DE L. Poor, dear, deserted little soul—but how account for discarding your little one, Julie ?

JULIE. Ah ! true—it's very difficult, is it not ? (*rises.*)

DE L. I should say so—to find my imperfections—(*rises.*)

JULIE. Will you write ?

DE L. Well, don't fret, my dear Julie. (*pressing her in his arms.*)

JULIE. (*extricating herself.*) Don't be silly.

DE L. Oh, I see ! you are in haste to be divorced ; well, only be patient.

JULIE. I cannot be patient, when I know the danger in which you stand. I have need of all my reason, which your absurd folly almost drives from me.

DE L. I was merely going to embrace you.

JULIE. It is that which I complain of—which so enrages me.

DE L. Well, there, my pet, make peace, I was wrong.

*(about to embrace her.)*

JULIE. I have no patience. *(slaps his face, they look at each other, both laugh, and then embrace—JULIE as if struck with sudden thought.)* I have it! You ill-treat me, you beat me.

DE L. *(laughing.)* Oh, I see, your complaint against me is, I beat you. *(goes to table, R.)* Capital! excellent! *(writes quickly.)* “The horrible, cruel, diabolical treatment of my husband, by blows, bruises, pinches, scratches, &c., &c.”—*(as he is writing, she looks tenderly at him, and falls upon her knees by his side—he sees her.)* You kneel, Julie?

JULIE. Yes, to ask pardon for so unjust an accusation—but I am weary, and ill at ease—oh, pardon.

DE L. Of course, I pardon you for finding out that I am such a monster. But indeed, poor girl, you look wearied and unhappy.

JULIE. These anxieties, and the dreadful life that we have lately lived, have almost broken my heart.

DE L. Courage, Julie! We have still had our happy moments, for we have loved, and each supported the other. *(rises)*

JULIE. True, we have loved, but with what fear.

DE L. Which has made me love you the more. Danger has doubled my devotion, and seems to have rendered you still more beautiful. *(aside.)* Poor girl! I have feared each embrace the last, and have the more worshipped thee. *(sits at table, R. H.)*

JULIE. *(aside.)* He is right. Danger gives a double love—for each time that I have pressed that poor, that menaced head, I have feared its safety. Oh! it is dreadful. But, at all cost, at all hazards, it shall be saved.

*(she tenderly places her hand upon his shoulder.)*

DE L. You weep, Julie. Of what think you?

JULIE. That I love you, dearest! Oh, how fondly, how tenderly I love you! *(she again embraces him—a knock heard.)* Quick, quick, the divorce!

DE L. It is ready. *(goes to cupboard.)* And now, wicked wife, let in your lover. Defender of liberty, go into your cupboard.

*(goes into cupboard, which JULIE closes, and then goes to*

*D. L. C., and unlocks it.)*

JULIE. This restraint almost suffocates me! Oh! Heaven! you alone can—*(about to kneel.)* not here. Oh! how fearful to live in times like these, beneath the rule of brutal, savage men, from whom we must conceal even—even that we pray.

*Exit B. H.*

*Re-enter FINOT, D. L. C.*

FINOT. Citizen, they stop at your door. (*looks.*) Eh? not here? How extraordinary—the scoundrels are positively insulting—one gendarme is enough to terrify me, and here are four. However, I've something else to think of—let me study this cupboard—I was always fond of the study of cupboards, especially the interior. (*takes a piece of string out of his pocket and measures.*) The depth of the wall. (*opens the cupboard and measures.*) The depth of the cupboard—a double back, I suspect. Ah! Ah! The cunning Rosalie thought to trick Finot.

*Re-enter ROZAIRE, D. L. C., down L. C.*

ROZAIRE. What are you doing there, Finot?

FINOT. Oh, Lord.

ROZAIRE. I say, what are you doing in that cupboard, Finot?

FINOT. Making a political investigation—I believe the suspected one is within it.

ROZAIRE. The devil! this accords, then, with what I've been told. Come—tell me all you know—speak truly, or your reward shall be—(*making a motion of his head coming off.*)

FINOT. I'm naturally a coward—and I don't want to be paid in that way—I'll tell you all I know—I believe there is some one—I don't say who, concealed in this house.

ROZAIRE. But where?

FINOT. That I can't tell you, because I don't know; I think he is half in the cock-loft, and half here; but to make sure, there was something here—(*goes to cupboard.*) I have measured, and it does not agree with the wall—here's the cupboard, (*shows string.*) and here's the wall—there's somebody concealed behind.

ROZAIRE. Quite evident. I'll go and call my men—put one at the door as sentinel—the others can take away the prisoner—do you remain here, and see that no one leaves the apartment—I'll bring a locksmith.

FINOT. Yes, citizen.

ROZAIRE. More rigorous arrests, and this, too, in the house of her I love—oh! (*sighs.*) it's very unpleasant. *Exit D. L. C.*

FINOT. I was not deceived, and we shall catch the suspected one—we cannot, though, without our neighbour the locksmith. (*looking through window, L. H.*) Ah! there he is, just going out. (*throws up window.*) Holloa! here! Bosseau! Come up—I want you—this way, by the little staircase. (*he shuts*



*the window, and goes off, L. D. 1 E., calling.)* This way—I'll show you.

DE L. (*comes out from cupboard.*) Discovered! lost! 'tis not for myself, but for her. (*looks.*) It is impossible to go! this fellow—this fellow—where to conceal myself? Ah, here.

*(rolls himself in window curtain.*

FINOT. (*without, L. H.*) Come along, Bosseau, this way.

DE L. My poor wife, how to save her!

ROZAIRE *enters* D. L. C. *with a* COMMISSARY *and* TWO GENDARMES. FINOT *and* BOSSEAU *enter* L. D. 1 E.

ROZAIRE. Luckily they had not gone far, and—ah! the locksmith, too?

FINOT. Yes, he was just going out.

ROZAIRE. Now see if you can find any concealment in that cupboard.

BOSSEAU. (*opens cupboard.*) If there is one, I'll soon find it. Here's a shelf that turns round.

ROZAIRE. Upon a hinge, by which the cupboard moves, no doubt.

COM. We must clear the cupboard. (*removes things.*)

FINOT. That's done in a moment. (*takes out goose.*) Here's my old friend, the goose, again.

BOSSEAU. Now I have it. (*all look.*) No, I haven't.

*Re-enter JULIE, R. H. D., and sees them.*

JULIE. Oh, Heavens! What is this?

ROZAIRE. (*down L.*) Read this, madame. (*gives her a paper.*)

JULIE. (*aside.*) They have not yet discovered him! (*aloud.*)

ROZAIRE, why suspect me, when I bring you the copy of the divorce?

ROZAIRE. What! completed?

JULIE. But why search my house—*yours*—for it is so now?

ROZAIRE. It is not you they suspect, it is your servant, Rosalie. (*to BOSSEAU.*) Why, you stupid fool, you don't know your trade.

BOSSEAU. It must have been no fool who made this; one moment, citizen Commissary.

ROZAIRE. (*to JULIE.*) But why give me this before everybody? I must not be recognised as—

BOSSEAU. Here's a spring—

JULIE. (*aside.*) Heavens!

FINOT. (*aside.*) The citizen is dumb.

BOSSEAU. Now we shall soon have it.

FINOT. (*aside.*) She is pale as death, and like a statue. I see it all!—what have I done—what have I done?

BOSSEAU. Here's the secret— (*opens the back compartment.*)

JULIE. Ah! (*starts towards cupboard.*)

BOSSEAU. But there's no one here!

JULIE. (*stupified.*) No one!

ROZAIRE. You mean the concealed one—

JULIE. (*looks round, DE LANGEAIS appears in curtain.*) Ha! ha! ha! I own I was alarmed for a moment, for I believed there *was* some one there. Nor am I yet satisfied that they may not have escaped to the loft above. Finot, you know the loft above?

FINOT. Yes.

JULIE. Come, then, search every corner. What, suspect a citizen like me? Come, search, and satisfy yourselves; come.

(*she pulls ROZAIRE with her, the others follow, and all go off,*  
R. H. D.)

FINOT. (*following.*) No! (*turns back.*) I won't go! I have been guilty of a bad action, and I must make reparation. What the deuce, I'm not a blood-thirsty wretch—I'm not a sanguinary monster! I hate blood spilling, especially my own. I see, madame is a false citizen, and, Finot, you have been deceived. Oh, these women, they always get the best of me. This accounts for the blowing out of my candle; and he was there—(*points to cupboard.*) and made his escape while I went for the locksmith, and he is here about somewhere. (*aloud.*) Suspected citizen, fear nothing, Finot would not denounce but save you; I say, he would save you, suspected citizen. I've done my duty to the state, and I'm quits with the authorities; it is not my fault if the government has got no nose; I'm not bound to find a nose for them. Ah! in the curtain I saw a boot—(*DE LANGEAIS draws his foot quickly up.*) there's a leg in it—of course there's another to keep it company. (*arranges curtains.*) Don't move, they are here; I forgive your blowing out my candle last night, you funny rascal, you. (*pokes DE LANGEAIS behind curtain.*) Fear nothing! (*remains L.*)

Re-enter JULIE, ROZAIRE, BOSSEAU, COMMISSARY and  
GENDARMES, R. H. D.

JULIE. (*crossing to L. H.*) We have searched every part, not even excepting my own chamber; nothing now remains unsearched but the cellar. Finot, give me the keys.

FINOT. (*aside.*) I guess—(*aloud.*) Respected citizen, they are here. (*gives keys.*)

JULIE. This way, come all; search, and satisfy yourselves.

(*she pulls them off, L. D. 1 E., they seeming somewhat perplexed.*)

FINOT. (*looking after them.*) She'll be too much for them, cunning as they fancy themselves; that's right, search, rum-

mage away, my boys—it's a woman you've got to deal with—she'll lead you a pretty dance—(*sentimentally and turning.*)—as many have done me. Oh, here's the Commissary again.

*Enter COMMISSARY with JEANNE, D. L. C.*

COM. Is this the place you wished to come to, my little one?

JEANNE. Yes, thank you, sir.

FINOT (*aside*) The little citizen! If her mother sees her, she will never restrain herself! she must not. (*crosses L. H., and closes door, 1 E. L. H.*) What is it you wish, Citizen Commissary?

COM. Why, we have arrested the old lady with whom this little one resided, and she has begged to be brought here. I met my men at the foot of the stairs bringing her up.

FINOT. Here?

JEANNE. (*crosses C.*) Yes, is it not my mamma's house?

FINOT. Mamma! what have you to do with a mamma, you little intriguer?

JEANNE. Oh, yes, I am told that she does not love me; but if I saw her, Finot, and told her how much, how very much I love her, I am certain she could not refuse to—

FINOT. To do what?

JEANNE. To embrace me.

FINOT. (*aside.*) That I'm sure she wouldn't. (*aloud.*) No, no, she would not embrace you.

JEANNE. Let me see her, for one little moment, good Finot.

FINOT. Come, no wheedling, no carneying—it won't do; it's lost time, I can tell you.

JEANNE. Dear Finot, will you refuse *me*, who was once so kind—and that used to make me such a fine horse?

FINOT. (*stooping down.*) Ah! it was a beautiful animal—a spendid beast!

JEANNE. And made me little boats out of nut-shells.

FINOT. Hush! (*very mysteriously.*) If the government knew that I had made boats out of nut-shells for the daughter of De Langeais—

JEANNE. Oh, pray—pray let me see mamma!

FINOT. You can't see her—you are not wanted here—nobody sent for you, and nobody wants you, and out you must go.  
(*about to take her away.*)

COM. One moment; the citizen approaches, let her decide.

*Points to JULIE, who enters, L. H. 1 E.*

JULIE. Well, what is this?

JEANNE. That's mamma—I know her, though 'tis so long since I saw her.

FINOT. (*concealing her behind him.*) It's a little impostor. A little cheat, who says she's your daughter, and who has induced them to bring her here, under the pretence that you are her mother.

JULIE. (*aside.*) Jeanne!

FINOT. (*aside to JULIE.*) Don't seem surprised—don't seem alarmed.

JULIE. (*aside to FINOT.*) You suspect then—you know—

FINOT. (*aside to her.*) Yes, I know all; fear not, she must not know that the sight of her is pleasing to you.

JULIE. (*glancing at her.*) How she has grown—how beautiful! Ah, they have cut her hair!

COM. (R.) Is it a fact, then, citizen, that this is your child?

JULIE. If she is my?—I have no husband, I have no child, citizen!

JEANNE. (*runs to JULIE.*) Oh, mamma! mamma!

JULIE. Take her away! take her away! (*aside.*) Oh! why—why did they bring her here? (*sinks sobbing in chair.*) Go!

JEANNE *exits with FINOT and COMMISSARY, door L. C., but leaves a small neck tie on the stage.*

It was time she left—or nature would have given way, and I must have embraced my dear Jeanne. Oh, how pretty she looked!

JEANNE *appears at door L. C. again, watching.*

Could I have embraced her—ah! (*seeing neck tie.*) What is this? hers! dear, dear treasure! how watchfully will I preserve you. (*kisses neck tie.*)

JEANNE. (*runs down L. to her.*) Ah! now, dear mamma, I know, am sure, you love me!

JULIE. (*overpowered, presses her to her heart.*) Oh, my dear, dear Jeanne!

DE L. (*coming from curtain.*) That sweet, dear little voice. (*flies madly towards her, and raises her in his arms.*) Oh! my dear child! my little Jeanne—do I hold thee once again! now let them drag me to the scaffold! I have again embraced her! Oh, how beautiful.

JEANNE. He, my dear father, too! I'm so happy!

JULIE. But Jeanne, you mustn't name your father, darling, because it was to save him that I have pretended not to love you.

JEANNE. Dear mamma, don't fear me—I shall never betray my father!

DE L. Dear love!

JULIE. But you must go now, dearest—and you must tell them that I repulsed you—that I have driven you away.

JEANNE. Yes, for I can now say it with a good heart.

JULIE *takes her towards L. C., when ROZAIRE enters.*

JULIE. Too late! Oh, heavens! too late!

ROZAIRE. (*surprised.*) De Langeais! De Langeais, here!  
(*down R.*)

JULIE. 'Tis well, monsieur; take your victims, and your vengeance! I encouraged you, but to save him! avenge yourself! Better to die, than live as I have done, in self-loathing and disgust; for in dying I shall regain the esteem of those who have so justly censured me for receiving your addresses.

ROZAIRE. Your husband, madame—

DE L. You need not express your resentment, sir; do your duty—give your orders, that they conduct me to the tribunal—that is to say, the scaffold!

ROZAIRE. I would most willingly oblige you—and I'd give my ears to do it—but unfortunately I have not the power.

DE L. Not the power!

ROZAIRE. My friend—my benefactor—is no more!

DE L. Robespierre!

ROZAIRE. Has fallen—his enemies triumph! I have but this moment received the news—every prisoner is set free. Your mother is already at liberty.

(*noise without, and cries of PEOPLE.*)

DE L. What is that?

ROZAIRE. Your old friends are calling for you.

*Enter FINOT, door L. C.*

FINOT. Excuse me, citizen—but with all due respect to you, they are calling for your head!

ROZAIRE. (*alarmed.*) What!

FINOT. And they swear they will have it, too.

ROZAIRE. The idiots! the changeable fools!

DE L. I'll speak to them! (*goes to window, L. H.*)

(*shouts of "Long live De Langeais."*)

FINOT. (*R. H. corner.*) They cry "Long live De Langeais."  
(*loud shouts of "Down with the Commissioner Rozaire! his head! his head! his head!" ROZAIRE is much alarmed.*)

DE L. Rozaire, my friends, is not here—he has fled!

(*cries of disbelief, groans, &c.*)

FINOT. They are coming up.

ROZAIRE. (*in fear.*) Where shall I go? how shall I get down? what shall I do?

DE L. I shall be happy to offer you a safe and agreeable refuge. (*opens the secret closet.*) This cupboard—

ROZAIRE. Yes—yes—thanks, my benefactor—double lock it.

DE L. With pleasure—and, be assured, if you remain in it half as long as I did, you'll die of melancholy.

ROZAIRE. But you are still alive.

DE L. (*pointing to JULIE.*) I had one here to console me.

(*noise of feet, &c., heard coming up.*)

ROZAIRE. (*runs to cupboard.*) They're coming up—lock me in, Finot, double lock me in. (*disappears into cupboard.*)

FINOT. I will. (*locks door.*) There's lodging for you—you may board yourself, and if you wait till I bring you anything to eat you'll have a good appetite. (*to DE LANGEAIS.*) He turned you out—you've turned him in—one good turn deserves another.

*Enter PEASANTS, NEIGHBOURS, &c., door, L. C.*

PEOPLE. The commissioner—

DE L. The commissioner, my friends, has escaped, is and at present in safety. But think not of him, the power of the fiend, Robespierre is over—his reign of terror ceased, and henceforth may every home in our beloved country be one of peace, and every husband have wife, children, and friends, to embrace—as De Langeais now can do.

JULIE. I have, indeed, trembled for your safety—I now fear for my own—for in these past scenes of strife and terror, severe has been the struggle, but the triumph great. Husband—child, all restored! What need I wish for more, but *your* approval? (*to AUDIENCE.*) Your smiles for her, who used deception but to do her duty, and who now awaits your sentence upon one, who must indeed have seemed—

A WICKED WIFE.

CURTAIN.



# QUIET FAMILY

AN ORIGINAL FARCE

BY

WILLIAM SUTER, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

*Wife's First Husband—Poison in Jest—The Ladies of the  
Convent—Dred—The Half-caste—My Daughter's Intended—  
Sarah's Young Man—A Husband on Trial—I Beg  
You Wouldn't Mention It—The Chase—  
Life of an Actress—Herne the  
Hunter—Iron Arm,  
&c., &c.*

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38, EAST 14TH STREET.

## A QUIET FAMILY.

*As performed at the Royal Surrey Theatre, 18*

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### CHARACTERS.

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#### AT THE SURREY.

Mr. Benjamin Bibbs	-	-	MR. VOLLAIRE.
Mr. Barnaby Bibbs	-	-	MR. H. WIDDICOMBE.
Mr. Peter Parker	-	-	MR. PHELPS.
Grumpy	-	-	MR. GEORGE YARNOLD.
Mrs. Benjamin Bibbs	-	-	MISS E. WEBSTER.
Mrs. Barnaby Bibbs	-	-	MISS G. ELLIS.
Miss Selina Summers	-	-	MISS BIRD.
Snarley	-	-	MRS. MORETON BROOKS.


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#### AT THE ROYAL GRECIAN.

Mr. Benjamin Bibbs	-	-	MR. R. PHILLIPS.
Mr. Barnaby Bibbs	-	-	MR. C. RICE.
Mr. Peter Parker	-	-	MR. C. HORN.
Grumpy	-	-	MR. E. O'DONNE
Mrs. Benjamin Bibbs	-	-	MISS I. COVENEY.
Mrs. Barnaby Bibbs	-	-	MISS JOHNSTON.
Miss Selina Summers	-	-	MISS WILSON.
Snarley	-	-	MISS H. COVENEY.

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COSTUMES.—Modern, but characteristic.



SCENE.—*A neat chamber.—Folding doors, C.—Window, L. C.*

—*Doors, 2 E. and R. 3.—Doors R. 2 E. and R. 3 E.*

*Table—breakfast things; coffee, toast, &c. Newspaper and two chairs, R. C. Table, breakfast things, coffee, toast, cake, newspaper, and two chairs, L. C. Both tables, &c., exactly alike.*

MR. PETER PARKER *enters through window.*

PETER. All right, so far! luckily, this apartment is vacant; 'twould have been awkward and annoying to have encountered, on my entrance here, the whole force of the Bibbs's. Now, if I can but contrive to gain an interview with Selina, and then escape from the house unobserved—

MR. BENJAMIN BIBBS. (*within R. H., calling.*) Snarley!

MRS. BARNABY BIBBS. (*within L. H., calling.*) Grumpy!

PETER. Holloa! (*conceals himself, D. R. 3 E.*)

GRUMPY, R. H., and SNARLEY, L. H., *enter through centre door*  
—*they jostle each other as they cross to tables.*

SNARLEY. (R.) Keep away from me, man.

GRUMPY. (L.) Don't touch me, woman.

SNARLEY. Your missus called you, Mr. Grumpy.

GRUMPY. Your master called you, Mrs. Snarley.

SNARLEY. I knows that.

GRUMPY. And I knows t'other.

SNARLEY. Ugh! you're a good-natured animal.

GRUMPY. I don't want to be good-natured, and you're not so very affable.

SNARLEY. I was before I came into this house, to live with these two pair of Bibbs's, but their wrangling and ill-humour has contaminated me, turned my fine flow of spirits into vinegar, and stirred up my vicious propensities into full vigour.

GRUMPY. Ah! Women's vicious perpensities are always vigorous.

PETER. (*aside — peeping out.*) Confound them—I wish they'd go!

SNARLEY. Hem! strange people, these Bibbses! you know all about them, Grumpy—I don't, 'cause I haven't been long in the place; you're an old servant.

GRUMPY. I ain't. I'm a young, middle-aged servant—but I feels werry amiable just now, and don't mind telling you what I knows, but you'll be secret.

SNARLEY. If I don't, may I never be married.

GRUMPY. That's a terrible oath for a woman to take. Well, old Mr. Summers was a grocer, and when I was a hinteresting youth about fourteen, he hired me as a herrand boy.

SNARLEY. And were your parents agreeable to—

GRUMPY. My parents! to let you into another secret, Snarley, it's often a werry strong doubt on my mind whetler I ever had any. At all events, they've always been above introducing themselves to my notice.

SNARLEY. What do you mean?

GRUMPY. Why, I was found one evening, in a bag, tied to the knocker of a gentleman's door.

SNARLEY. And were you taken in?

GRUMPY. No; I was let out, and inquiries were made as to who were the parents that so cruelly gave their child the sack.

SNARLEY. And with success?

GRUMPY. Not exactly! I *had* hoped that some great nobleman might step forward and own me, but he's never done it; and it was said that a highwayman, who was hanged, partly confessed, among other enormities, to the dreadful responsibility of being my paternal parent.

SNARLEY. Infamous!

GRUMPY. Yes; I'm the child of hinfamy—but this is a noble country, and I'm indebted to two of it's noblest institutions for the figure I cuts in society,

SNARLEY. How!

GRUMPY. Why, I was brought up in the workuss and edicated at a charity school.

SNARLEY. 'Twas enough to make you cut the thread of life.

GRUMPY. Don't you cut the thread of my discourse. Well, Mr. Benjamin Bibbs, the surly, and Mr. Barnaby Bibbs, the silly, as I calls 'em, were Mr. Summers's confidential clerks. Mr. Sumniers was a a widower with an only daughter.

SNARLEY. Miss Selina, who is now in this house.

GRUMPY. Hold your tongue, or I'll hold mine.

PETER. (*aside—peeping out.*) They'll talk for ever.

GRUMPY. About two year ago, Mr. Summers died, leaving a good deal of money—for he was very rich, and the business

## A QUIET FAMILY.

to the two Bibbses, and making them guardians to his daughter, Miss Selina, leaving her ten thousand pounds, to be paid on her wedding day—provided she marries with the consent of the Bibbses—not a penny if she marries in hopposition.

SNARLEY. And now she's fallen in love with young Parker, Mr. Benjamin and Mrs. Barnaby won't let her have him, but keep her locked up in her own room.

GRUMPY. But Miss Selina ain't locked up now, 'cause Mr. Parker has promised to come no more to the house, so she has her liberty, and is, at this moment, in the little back drawing room.

PETER. (*aside.*) That's enough for me.

(*Steals out, D. L. 3 E.*)

GRUMPY. Then I shan't tell you any more.

SNARLEY. Why not?

GRUMPY. Why, didn't you say "that's enough for me."

SNARLEY. That I didn't!

GRUMPY. Well I never! you're like all the rest of the women—a nice mixture—one half deceit, and t'other half tarra-diddles.

SNARLEY. I don't understand you.

GRUMPY. I dare say not; I knows you're werry ignorant.

BENJAMIN. (*within, R.*) Snarley!

MRS. BARNABY. (*within, L.*) Grumpy!

SNARLEY. Oh, lawkes!

GRUMPY. Oh, crikey!

*They run off, SNARLEY, C. and R., GRUMPY C. and L.*

MR. BENJAMIN BIBBS *enters, D. R. 2 E.*, MRS. BARNABY BIBBS *enters, D. L. 2 E.*, *they walk, BENJAMIN BIBBS to table, R. C., MRS. BARNABY BIBBS to table, L. C., they look at each other with extreme disgust.*

MRS. BARN. (*turning up her nose.*) Pah!

BEN. (*grunting.*) Ugh! (*both sit; loudly and surlily.*) Sarah!

MRS. BEN. (*entering, D. R. 2 E.—meekly.*) Benjamin!

MRS. BARN. (*sharply.*) Barnaby!

BARN. (*entering, D. L. 2 E.—humbly.*) Jemima!

BEN. Your chair.

MRS. BEN. Yes, my love. (*sits.*)

MRS. BARN. Sit.

BARN. (*sitting.*) Yes, my dove.

(*MRS. BENJAMIN pours out coffee for BENJAMIN, BARNABY ditto for MRS. BARNABY.*)

BARN. (*drops into chair, and spills coffee.*) Oh, law!  
 (*all seated, BEN. R. C., MRS. BEN. R., MRS. BARN. L. C.,*

BARN. L.)

MRS. BARN. What are you about, sir?

BARN. I've scalded my fingers.

MRS. BARN. Serve you right, booby.

BARN. Yes, dearest.

BEN. More cream! (*MRS. BENJAMIN helps him.*)

MRS. BARN. (*tasting, and making a wry face.*) More sugar.

BARN. Yes, sweet. (*taking sugar from basin with his fingers.*)

MRS. BARN. (*loudly.*) What are you about, sir. (*BARNABY drops sugar basin and breaks tea cup.*) Ugh, clumsy!

BARN. You flurry me, love.

(*sits down confused, wipes his face, and drinks out of the slop basin, and puts sugar into his pocket, instead of his handkerchief.*)

MRS. BARN. Don't drink out of the slop basin. I declare if he isn't pocketing the sugar before my face—are you mad?

BARN. No—I'm only nervous.

BEN. Bread and butter.

MRS. BEN. Yes, precious.

MRS. BARN. Cake! Is the fellow deaf? **cake**

BARN. Eh! Did you speak to me?

MRS. BARN. Cake!

BARN. Oh, yes! (*handing plate.*)

MRS. BARN. Eat.

BARN. I will, dear. (*hurriedly putting a large piece in his mouth.*)

MRS. BARN. Don't fill your mouth so.

BARN. (*his mouth full.*) I won't, dear.

MRS. BARN. Don't speak with your mouth full.

BARN. (*his mouth still filled.*) No, my love.

MRS. BARN. (*angrily and stamping.*) Again, sir!

(*BARNABY starts and is nearly choked, MRS. BARNABY strikes him violently on the back, he is very much frightened and after an effort, swallows the cake.*)

BARN. Don't hammer me—it's gone!

MRS. BARN. Ugh! cormorant!

(*MRS. BARNABY resumes her coffee drinking, BARNABY falls back into his chair exhausted, and unconsciously fans himself with a plate.*)

BEN. (*handing paper to his wife.*) Newspaper!

MRS. BARN. (*handing newspaper to her husband.*) Read!

MRS. BEN. What shall I read?

BEN. Words.



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BARN. What shall I?

MRS. BARN. Anything—only don't read what you don't understand.

BARN. No, love.

MRS. BEN. (*reading.*) "Conjugal happiness is—"

BEN. Stuff!

BARN. (*reading.*) "Domestic felicity is—"

MRS. BARN. Rubbish! don't read that.

BARN. I won't love, 'cause I don't know what it means.

MRS. BARN. Ugh, ignoramus! (*tasting tea.*) It means married people living happily together, as we do; it means a contented couple; in short, it means—(*holding cup.*) more sugar.

BARN. La, does it? Then you has lots of domestic felicity, my duck.

MRS. BARN. Well, sir, and haven't you?

BARN. Yes, dear; I've got some in my pocket now. (*pulling out sugar.*)

BEN. (*rising.*) Mrs. Barnaby Bibbs, your noise is unendurable. Why don't you take pattern by your sister here, my wife? See how gentle and obedient she is.

MRS. BARN. (*rising.*) Mr. Benjamin Bibbs, why don't you take example by your brother here, my husband? See how mild and well behaved he is.

BEN. Ugh! he's domineered, beaten, and bullied—a poor dunghill, crowed over by a she bantam. I'm ashamed of such a brother.

MRS. BARN. And I am ashamed of my sister, and more ashamed of you. *She's* as gentle as a lamb, and *you* are as rough as a bear. You make your wife miserable.

BEN. And your husband would be delighted to hang himself, only you watch him so closely. He can never have any agreeable amusement.

MRS. BARN. My husband's a happy man.

BEN. And my wife's a happy woman. Speak! (*roughly.*) ar'n't you happy?

MRS. BEN. (*who rises, sighing.*) Very. (*sits.*)

MRS. BARN. (*angrily—BARNABY starts.*) Speak directly, sir. (*he rises.*) Vindicate the gentleness of my aspersed disposition. Speak, I say; ar'n't you happy?

BARN. (*dolefully.*) Uncommon. (*sits.*)

BEN. (*calling.*) Snarly.

MRS. BARN. (*calling.*) Grumpy.

BEN. What do you mean, ma'am?

MRS. BARN. What do you mean, sir?

BEN, I called my servant.

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MRS. BARN. So did I mine.

BEN. Ugh!

MRS. BARN. Ugh! my sister is too obedient. If you had but a woman with a little spirit—I wish I were your wife.

BARN. (*aside.*) Ah! I wish you were.

BEN. Sarah! (*she rises.*) I'm going out—I shall change my cravat, and you must come and tie it. Exit R. 2 E

MRS. BARN. Barnaby! (*he rises.*) I'm going to change my dress, and you must come and hook and eye me. Exit L. 2 E.

BARN. (*sorrowfully.*) Mrs. Benjamin!

MRS. BEN. (*ditto.*) Mr. Barnaby!

BARN. We're a couple of connubial victims.

MRS. BARNABY. } *without.* { Barnaby!

BENJAMIN. }

{ Sarah!

MRS. BEN. } *together.* { Coming, dear.

BARN. }

{ Coming, love.

*Exeunt, hastily, MRS. BENJAMIN, R. 2 E.—BARNABY, L. 2 E.*

*Enter SNARLEY, R, and GRUMPY, L., through centre door.*

SNARLEY. (R. C.) They've finished their tea.

GRUMPY. (L. C.) I can see that.

SNARLEY. Clever!

GRUMPY. Stupid!

SNARLEY. I shall clear away. (*taking things from Benjamin's table.*)

GRUMPY. Who hinders you! (*taking things from Barnaby's table.*) I never saw a worse tempered individual than you are.

SNARLEY. Yes, you did, this morning.

GRUMPY. Where?

SNARLEY. When you were a-shaving.

GRUMPY. None of your reflections.

SNARLEY. I despise you.

GRUMPY. I hate you.

SNARLEY. Man!

GRUMPY. Woman!

SNARLEY. Kangaroo!

GRUMPY. Rhinoceros!

*Exit SNARLEY, R. C., GRUMPY, L. C., with tea things—a crash of china is immediately heard from Grumpy's side, L. H.*

*SNARLEY runs on, C. from R.*

SNARLEY. Grumpy, what have you been doing, Grumpy?

*Enter GRUMPY, C. from L., with his nose black.*

GRUMPY. Smashing the tea things, Snarley.

SNARLEY. Ugh, clumsy! I'll tell Mrs Barnaby Bibbs.

GRUMPY. Do, and I'll tell Mr. Benjamin Bibbs who burnt the hole in his nightcap.

*Enter* BENJAMIN, R. H., and MRS. BARNABY, L. 2 H.

MRS. BARN. What does all this noise mean?

SNARLEY. Grumpy's been and broke your tea things, mum.

MRS. BARN. What?

GRUMPY. 'Twarn't my fault, the tabby cat ran between my legs and upset me—away flew the things, and down come I, with my nose in the coal skuttle.

BEN. Leave the room, both of you.

MRS. BARN. Order your own servant. (*crosses to c.*) I choose Grumpy should remain—Snarley, go!

BEN. Snarley, stay! (*crosses to c.*) What right, madam, have you to direct my servant?

MRS. BARN. Ugh! you are a—a—

BEN. So are you! What induced my brother to marry such a vixen I can't conceive.

MRS. BARN. Why my sister married such a hedgehog, I can't imagine—unless it was for your money.

BEN. Ah! you were both poor enough.

MRS. BARN. My sister and myself were rich, sir.

BEN. In what?

MRS. BARN. Innocence and beauty.

BEN. 'Twas your only capital, and you laid it out to advantage.

MRS. BARN. We were highly respectable—

BEN. Straw bonnet builders.

(GRUMPY and SNARLEY *laugh*—BENJAMIN and MRS. BARNABY *turn fiercely round upon them, and they run off R. and L. C.*)

MRS. BARN. You are degrading me before the servants, sir.

BEN. You degrade yourself before everybody, Mrs. Barnaby. Mr. Summers left this house to my brother and me; we sold the business because we were rich enough to do without it; I wished to live here, and offered to purchase Barnaby's share of this house.

MRS. BARN. So did I wish to live here, and offered to purchase your share in this house; *you* wouldn't sell it.

BEN. *You* wouldn't let Barnaby dispose of it. *You* insisted on living here.

MRS. BARN. *You* obstinately refused to reside anywhere else, and so we are all forced to inhabit the same house.

BEN. I took an uncommon fancy to this as a sitting room.

MRS. BARN. And I particularly desired it for the same purpose; in short, you have crossed my wishes in every way.

BEN. You have opposed me in everything. You were too cross-grained to give way.

MRS. BARN. You were too obstinate to yield, so two couple are crammed into the same room.

BEN. And what is the result?

MRS. BARN. And what is the consequence?

BEN. Ugh! you tartar!

MRS. BARN. Ugh! you savage!

PETER PARKER *runs on, L. D. 3 E., stops suddenly.*

PETER. They here—the devil!

BEN. (R. C. *seeing him.*) Holloa! holloa, very pretty.

MRS. BARN. (L. C.) You have broken your word, sir.

PETER. (L.) In what way, madam?

BEN. Why, zounds, sir, did not you promise when last here never again to enter the door of this house, without our permission?

PETER. You certainly did extort such a promise, and I have kept it.

MRS. BARN. How can that be, sir, when you are here?

PETER. Simply—because I came in at the window.

MRS. BARN. The window!

BEN. How?

PETER. By means of a ladder, which a bricklayer had left against the wall, purposely, as it should seem, for my accommodation.

BEN. Well, sir, you shall never have Selina Summers, I am determined, and on this point Mrs. Barnaby agrees with me.

MRS. BARN. Exactly, and that is about the only point on which we do agree.

PETER. Why should you object—I am highly respectable—a lawyer—

BEN. That's my objection!

PETER. Which?

BEN. You're a lawyer—a wife would be wretched with you—and I don't like to see a woman unhappy.

PETER. Why should a lawyer's wife be unhappy?

BEN. Why—lawyers bring disagreements into the families of strangers, what must they do to their own? Go, sir, you are nonsuited; if you make strangers miserable, lord help your intimate friends—particularly your wives.

PETER. Ridiculous! I am a lawyer, in good practice, and—

BEN. So much the worse; the more practice you have, the more mischief you do. (*retires.*)

PETER. Your objection to me, madam?

MRS. BARN. I don't like you—I am afraid you would tyrann-

nise over the poor girl—and I have an example constantly before me of the misery caused by a brutal husband.

PETER. Perhaps if I were to promise to become as great a noodle as your unfortunate little man—

MRS. BARN. A what—a noodle? (*calling.*) Barnaby! oh, here he is.

*Enter BARNABY, L. D. 2 E., crosses L. C.*

MRS. BARN. Barnaby, you are a noodle.

BARN. Law—am I?

MRS. BARN. You have been insulted.

BARN. Law—have I?

MRS. BARN. That gentleman said you were a noodle.

BARN. Law, did he? well, I don't mind it.

MRS. BARN. Not mind being called a noodle?

BARN. No, I'm used to it—you often call me so, you know.

MRS. BARN. Order him to quit the house.

BARN. Perhaps he won't go.

MRS. BARN. Then assert your manhood and kick him out.

BARN. Law, p'rhaps he won't let me.

MRS. BARN. Do as I bid you, sir, or dread my vengeance. (*retires.*)

BARN. Oh dear! he's a good deal bigger than me—but I'll look fierce and terrify him. (*swaggering. L. C.*) Sir!

PETER. (*L. H. sternly.*) Well, sir.

BARN. (*receding.*) Hem! (*mildly.*) Sir—Mr. Parker, sir, if you please, sir, you must get out.

PETER. Suppose I do not choose to go?

BARN. Then, sir, don't be angry, sir, but my wife says I must kick you.

PETER. What!

BARN. Do if you please, sir, let me kick you a little or I shall catch it.

PETER. Ha, ha! I feel for your situation, but can't oblige you in that particular.

BARN. Oh, dear! then perhaps you will have the kindness to consider yourself kicked.

PETER. Ha, ha! to oblige you, certainly. (*to BEN and MRS. BARN.*) I take my leave for the present, but rely on it, Selina Summers shall yet be mine. *Exit, C. and L.*

BEN. (*C. F.*) Impudent puppy!

MRS. BARN. (*C. F.*) Why, he's gone.

BARN. Yes, my dear. I told him I wanted to kick him, but he was in such a hurry he couldn't wait; but he says, to oblige me, he'll consider himself kicked.

MRS. BARN. Poltroon! I'll be revenged on you—I'll—

(seizes BARNABY behind by the collar of his coat; he works himself out of it, and darts off D. L. 2 E., leaving the coat in MRS. BARNABY'S hand. BENJAMIN laughs. MRS. BARNABY is about to throw the coat at him, when SELINA enters L. H. 3 E. MRS. BARNABY, confused, endeavours to conceal the coat.)

BEN. So, miss, in spite of your injunctions to the contrary, you still persist in encouraging that fellow.

SELINA. (*crosses to C.*) He is worthy of my love, nor can I see by what right or justice you thwart our wishes.

BEN. Remember your father's will: marry without the consent of my brother and myself, and not a farthing shall you touch.

SELINA. I was from home when my poor father died, heard not the will read, have ever been refused by you a sight of it, and do not feel at all assured of the authority which you say it gives you to oppose my happiness.

BEN. Then marry the lawyer, and try the cause. Ah! I see you do not feel sufficiently assured to run the risk of becoming a beggar.

SELINA. For myself I should not care; but my affection for Mr. Parker will not allow me to hazard that fortune which he himself would gladly resign to possess the hand of her whose heart is already unalterably his.

BEN. You shall never have him. I have a match in my eye for you.

MRS. BARN. So have I.

BEN. You must marry Jones, the soapboiler.

MRS. BARN. I object to him; he's too old. She must marry Figgins, the draper.

BEN. I can't allow that; he's too young. I'm determined.

MRS. BARN. I'm positive.

BEN. Perverse woman!

MRS. BARN. Obstinate man!

SELINA. Why, sir, seek to make me wretched? My poor father was generous to you. Rest satisfied, sir, with the misery you have caused your poor wife. And cannot you, madam, be contented with the power you have obtained over your poor weak husband, and not—

BEN. (*vociferating.*) Silence!

MRS. BARN. Hold your tongue. Go to your room.

BEN. And you shall be double-locked in it, see no one, and be fed with a quill through the keyhole. (*calling.*) Snarly!

MRS. BARN. (*calling.*) Grumpy!

SELINA. I may yet find a way to elude your tyranny.

*Exit D. L. 3 E.*



*Enter SNARLY, C. from R., GRUMPY, C. from L.*

BEN. Snarly, lock Miss Summers in her room.

MRS. BARN. Grumpy, keep watch; if she escapes, woe betide you.

BEN. My wife must have been condoling with the girl. Sarah, where are you? Zounds! I—I'll blow her to atoms.

*Exit A. D. 2 E.*

MRS. BARN. My husband must have been consoling her, and speaking ill of me. Barnaby, come here, sir, and I'll—I'll—oh! I'll tear him to pieces.

*Exit L. D. 2 E.*

GRUMPY. Snarly, your master's a nice man.

SNARLY. So is your missus.

GRUMPY. Your master ought to be hanged.

SNARLY. Your mistress ought to be smothered; her behaviour to Miss Selina is dreadful.

GRUMPY. Your master's treatment of her is diabolical.

SNARLY. I shan't lock her up.

GRUMPY. And I shan't stand a century over her. I pities her; I can't help it. My heart is as soft as hot bread—

SNARLY. And your face is hard as cold iron.

BARNABY. (*looking cautiously on, D. L. 2 E.*) I want my coat. Ah, Snarly!

GRUMPY. What, sir, has missus begun again?

BARN. Oh no, no occasion, for she's never left off.

SNARLEY. Sir, take my advice—remember, you're a lord of the creation.

*Exit, C. and R.*

GRUMPY. Excuse me, sir—be a man—flare up. *Exit, C. and L.*

BARN. (*putting on coat.*) Flare up! I can't. I've got more strength than a rushlight.

*Enter MRS. BENJAMIN, R. D. 2 E.*

MRS. BEN. Oh, Mr. Barnaby—

BARN. Oh, Mrs. Benjamin.

MRS. BEN. I pity you.

BARN. Thankee—same to you.

MRS. BEN. (*aside.*) I'll ask him to entreat his brother to behave a little kindly to me.

BARN (*aside.*) I'll get her to ask her sister not to come it so very strong with me.

MRS. BEN. Mr. Barnaby, I'm an unhappy woman.

BARN. And I'm an ill-used little wretch.

MRS. BEN. I should consider it a great favour—

BARN. I should feel so much obliged—

MRS. BEN. If you would entreat your brother—

BARN. If you would beg your sister—

MRS. BEN. Not to be so rough, and—

BARN. To draw it a little mild.

MRS. BEN. I am a stranger to conjugal happiness—

BARN. And I want more sugar.

MRS. BEN. More what?

BARN. Domestic felicity—you know.

MRS. BEN. Oh! now, if you will speak to your brother—

BARN. You'll speak to your sister—

MRS. BEN. I will immediately—

BARN. So will I directly—

MRS. BEN. Thank you, Mr. Barnaby.

BARN. Much obliged, Mrs. Benjamin. Ah, I made a shocking mistake; it's you I ought to have married.

MRS. BEN. Despite his treatment, I still love my Benjamin.

BARN. Do you, though? and though she uses me so uncommon queer, I idolizes Mrs. Barnaby, to an alarming extent.

MRS. BEN. (*wiping her eyes—affected.*) Win him to kindness, and will I kneel and bless you.

BARN. Get her to be a little tender, and I'll kneel, too, I like this—(*falling on his knees.*) and I'll say you are an angel—and I owe you my happiness; the very idea is overpowering. (*taking out his handkerchief, and wiping his eyes.*)

MRS. BEN. Rise, Mr. Barnaby. (*whimpering.*)

BARN. (*crying.*) I can't—my heart's boiling over at my eyes—the tears fall like a cataract, and I roar like a young Niagara.

(*buries his face in his handkerchief and blubbers.* MRS. BENJAMIN weeps and covers her face with her handkerchief.

*Enter BENJAMIN, R. D. 2 E., and gazes in astonishment; he taps*

MRS. BENJAMIN *on the shoulder, she looks up, utters a suppressed scream and runs off in alarm, R. D. 2 E., BENJAMIN takes her place before BARNABY.*

BARN. My feelings are soothed, the prospect is agreeable (*removing his handkerchief from his face.*) and I can now look up with delight. (*raises his eyes and sees BENJAMIN.*) Oh, lord, here's a mess, don't tell Mrs. Barnaby. (*rising*)

BEN. What the devil were you about, kneeling to my wife?

BARN. Hush! not so loud! Mrs. Benjamin has promised to ask Mrs. Barnaby to have a little mercy on me—I kneeled to thank her; my susceptibilities were too much for me—and—

BEN. Psha! and I suppose you have promised my wife to intercede, and—

BARN. The very identical—and really brother—

BEN. Hold your tongue—I'll manage my wife as I think proper, and if you weren't a ninny—

BARN. Go it! now I'm a ninny, just now I was a noodle.

BEN. Hold your tongue—and if you weren't a ninny—

BARN. You said that before, you know.

BEN. You'd manage *your* wife, and not—ugh, I'm ashamed of you!

BARN. Well I blush for myself, but it's no use; I've the form of a man—

BEN. And the heart of a mouse.

BARN. Bless you, a mouse is a hero to me; the other day one of these little creatures had the daring, the noble courage, I may say, to sit on the mantel piece, and look Mrs. Barnaby full in the face: actually sat on the mantel piece and stared at her—and do you think I could do such a thing! Not a morsel of it.

BEN. What a fool you must be to remain a slave, when by asserting your authority for five minutes you might become lord and master for ever.

BARN. Right! I'm roused, I'll do it—my soul's in arms.

BEN. Now is your time.

BARN. No, not now, I can't do it if I'm sober. I'll sneak out the back way, go to the nearest tavern, get drunk, and then come home and flare up.

BEN. Bah! you're a nincompoop.

*Exit, R. 2 E.*

BARN. A what? opprobrious epithet! my misery is now complete! I've arrived at the last ignominious stage—first I was a noodle, next I became a ninny, and now, oh, horror! I'm a nincompoop! I can't stand it—I'll go and get drunk directly—yet *why* should I? I feel I have sufficient *sober* courage—insult has made me brave. (*buttoning his coat up.*) I'm afraid of nothing and nobody. I'll go to my wife this moment, and I'll say, boldly—

MRS. BARNABY. (*without L. H. calling.*) Barnaby!

BARN. Oh, lord!

*Runs off in alarm, C. and L.*

*Enter MRS. BARNABY, L. D. 2 E.*

MRS. BARN. Barnaby! where is that—

*Enter MRS. BENJAMIN R. D. 2 E.*

Have you seen Barnaby?

MRS. BEN. To tell you the truth I entreated Mr. Barnaby to use his influence with my husband to procure me kinder treatment, and I have no doubt he is now—

MRS. BARN. And how dare he? You in return, I suppose, have promised to interest yourself with me for—

MRS. BARN. Exactly! and really sister you ought to behave more kindly to so good a little man.

MRS. BARN. No impertinence—woman's only chance for

happiness with a husband, is to rule him. Man is a restive animal, and like a restive steed should be kept tight in hand.

MRS. BEN. Reasoning with you I see is useless.

MRS. BARN. Quite! don't attempt to tame *me*, but assert your own dignity, and your husband will cease to tyrannize; just show him once that you have a spirit above yielding to his humour or aprice, and you may ever after govern him as I do Barnaby.

MRS. BEN. I have no wish to rule so absolutely; but I find submission to my tyrant only renders him more despotic.

MRS. BARN. The way with all tyrants, my love—here comes yours; at him, my dear, you will never again find so good an opportunity; be brave, and the day's your own; falter, and you are lost. *Exit, L. D. 2 E.*

MRS. BEN. Yes, a little firmness may render my future life more happy; 'tis a stake worth playing for, and I will venture boldly; failing I cannot be more wretched; he's here—oh how my heart beats.

*Enter BENJAMIN, R. D. 2 E.*

BEN. So, madam, you are here.

MRS. BEN. (*with assumed boldness.*) Well, sir, and what then?

BEN. (*astonished.*) Am I awake?

MRS. BEN. If not, I'll arouse you.

BEN. (*gruffly.*) Sarah!

MRS. BEN. (*in the same tone.*) Benjamin.

BEN. Are you in your senses?

MRS. BEN. I have just come to them, as you shall find. I have too long endured your overbearing conduct; the more I submitted the more you tyrannised—till you have created a revolution that shall shake you from your throne. (*crosses R.*)

BEN. I'm so astounded I can't speak. Sarah, I—

MRS. BEN. Benjamin, be quiet; I'll no longer be the stay at home I have been. I'll go to balls, operas, routs—I'll go out when I please, and come home when I think proper; and if you dare so much as hint an objection, I'll quit your house and sue for a separate maintenance. (*crosses L.*)

BEN. She's mad, I know she is. Madam, I'll trounce you.

MRS. BEN. No you won't—every dog will have his day, and you've had yours—you've stretched your authority too far, and the link has broken, my chains are off, and I'm a free woman.

(*crosses, R.*)

BEN. I say, Sarah!

MRS. BEN. And I say, Benjamin, behave yourself for the future as you hope for mercy; you rejected my claim for equal

rights, and now I'll be absolute monarch—recollect I have a brother in Calcutta six feet high; dare to rebel, I'll send for him home and he shall horsewhip you within an inch of your life.

*Bounces off, R. D. 2 E.*

*Enter MRS. BARNABY, L. D. 2 E. chuckling with delight.*

BEN. She's mad, she must be mad—something has turned her brain, something has disagreed with her.

MRS. BARN. (*coming forward.*) It's you, ha, ha, ha!

BEN. You—you are at the bottom of this—

MRS. BARN. I know it—I've spoiled her for a quiet wife; she'll soon have you under as perfect control as I exercise over Barnaby.

BEN. Will she—we shall see. But as for you, you essence of brimstone—

MRS. BARN. Ha, ha, ha!

BEN. You double distilled cream of tartar—

MRS. BARN. Ha, ha, ha! Go on, sir, my sister will revenge me.

MRS. BENJAMIN. (*within, R. H.*) Benjamin!

MRS. BARN. There's your wife calling you; you had better run or—

BEN. Does she dare? She shall rue—(MRS. BARNABY *laughs.*) and you—and—and—I'm going mad—but I—and she—and—and—and you—and you—and I—and she—ugh! bring me a straight waistcoat—ugh! I'll—oh—devils—hoofs, horns and crocodiles.

*Rushes out, R. D. 2 E.*

GRUMPY C. *from L., and SNARLY, C. from R., meet at C. door, and wrangle.*

MRS. BARN. Ha, ha, ha! I'm afraid my sister will not long retain her newly acquired power—oh, if she had my spirit—where is that fellow, Barnaby—Barnaby, I say!

*Exit, L. D. 2. E. SNARLY and GRUMPY come forward.*

SNARLY. I'm more of a upper servant than you—and I'll preserve my authority.

GRUMPY. You are a woman—a weak wessel—and you deserves to be smashed.

MRS. BENJAMIN. (*within, R. H. calling.*) Snarly!

MRS. BARNABY. (*within L. H. calling.*) Grumpy!

SNARLY. You are called.

GRUMPY. So are you!

SNARLEY. If I was your wife I'd let you know.

*Exit talking C. to R.*

GRUMPY. If I was your husband, you bottle of warjuice—

*Exit talking, C. to L.*

## A QUIET FAMILY.

BENJAMIN. (*within, R. H.*) Be quiet. Sarah.

MRS. BENJAMIN. (*within, R. H.*) Hold your tongue, Benjamin.

MRS. BARNABY. (*without, L. H.*) Barnaby! Barnaby!

BARNABY. (*without, L. C.*) What's the row? here's Barnaby

*Enter BARNABY, C. from L. very drunk, his hat crushed and muddy, dress disordered.*

He! he! (*chuckling.*) Salubriously swipecy, too. Where's my friend?

*Enter PARKER, C. from L.*

Oh! here you are. You are a man—so am I! I—I shall never forget your sympathy for an unfortunate and degraded individual—and my wife wanted me to kick you, but I wouldn't do it—you are the right sort of cheese.

PETER. You flatter me.

BARN. You're another! you made me drink three bottles of champagne in two minutes and a half. Luckily I ran against you as I was going out—you've made a hero of me, I *was*—but I won't expose myself by revealing what I *was*—I know what I *am*.

PETER. A man.

BARN. Yes; a true born English Briton. I feel as big again as I was—my figure's enlarged—I seem to dilate as I speak—my mind's enlarged, and my vision's multiplied. Yes, sir, thanks to you and the champagne, I can see four tables here, when I know there are only two. I can see two of *you*; and if I had a looking-glass I should see—no—that's impossible—there can't be two of *me*.

PARKER. But my dear friend, you promised—

BARN. I know it, and I'll do it. You shall have Selina Summers, fortune and all, my boy.

PARKER. How!

BARN. Easy enough! the champagne will do it—leave it to me—bring her here, and if I don't— *Exit PARKER, L. D. 3 E.* Ha, ha! tol de riddy rol! Give me your hand—I like you, and I adore your champagne—give me your hand—Eh? he's gone! Never mind! Tol de rol! he's a man.

*Enter SNARLEY, C. from R.*

Ah, Snarley, how do, Snarley? give me your hand—I like you—you're a man.

SNARLEY. A what? oh, sir, what will Mrs. Barnaby say to see you in this state?

BARN. Blow Mrs. Barnaby! I'm my own master—you're only a slavey—come and kiss me.



SNARLEY. What, this can't be you.

BARN. No, it's the champagne. (*taking hold of her.*) Kiss me, or I'll stop it out of your wages.

SNARLEY. (*struggling.*) Help! help! murder!

BARN. I'll soon stop your mouth. (*kisses her furiously.*)

MRS. BARNABY, enters L. D. 2 E., suddenly, and screams with astonishment.

(SNARLEY runs off, C. and R.—BARNABY throws his hat after her, then sticks his hands in his pockets and boldly confronts MRS. BARNABY.

MRS. BARN. (L. H.) Do you see me?

BARN. I see two of you, and, by the lord, one's a dose.

MRS. BARN. I caught you kissing the maid.

BARN. Exactly; but you won't catch me kissing you.

MRS. BARN. And what a state you're in.

BARN. It's a beautiful state.

MRS. BARN. Dreadfully tipsy; but I'll punish you, you vile, contemptible—

BARN. It's no use raving at me with a voice like a super-annuated hurdygurdy.

MRS. BARN. Ah! (*screaming.*) Have you really courage to—

BARN. Yes, real champagne courage—lots of it, bottled up, and now I'll take the cork out. You've trod on the poor worm too long, and now he's wriggled himself out of your clutches; this is the moment of retribution. To-day I have a grand feast—champagne and vengeance. (*struts about.*)

MRS. BARN. I—I—I'm mesmerised.

BARN. None of that humbug; you have too long destroyed our domestic felicity, but now I'll have it—I say, ma'am, I'll have it.

MRS. BARN. Have what?

BARN. More sugar! champagne has opened my eyes to my own merits—arn't I rich—you know I am—arn't I handsome—look at me.

MRS. BARN. You hideous monster!

BARN. (*bawling.*) More sugar. To-morrow evening I'm off on the grand tour. I shall go to France and learn the polka—I shall go to Brixton and inspect the treadmill.

MRS. BARN. Oh, I wish you were on it now.

BARN. I shall go to Jerusalem, madam, and I'll send you to Jericho.

MRS. BARN. Go where you will, I'll follow, you shan't escape me while you remain on earth.

BARN. Then I'll hire a balloon—go up and look down on you with contempt.

MRS. BARN. Can this be possible?

BARN. I knew I should astonish you.

MRS. BARN. I thought you so broken in.

BARN. But you see I'm breaking out.

MRS. BARN. Hold your tongue, sir.

BARN. Not a bit of it. I'm flaring up, and you shan't extinguish me. I'll illuminate the whole parish.

*Enter BENJAMIN and MRS. BENJAMIN, arm in arm, D. R. 2 E.*

Ah, Benjamin, my boy, I've done it; look at her, see how she stands trembling before me; my indignant eloquence has smothered her.

MRS. BARN. Then I'm indebted to you, Mr. Benjamin. (*he laughs.*) Oh, you shall both suffer for this.

*Enter GRUMPY, C. and L., and SNARLY, C. from R.*

Grumpy, seize your master; he's mad.

BARN. Stand back. I'm a raging lion; there's danger in my very roar.

*Enter PARKER and SELINA, D. L. 3 E.*

BEN. Stop 'em.

BARN. (*brandishing and seizing a chair.*) Keep back. They shall be married. I publish the banns. Keep her, Parker; she's got ten thousand pounds in her own right.

MRS. BARN. You villain!

BARN. Your father left you free, Selina. I saw the will, but was afraid to say so; but now, thanks to the champagne, I'm as bold as a four-and-twenty-pounder. (*struts.*)

PETEV. What motive—

BARN. They wanted Selina to marry somebody else, and got up the will story to frighten you away; but—ha, ha—I've smashed their machinery. Benjamin, who's a ninny now? Wife? who looks like a noodle? And damme!—all of you—what do you think of the nincompoop? (*struts about.*)

BEN. He has spoken truly; take her, Parker—if he had not blabbed I should have told you, for my wife and I have entered into a new treaty, and henceforth we intend to live happily together.

BARN. Why, Mrs. Benjamin, have you been drinking champagne? Mrs. Barnaby, we must enter into a new treaty; come, promise to be dutiful, or I'm off to Jerusalem—on a pony.

MRS. BEN. Consent, dear sister.

MRS. BARN. Well, Barnaby, I yield (*aside.*) for the present, but if I don't trounce you for this to-morrow, I'm no woman.

BARN. Hurrah! she yields. (*aside.*) I'm glad I've brought matters to a crisis—the champagne's beginning to evaporate.

SNARLY. (R. C.) And don't be so snarly, Grumpy.

GRUMPY. (R.) And don't you be so grumpy, Snarly.

BEN. Let's seal a general reconciliation.

ALL. Agreed.

PETER. (L. H. corner, *extending his arms.*) Selina!

SELINA. (L. C. *extending her arms.*) Peter!

SNARLY. (*extending her arms.*) Grumpy!

GRUMPY. (*extending his arms.*) Snarly!

MRS. BEN. (R. C. *extending her arms.*) Benjamin!

BEN. (R. of SELINA, *extending his arms.*) Sarah!

MRS. BEN. (R. of BENJAMIN, *extending her arms.*) Barnaby!

BARN. (C. *extending his arms.*) Jemina!

(*the couples embrace simultaneously, BARNABY kisses his wife after the embrace.*)

BARN. That's what I call more sugar.

BEN. A house that's divided, as sure as a gun,

They say, cannot stand—

MRS. BARN. But I hope ours will run.

SELINA. (*to PARKER.*) Ask our friends to be kind.

PETER. Indeed, love, I can't.

SNARLY. Then Grumpy will do it.

GRUMPY. Indeed! but I shan't.

MRS. BARN. Speak, Benjamin, speak! either you or your wife.

BEN. Address them, my love.

MRS. BEN. I'm too nervous, my life.

BARN. They'll none of 'em speak. I see it quite plain,

They haven't, like me, had a dose of champagne;

A lesson for those with a wife of my sample,

Let 'em flare up—imitate my example.

Drink lots of champagne, and so end the strife,

But it wouldn't be prudent to larrup your wife.

I love Mrs. B., but will have my own way,

We'll both *love*, we'll both *honour*—but she must *obey*.

With your smiles to cheer us we'll get on quite cannily,

And p'rhaps prove at last a real Quiet Family.

MRS. BARN. BARN. MRS. BEN. BEN.

Y. SNARLY.

SELINA. PARKER.

+

CURTAIN.



# CHARLES THE SECOND;

OR,

## THE MERRY MONARCH.

A Comedy,

IN TWO ACTS,

*Adapted from "La Jeunesse de Henri V."*

BY

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE,

AUTHOR OF

*"Brutus," "Clari," "Therese," "Accusation," "Adeline," "Al  
Pacha," "The Two Galley Slaves," "Love in Humble Life,"  
"Twas I," "Lancers," "Mrs. Smith," &c.*

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38, EAST 14TH STREET.

## CHARLES THE SECOND.

*First performed at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, on  
Thursday, May 27th, 1824.*

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### Characters.

KING CHARLES II.....	MR. C. KEMBLE.
ROCHESTER .....	MR. JONES.
EDWARD..... (a Page) .....	MR. DURUSET.
CAPTAIN COPP.....	MR. FAWCETT.

*Two Pages. Servants.*

LADY CLARA.....	MRS. FAUCIT.
MARY..... (adopted Daughter of Copp).....	MISS M. TREE.

---

*Time of Representation—1 Hour and 50 Minutes.*

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### Costumes.

KING CHARLES.—Light drab beaver hat, white plumes, point lace collar and cuffs, black circular cloak, lined with white satin, and turned back with gold trimming; star on cloak; green doublet, slashed with white satin from top to the bottom of sleeves, and richly embroidered with gold; sword; sword-belt very broad and richly embroidered; sash of amber-coloured silk, with bows round the waist and sleeves; deep buff full breeches, richly embroidered, with point lace at the knees; yellow boots. *Sailor's Dress*:—Blue very full tunic to draw round the waist; full blue breeches, blue stockings, striped shirt, coarse baize cap; russet shoes.

ROCHESTER.—Two dresses of the same fashion as the King's, only the embroidered dress is a plum colour; white satin sash and white bows; white shoes.

EDWARD.—Scarlet doublet, white full breeches trimmed with gold button holes and tassels, white puffs, white silk sash and gold fringe; white shoes. *Second Dress*:—Puce brown, trimmed with amber silk, same shape as the first, but plain.

CAPTAIN COPP.—Large drab beaver hat; striped shirt; scarlet tunic, very full, drawn round the waist with black cord and black bows; large blue breeches, trimmed with yellow, and large gilt ball buttons; a cloak to match, with a few buttons, no other trimming.

Two WAITERS in plain doublets.

BEEF EATERS.—

LADY CLARA.—Very rich pink satin dress, with full sleeves, trimmed with pearl beads.

MARY.—Black velvet body, blue silk skirt, trimmed with point lace, point lace apron.



*There is no Charge for the Performance of this Comedy.*

## CHARLES THE SECOND.



### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Royal Palace.*—(3rd grooves)

*Enter* LADY CLARA, *followed by* ROCHESTER, R.

LADY C. Yes, my lord, her majesty will have it, that you are the chief cause of the king's irregularities.

ROCH. Oh, I'll warrant it; and of his not loving her too—is it not so?

LADY C. I did not say that; but, in truth, my lord, your continual jests on the married state——

ROCH. Heaven bless it!

LADY C. Your continued ridicule of married men——

ROCH. Heaven help them!

LADY C. Your licentious example, and still more licentious poetry——

ROCH. What's coming next?

LADY C. All these, I say, make you the most dangerous of men.

ROCH. Dangerous! My dear Lady Clara, you make me vain.

LADY C. It is well known that you are the king's prime companion in all his excesses.

ROCH. What, is my loyalty to be made my reproach? Must I not stand by my monarch in all his moods? Would you have me weep when my sovereign laughs? Would you have me whine when my sovereign calls for a jolly song? No, no, my lady, that might have done in the days of Praise-God-Barebones and the Roundheads; but times are altered.—We have a merry monarch to reign over us—A merry monarch makes a merry court—so Heaven save the jovial king, and send him boon companions!

LADY C. (*laughing*) I see it is in vain to reason with you.

ROCH. Then give over the attempt.—Let us talk of

something of a nearer and a dearer interest—of your merits and my most ardent flame.

LADY C. Ah me! I fear, like many other of your flames, it will but end in smoke.—You talk of being desperately in love,—what proof have you ever given?

ROCH. What proof? Am I not ready to give the greatest proof that man can offer—to lay down this sweet bachelor life, and commit matrimony for your sake?

LADY C. Well, this last, I must say, coming from a Rochester, is a most convincing proof. I have heard *you* out, listen now to *me*. (ROCHESTER *bows*) I will propose a bargain.—If, by your ascendancy over the king, you can disgust him with these nocturnal rambles, and bring him back to reason——

ROCH. Your ladyship forgets one of my talents.

LADY C. Which is it?

ROCH. That of getting myself banished two or three times a year.

LADY C. And if the woman you profess to love should offer to *partake* your exile?

ROCH. I am a lost man—I surrender;—that last shot reached my heart.

LADY C. (*sighing*) Ah, my lord—if that heart were only worth your head! Well, is it agreed?

ROCH. It is your will—I undertake the sacrifice; but, madam, bear in mind my recompense.

LADY C. You may hope for everything. (*crosses, R.*) Adieu, my lord; I now begin to believe in your passion, since you are willing to make a sacrifice to it, even of your follies.

*Exit, R.*

ROCH. A pretty task I have undertaken, truly! I—Rochester—become reformer! And, then, the convert I have to work upon! Charles, who glories in all kinds of rambling frolics! True, he *has* had none but pleasant adventures as yet;—if I should trick him into some ridiculous dilemma? My whole life has been a tissue of follies, and I am called a man of wit. I am now to attempt a rational act, and I shall be called a madman! Well, be it so—matrimony will be sure to bring me to my senses! Ah! here comes my young protégé—how down-cast he seems!

*Enter EDWARD, languidly, R.*

How now, Edward, what's the matter with you, boy?

EDWARD. (*sighing*) Nothing, my lord.

ROCH. Good heaven, what a sigh to heave up nothing with! Tell me the truth this instant;—hast thou dared to fall in love?

EDWARD. I hope, my lord, there is no harm in indulging an honest attachment.

ROCH. An honest attachment! A young half-fledged page about court, who has hardly tried his wings in the sunshine of beauty, to talk of an honest attachment! Why, thou silly boy, is this the fruit of all the lessons I have given thee?

EDWARD. Did not your lordship tell me that one of the first duties of a page was to be zealous in his devotion to the fair?

ROCH. Yes; but I told thee to skim over the surface of beauty, just dipping your wings, like a swallow, not plumping in like a goose. I told you to hover from flower to flower like a butterfly, not to bury yourself in one like a bee. An honest attachment!—what a plebeian phrase!—there's a wife and seven children in the very sound of it!

EDWARD. My lord, I know your talent for putting things in a whimsical light, but, could you see the object of my passion——

ROCH. Nay, a truce with all description.—But who, pray, is the object of this honest attachment?

EDWARD. (*embarrassed*) My lord!

ROCH. One of the maids of honour, I'll be bound, who has privately been petting you with sweetmeats, and lending you love-tales.

EDWARD. No, my lord.

ROCH. Some veteran belle about court, too well known to the veteran beaux, and anxious to take in a new comer.

EDWARD. No such thing, my lord.

ROCH. Pray, then, give me some clue. What is the name of your beauty?

EDWARD. Her name, my lord, is Mary.

ROCH. Mary! a very pretty posy-like name—And what sequestered spot may the gentle Mary embellish with her presence?

EDWARD. She lives at the Tav—— Nay, my lord, promise not to laugh.

ROCH. Far be it from me to laugh in so serious a matter. Come, the residence of this fair one?

EDWARD. Why, then, my lord, she inhabits the tavern of the Grand Admiral, in Wapping.

ROCH. Usquebaugh and tobacco! the tavern of the Grand Admiral!—Ha! ha! ha!—An honest attachment to some pretty barmaid!

EDWARD. No, my lord, no barmaid, I assure you. Her uncle keeps the tavern.

ROCH. (*with mock gravity*) Oh, I ask pardon, then she is heiress apparent to the tap-room, and you no doubt look forward to rise in the state through the dignities of drawer, tapster, and head-waiter, until you succeed to the fair hand of the niece, and the copper nose of the uncle, and rule with spigot in hand over the fair realms of Wapping. You, who I flattered myself would have made the torment and delight of all the pretty women at court,—*you* to be so completely gulled at the very outset,—the dupe of a green girl, and some old rogue of a publican!

EDWARD. Indeed, indeed, my lord, you do the uncle injustice. He is a perfectly honest, upright man—an old captain of a cruiser.

ROCH. Worse and worse! Some old buccaneer, tired of playing the part of monster at sea, has turned shark on shore. And do you dare to appear in such a house with the dress of a royal page?

EDWARD. Oh! I have taken care to avoid that. I have introduced myself into the house as a music-master.

ROCH. And your musical name, gentle sir?

EDWARD. Georgini, at your service.

ROCH. Ha! ha! ha! very soft and Italianish. I'll warrant this heroine barmaid will turn out some unknown princess, carried off by the old buccaneer landlord, in one of his cruising.

EDWARD. Your lordship is joking; but, really, at times, I think she is not what she seems.

ROCH. Ha! ha! ha! I could have sworn it. But, silence—I hear his majesty dismount. Run to where

your duty calls : we'll take another opportunity to discuss the merits of this Wapping princess. (*crosses, R.*)

EDWARD. (*muttering*) There's many a true thing said in jest. I am certain her birth is above her condition.

*Exit, L. U. E.*

ROCH. I must see this paragon of barmaids—she must be devilish pretty ! The case admits of no delay—I'll see her this very evening. Hold ! Why not fulfil my promise to Lady Clara at the same time ? It is decided ;—I'll give his majesty my first lesson in morals this very night. But, he comes.

*Enter CHARLES, L. U. E.*

CHARLES. Good-day, my lord ! What, musing ! I never see thee with that air of grave cogitation, but I am sure there is some mischief devising.

ROCH. On the contrary, I am vehemently tempted to reform.

CHARLES. Reform ! ha ! ha ! ha ! Why, man, no one will credit thy conversion ! Is not thy name a by-word ? Do not mothers frighten their daughters with it, as formerly with that of Beelzebub ? Is not thy appearance in a neighbourhood a signal for all the worthy citizens to bar their windows and put their womankind under lock and key ? Art thou not, in melancholy truth, the most notorious scapegrace in the kingdom ?

ROCH. Heaven fend that in anything I should take precedence of your majesty. (*bowing*)

CHARLES. Hem ! But what proof do you give of your conversion ?

ROCH. The most solemn—I am going to be married.

CHARLES. Married ! And who, pray, is the lady you have an idea of rendering miserable ?

ROCH. The lady Clara.

CHARLES. The lady Clara ! the brilliant, the discreet, the virtuous lady Clara ! she marry Rochester ! ha ! ha ! ha !

ROCH. Ah, my liege, heaven has given her a superabundance of virtues ;—she will be able to make a very virtuous man of me with her superfluity.

CHARLES. Well, when thou art married, I will undertake to write thy epithalamium.

ROCH. Then your majesty may at once invoke the Muses. All is settled. (*with great gravity*) As soon as the rites are solemnized, I shall quit the court, and its mundane pleasures, and retire with my lovely bride to my castle at Rochester, under permission of my creditors, the faithful garrison of that fortress.

CHARLES. What! is your castle again in pledge?

ROCH. No, my liege, not again. It has never, to my knowledge, been exactly out of keeping. A castle requires a custodian.

CHARLES. Ah, Rochester! Rochester! thou art an extravagant dog. - I see I shall be called on to pay these usurers at last.

ROCH. Your majesty is ever bounteous. I should not have dared to solicit, and certainly shall not presume to decline.

CHARLES. Ha! ha! Thou art an arrant juggler, and hast an admirable knack of extracting a gift out of an empty hand. But, to business,—where shall we pass the night?

ROCH. (*assuming a serious air*) I must beg your majesty to excuse me this evening—I have an engagement of a grave and important nature.

CHARLES. Grave and important! Thou liest, Rochester, or thine eye speaks false. And whither does this grave engagement take thee?

ROCH. To the tavern of the Grand Admiral in Wapping!

CHARLES. I thought it was some such haunt. And the object of this business?

ROCH. A young girl, beautiful as an angel, and virtuous as a dragon—about whom there hangs a mystery that I must investigate.

CHARLES. A mysterious beauty! It is a case for royal scrutiny—I will investigate it myself. (*crosses R.*)

ROCH. But, my liege—

CHARLES. No buts. Provide disguises. We will go together. (*with mock gravity*) I like to study human nature in all its varieties, and there is no school equal to a tavern. There's something of philosophy in this—one often gets a useful lesson in the course of a frolic.

ROCH. (*aside*) It shall go hard but your majesty shall



have one to-night. (*aloud*) Ah, how few, except myself, give your majesty credit for your philosophy! And yet, by many, I am considered the partaker of your majesty's excesses.

CHARLES. Partaker! what a calumny! you are the promoter of them.

ROCH. The world will judge me in this instance with even more severity than your majesty has done, should any disagreeable adventure be the result.

CHARLES. Psha! I take the consequences on myself. Provide two seamen's dresses, a purse well filled, and arrange everything for nine precisely; till then, farewell.

*Exit, R.*

ROCH. I will attend your majesty. So! the plot is in train. This night the lesson—to-morrow my disgrace. Within eight days my marriage, and then, at my leisure, to repent and to reform.

*Exit, L. U. E.*

SCENE II.—*Outside of Copp's Tavern with sign of "The Grand Admiral."—A view of the Thames and Wapping. —(2nd grooves.)*

VOICE. (*within*) Wine! wine! house!—waiter!—more wine, ho! Huzza! huzza! huzza!

*Enter MARY from the house, door in F.*

MARY. What a noise those sailors make in the bar room—nothing but singing, and laughing, and shouting—I should like to take a peep at them—but no—my uncle forbids me to show myself in the public rooms—he scarcely lets me be seen by the guests—he brings me up more like a young lady than the niece of a tavern keeper—(*walks about restless*) Heigho! what a tiresome long day! what shall I do with myself? what can be the matter with me? I wonder what can keep Mr. Georgini away? For three days he has not been here to give me a lesson—no matter, (*pettishly*)—I don't care—I shall forget all my singing, that's certain—he was just teaching me such a pretty song too—all about love—I'll try it—(*attempts to sing*)—no, I can't—it's all out of my head—well, so much the better! I suppose he is teaching it to some fine lady

scholar—let him, I don't care—I don't believe he'll find her so apt a pupil.

*(Introduced Song)*

*Enter COPP, door in flat.*

COPP. (L. c.) What, Mary, my little blossom, what cheer? what cheer? Keep close, my little heart—why do you stir out of port? Here be cruisers abroad.

MARY. (R. c.) Who are those people, uncle, that make such a noise?

COPP. Two hearty blades—mad roysters—oons, how they drink. I was obliged to part company, old cruiser as I am, or they would soon have had me on my beam ends.

MARY. Are they sailors, uncle?

COPP. To be sure they are: who else would fling about money as they do, and treat a whole bar-room? The tallest in particular is a very devil. Hollo, Captain Copp, cries he every minute, another bottle to treat my brother tars.

MARY. Ey their swaggering about so, they must be very rich.

COPP. Poo, child, 'tisin't the deepest laden ships that make the most rolling.

MARY. But they spend their money so freely.

COPP. A sure sign that it's running out. The longest cable must come to an end. He that pays out fastest, will soonest be brought up with a round turn.

MARY. To what ship do they belong?

COPP. That's more than I can say. I suppose they're a couple of man of war's men just paid off, who think they've a Spanish mine in each pocket—*(shouts of laughter from within)* Ah, the jolly tars! I was just the same at their age.

MARY. I should like to have a look at them. *(he stops her)*

COPP. Avast there—what, trust thee in the way of two such rovers? No, no, I recollect too well what it was to get on shore after a long voyage. The first glimpse of a petticoat—whew! up boarding pikes and grappling irons!—*(recollecting himself)* Ahem—no, no, child, mustn't venture in these latitudes,

MARY. Ah, my good uncle, you are always so careful of me.

COPP. And why not? What else have I in the whole world to care for, or to care for me? Thou art all that's left to me out of the family fleet—a poor slight little pinnace. I've seen the rest, one after another, go down; it shall go hard but I'll convoy thee safe into port.

MARY. I fear I give you a great deal of trouble, my dear uncle.

COPP. Thou'rt the very best lass in the whole kingdom, and I love thee as I loved my poor brother; that's because you're his very image. To be sure, you haven't his jolly nose, and your little mouth is but a fool to his. But then, there are his eyes, and his smile, and the good humoured cut of his face—(*sighing*) poor Philip! What! I'm going again, like the other night—(*wiping his eyes*) Psha! let's change the subject, because, d'ye see, sensibility and all that, it does me no good—none—so let's talk of something else. What makes thee so silent of late, my girl? I've not heard a song from thee these three days!

MARY. It's three days since I've seen my music-master.

COPP. Well, and can't you sing without him?

MARY. Without him I can't sing well.

COPP. And what's become of him?

MARY. (*pettishly*) I can't tell, it's very tiresome. If he did not mean to come again, he might have said so.

COPP. Oddsfish, neglect thee—neglect his duty!—I'll break him on the spot. Thou shalt have another master, my girl.

MARY. (*eagerly*) Oh no, on no account; I dare say he is not well, some accident has happened. Besides, there is no other teacher in town equal to him, he sings with such feeling.

COPP. Ah—girl! if I had my old messmate, Jack Ratlin, here, he'd teach thee to sing. He had a voice—faith it would make all the bottles dance, and glasses jingle on the table!—Talk of feeling! Why, when Jack would sit of an evening on the capstan when on watch, and sing about sweethearts and wives, and jolly tars, and true lovers' knots, and the roaring seas, and all that; smite my timbers, but it was enough to melt the heart of a

grampus. Poor Jack, he taught me the only song I ever knew, it's a main good one though—— (*sings*)

In the time of the Rump,  
As old Admiral Trump,  
With his broom swept the chops of the Channel;  
And his crew of Bigbreeches,  
Those Dutch sons of ——

MARY. (*putting her hand on his mouth*) Oh, uncle, uncle, don't sing that horrible rough song.

COPP. Rough? that's the beauty of it. It rouses one up, pipes all hands to quarters like a boatswain's call. Go in, Mary, but go in at the other door; don't go near the bar: go up to your own room, my dear, and your music-master will come to you presently, never fear.

*Exit MARY, L.*

VOICE. (*within*) Hollo—house! waiter! Captain Copp! another bottle, my hearty fellow.

COPP. There they go again! I can't stand it any longer. I'm an old cruiser, and can't hear an engagement without longing to be in the midst of it. Avast, though—(*stopping short*) these lads are spending too much money. Have a care, friend Copp, don't sink the sailor in the publican; don't let a free-hearted tar ruin himself in thy house—no, no, faith. If they want more wine they shall have it; but they shall drink as messmates, not as guests. So have at you, boys; it's my turn to treat now.

*Exit COPP, door in flat.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in Copp's House; a window to open, L. C. in flat, stairs leading off, R. 3 E.; door to lock, L. 1 E. —(4th grooves).*

*Enter MARY, L. door.*

MARY. How provoking this absence of Mr. Georgini!—It would be serving him right to let my uncle discharge him: but then I should like just to learn that song he is teaching me—hark!—How my heart beats! Hark! I'll wager it's Georgini—I have a gift of knowing people before I see them—my heart whispers me——

*Enter EDWARD, as Georgini, L. door*

MARY. So, sir, you are come at last, are you? I had supposed you did not intend to come any more, and was about to look out for another teacher.

EDWARD. Pardon me for my absence—you have no idea what I have suffered.

MARY. (*with anxiety*) Suffered!—Have you been ill then?

EDWARD. Very ill——

MARY. Indeed! and what was your complaint?

EDWARD. (*smiling*) The not seeing you.

MARY. (*half piqued, half pleased*) Mighty fine, sir; it's a complaint that you might have cured in a moment.—I have been angry, sir—very angry at your neglect—don't smile, sir—I won't be laughed at——

EDWARD. Laugh at you! Can you suspect me of such a thing?—I do but smile from the pleasure of seeing you again—nothing but circumstances that I could not control caused my absence.

MARY. (*softening*) Well, it's very provoking to be interrupted in one's lessons just in the middle of a new song—I'll warrant you've been teaching it all over town.

EDWARD. Indeed I teach it to no one but yourself—for no one else can do it such justice.

MARY. (*smiling*) Nay, now you are flattering—have you brought it with you?

EDWARD. Here it is—if you please, we will sing it at once.

MARY. Yes—but—but—don't look so steadily at me while I sing—it puts me out; and then—and then—I don't know what I'm singing.

EDWARD. What!—have you fear of me then?

MARY. Oh! yes; I fear that I may not please you.

EDWARD. (*apart*) Amiable innocence! for the world could I not betray thee.

(*Introduced Duet.*)

*Enter COPP., L. door, a little gay.*

COPP. (*singing*) "In the time of the Rump," &c. Aha! master crotchet and quaver, so you've come at last, have

you? What the deuce did you stay away for, and let my little girl get out tune?

EDWARD. Oh! I've explained all, sir, and made my peace.

COPP. Ah, she's a forgiving little baggage, and amazing fond of music—why she's always on the look out for you an hour before the time.

MARY. (*crosses*) Never mind, uncle. Are your strange companions here still?

COPP. Here still? ay, and likely to stay here—ha! ha! ha!—no getting rid of them—they're a couple of devils, of right down merry devils, ha! ha! ha!—They've flustered me a little, i'faith.

EDWARD. (R.) You seem to have a great deal of company in the house, sir; I'll take my leave.

COPP. You shall take no such thing—you shall take tea with us, my little semibreve, and we'll have a lesson of music too. Oddsfish! you shall give me a lesson—I am confoundedly out of practice, and can't turn my old song for the life of me—(*begins*) "In the time of the Rump"

MARY. Never mind the song now, uncle, we must have tea first, and Mr. Georgini will help me make it.

COPP. Ay, faith, and we'll add a bowl of punch and a flask of old Madeira to make a set out—my two messmates in the other room are to be of the party.

MARY. What, those wild sailors who have been keeping the house in an uproar?

COPP. To be sure—they're good lads, though they have a little of the devil in them.—They asked to clink the cup with me, and you know I can't well refuse, by trade, to clink the cup with any one. In troth, they had put me in such rare good humour—ha! ha! ha!—that I could not refuse them for the life of me.

MARY. But they are such a couple of hare-brains—

COPP. Oh! don't be afraid—they are rough, but good natured—sailor-like: besides, am not I always within hail? One of them, I see, is heaving in sight already. Come with me, my girl, and help to prepare the punch, and get the tea—you, my king of crotchets, will stay and receive our guests—make yourself at home—(*sings as he goes*) "In the time of the Rump"—

*Exeunt COPP and MARY, R. 3. E*



EDWARD. Here's a transformation! from a court page behold me master of ceremonies at a Wapping tavern. (*L. door opens—he starts*) Good heaven! whom have we here? the Earl of Rochester, in that rude garb!

*Enter ROCHESTER, L. door.*

ROCH. The shouts of those jolly fellows began to turn my brain—his majesty is in fine humour to get into a scrape; and if he does, to make his difficulties more perplexing, I have secured his purse, so that he cannot bribe his way out of them—hey! Edward?

EDWARD. (*R., confused*) My lord Rochester!

ROCH. (*L. c.*) Silence, you rogue! I am no lord here, no Rochester. I am a seaman—my name Tom Taffrel. The king, my messmate, is Jack Mizen.

EDWARD. The king with you!—(*aside*) I see it all—he's after Mary—ah, I am lost!

ROCH. Don't be alarmed, friend Georgini; none but the most innocent motives have brought us here.

EDWARD. Innocent motives bring you and the king, at night, to a tavern in Wapping, where there is a beautiful girl? ah! my lord, my lord.

ROCH. Nay, to convince you that you have nothing to fear, I permit you to remain with us. (*aside*) He may assist my scheme. (*aloud*) You must play off your character of music-master upon the king.

EDWARD. Impossible! his majesty will recognize my features.

ROCH. Psha! you have not been page a month, and probably has not seen your face three times. But take care how you act; the least indiscretion on your part——

EDWARD. Ah! my lord, I am too much interested in keeping the secret.

ROCH. That is not all. In whatever situation the king may find himself, whatever chagrin he may suffer, I forbid you to assist him in the slightest manner. You are to see in him only the sailor, Jack Mizen.

EDWARD. Should his majesty chance to incur any danger, my lord, I can never be passive. In such case, I have but one course.

ROCH. There can be no danger, I shall myself watch over his safety.

EDWARD. That decides me—I think I apprehend the object, and will obey your lordship.

ROCH. The king approaches—silence! let each resume his part.

*Enter CHARLES, L. door.*

CHARLES. Well, messmate, shall we soon see this marvellous beauty?

EDWARD. (*apart*) So—this is his majesty's innocent motive.

ROCH. Peace, friend Jack, here's one of her admirers—her music-master——

CHARLES. (*crosses, c.*) Ah! you teach the young lady music, do you? (*looking earnestly at him—aside to ROCHESTER*) Zounds! how like he is to the page you gave me lately.

EDWARD. (*apart*) Ah! my face strikes him.

ROCH. (L.) Hum—I can't say I see much resemblance. He is taller than Edward, and older, and the expression of his countenance is not the same.

CHARLES. No, no, not altogether, but there is a something——

ROCH. Why, to tell the truth, the page had a wild fellow for a father—and, your majesty knows, likenesses are stamped at random about the world sometimes.

CHARLES. (*laughing*) I understand—duplicate impressions—like enough. (*goes L.*)

*Enter MARY and SERVANT with tea, R. 3 E.*

MARY. (*to SERVANT*) Set the table in this room.

(*the SERVANT places tray on table, R. c., goes off and returns with a kettle of boiling water—MARY makes tea*)

CHARLES. (R. c., *to ROCHESTER*) By heaven, she's a divinity!

EDWARD. (c., *low to ROCHESTER*) What does he say?

ROCH. (*to EDWARD*) That your divinity is a devilish fine girl.

CHARLES. (*to ROCHESTER*) Amuse this confounded sing-

ing-master. I wish to have a duo with his mistress.—He'll only mar music.

ROCH. (*to EDWARD, with an air of great business*) My good Mr. Georgini, I have something particularly to say to you—(*drawing him to L. corner*) His majesty (*suppressing a laugh*) fancies that you are uncomfortable, and requests me to amuse you.

EDWARD. Yes, that he may have Mary all to himself—(*trying to get away*)

ROCH. (*drawing him back*) Come, don't be childish. What, you pretend to follow my lessons, and want complaisance.

CHARLES (*making advances to MARY, who appears at first a little shy*) Do let me assist you, my pretty lass.

MARY. Don't trouble yourself, sir; Mr. Georgini is to help me make tea.

EDWARD. (*breaking from ROCHESTER*) I am here, madam—what can I do to help you?

CHARLES. (*puts the tea pot as if accidentally against his hand—drily*) Take care, young man, you may scald your fingers.

ROCH. (*drawing EDWARD back to L. corner, and speaking low*) Why, what a plague, boy, are you doing?

(CHARLES continues to assist MARY, mingling little gallantries, and blundering in attempts to assist)

EDWARD. (*aside, and struggling with ROCHESTER*) I shall go mad!

MARY. (*at table*) Oh dear, sir, you're so kind, you quite put me out—(*laughing*)—hey! you have taken my hand instead of the teapot. I will not say you are awkward, sir, but really you have the oddest manner of assisting—nay, let go my hand, I beg.

CHARLES. (c.) By heaven, it is a beautiful one!

MARY. Nay, nay—pray, sir—(*withdrawing her hand with smiling confusion—apart*) Upon my word, I don't see anything so very rude in these people.

EDWARD. (L., *endeavouring to get away from ROCHESTER*) Let me go, I entreat you; I can stand this no longer.

ROCH. (L. c., *holding him, and suppressing a laugh*) Psha! man, if you think to marry, or rise at court, you must learn to be deaf and blind upon occasion.

CHARLES. (*in rather an under tone to MARY*) And how is it possible so pretty a lass should not be married?

MARY. Married—bless me! I never thought of such a thing.

CHARLES. No? never? and yet surrounded by lovers.

MARY. Lovers! I haven't one, sir.

CHARLES. Indeed! and what is that young man, fidgeting yonder?

MARY. He?—he is my singing-master, sir.

CHARLES. And he sings to some purpose, I'll warrant.

MARY. Delightfully.

CHARLES. And gives you a love song now and then?

MARY. Oh often, often.

CHARLES. I thought so, he has it in his countenance.

EDWARD. (*to ROCHESTER*) Yo must let me go, you see I am wanted.

ROCH. (*still holding him in corner*) Upon my word they are getting on amazingly well without you.

CHARLES. (*to MARY*) And so you are fond of music, my pretty lass?

MARY. Oh, I love it of all things.

CHARLES. A pretty hand to beat time with. (*taking her hand*)

MARY. Sir—(*withdrawing it*)

CHARLES. And as pretty a little mouth to warble a love-song. I warrant there comes none but sweet notes from these lips. (*offers to kiss her*)

MARY. (*resisting*) Sir, give over—let me go, sir. Mr. Georgini—help, help!

(EDWARD bursts from ROCHESTER, who is laughing, and COPP enters with punch-bowl, R. 3 E.)

COPP. Avast there, messmate! what the devil, yard arm and yard arm with my niece! (*placing the bowl on table, R.—CHARLES desists, a little confused*)

MARY. (*R. flurried*) I am glad you are come, uncle—this rude stranger——

COPP. (*R. c., taking her arm under his*) Thunder and lightning—what! insult Captain Copp's niece in his own house! Fire and furies!

CHARLES. (*c., pretending to be a little gay*) I insult your niece, messmate? Since when has an honest tar's kissing

a pretty girl been considered an insult? As to the young woman, if she takes offence at a piece of sailor civility, why I ask pardon, that's all.

COPP. (*softened*) Oh, as to a piece of civility, d'ye see that alters the case; but, guns and blunderbusses! if any one should dare——

ROCH. (*crosses, c.*) Come, come, uncle Copp, what a plague! you were a youngster once, and a frolicsome one, I'll warrant. I see it in your eye—what—didst ever think it a crime to kiss a pretty girl in a civil way.

COPP. No, no, in a civil way, no certainly; I can make allowance when a lad and a lass, and a bottle come pretty near each other—oddsfish—you say right, at your age I was a rattler myself.—Come, Mary, no harm done—Come, lads, take your seats.

(*they seat themselves. EDWARD attempts to place himself by MARY, R.—CHARLES interferes, and takes the place; he goes to the L. side—ROCHESTER twirls him round, and sits—EDWARD then sits on his L.*)

MARY.

COPP.

CHARLES.

ROCHESTER.

Table

EDWARD.

Small  
table

R.

L.

Come my girl, pour out the tea—I'll fill out the punch, and we'll have a time of it, i'faith—Come, I'll give you a jolly song to begin with—(*sings*)—

In the time of the Rump,  
As old Admiral Trump—

MARY. (*apart*) That odious song!—come, uncle, never mind the song, take a cup of tea—(*offering one*)

COPP. What, drown my song and myself in warm water? ha! ha! no faith—not while there's a drop in the punch bowl.

(MARY helps EDWARD and ROCHESTER, omitting CHARLES.)

CHARLES. (*low to MARY*) Am I then excluded?

MARY. (*looking down*) I thought punch would be more to your liking, sir.

CHARLES. Then punch be it—Come, clink with me, neighbour Copp—clink with me, my boy.

COPP. Oh! I'm not proud, I'll clink with any body—that's to say, mind ye, when the liquor is good, and there's a good fellow in the case.

CHARLES. (*rising*) Well, here goes,—To the health of Mary, the fair maid of Wapping.

COPP. With all my heart, here's to her health—the darling child—Oh! messinate, there you touch a soft corner of my heart—did you but know how I love this little girl. Psha! I'm a foolish old fellow, and when I have got punch and sensibility, and all that on board—Come, let's talk of something else.

MARY. My dear uncle—

CHARLES. I don't wonder at your loving her, I can't help feeling a kind of admiration for her myself—(*offering to take her hand*)

COPP. Softly, shipmate, no grappling—admire at a distance as much as you please, but hands off. Come, my lads, a merry song—I love to sing whey I drink. (*sings*)

In the time of the Rump,  
As old Admiral Trump—

MARY. Not that song, my dear uncle—I entreat—

COPP. Ah, I recollect—ha! ha! my poor song; ha! ha!—well, well, since you don't like me to sing, sing it for me yourself, Mary.

CHARLES. Ay, a song from the charming Mary, (*significantly*) I dare say your master has some pretty love song for you.

EDWARD. Oh, yes—I have brought one of the latest in vogue—one by the most fashionable poet of the day—the Earl of Rochester.

COPP. Rochester? fire and fury—roast Rochester! a rascally rogue!—the devil take Rochester, and his song too!

CHARLES. Bravo! Captain Copp—another broadside, old boy—

ROCH. Why, what the deuce, neighbour—has your powder magazine taken fire? Why, what has Rochester done to you, to occasion such a terrible explosion?



COPP. What's that you? What have you to do with my family secrets? Rochester! His very name makes my blood boil!

MARY. My dear uncle, be calm. You promised never to speak on this subject.

ROCH. Why, what connexion can there be between you and Rochester?

COPP. No matter, he has been put to the proof, that's enough. (*to MARY*) Don't be uneasy—I'll say no more about it, my girl. You know me—when I say mum, that's enough.

CHARLES. This affair seems serious—I must have an explanation (*rising with an air of authority*) It is my pleasure —(*ROCHESTER rises and touches his arm*)

COPP. Your pleasure, quotha—and who the devil are you? You're a pleasant blade. (*sturdily*) But it's not my pleasure, messmate, look ye.

CHARLES. (*recollecting himself*) I mean to say, that I feel a deep interest in your welfare.

COPP. (*gruffly*) Thank ye, thank'ee,—but I'm not used to such warm friends on such short acquaintance. (*apart*) I wonder is it myself, or my niece, this chap has fallen in love with at first sight?

CHARLES. (*L. C., apart to ROCHESTER*) I am curious to know what charge they have against you.

ROCH. (*L., apart to CHARLES*) And so am I, and I'll make this old buccaneer speak plain, before we leave him.

CHARLES. (*L. C.*) You have misunderstood me, friend Copp; I am no defender of Rochester; I know him to be a sad fellow.

COPP. (*C.*) As destitute of feeling as a stock fish.

EDWARD. (*R.*) He is a great genius, however.

COPP. He is an evil genius, I know.

EDWARD. He has a very clear head——

COPP. But a very black heart.

ROCH. (*L.*) This Rochester is a sad light-headed fellow. that's notorious; but will you have the goodness, my blunt Captain Copp, to mention one heartless act of his?

COPP. (*loudly*) Ay, that I will. Is it not a burning shame——

MARY. (*R. C.*) My dear uncle, you forget your promise,

COPP. Let me alone, girl, let me alone—you've nothing to fear; I have you under convoy.

ROCH. Out with it, what is his crime?

COPP. Crime! Is it not a burning shame, I say, to disclaim his own niece—to keep from her every stiver of her little fortune, and leave her to pass her days in a tavern, when she has a right to inhabit a palace?

EDWARD. (*eagerly—aside*) What do I hear?

ROCH. What, and is this young woman the niece?—How can that be?

COPP. Simply enough. Her father Philip Copland, married a sister of Lord Rochester.

ROCH. (*apart*) Philip Copland is indeed the name.

CHARLES. This is most singular. And this Philip Copland was your brother?

COPP. Ay, but worth a dozen of me—a steady man, an able officer, an ornament of the regular navy. I was always a wild dog, and never took to learning—ran away from school—shipped myself on board a privateer. In time I became captain, and returned from my last cruise just in time to receive poor Philip's last breath—his sand was almost run out. 'Brother,' said he 'I feel that my cruising is over;—but there's my little girl.—Take care of her for my sake, and never bother the Rochesters again.'—'Brother,' said I, 'it's a bargain; tip us your fist on it, and die in peace, like a good christian.' He grasped my hand, and gave it a gentle squeeze. I would have shook his, but it grew cold in mine, and poor Philip was no more! (*with great feeling*)

MARY. My dear uncle—(*laying her hand on his shoulder*)

COPP. (*rousing himself*) But the girl was left, the girl was left; (*embracing her*) and—and I'll keep my word to my poor brother, and take care of her, as long as I have breath in my body.

CHARLES. Well, brother Tom, what do you think of all this?

ROCH. It touches me to the soul.

CHARLES. And so you took home the child?

MARY. Oh! yes: and my uncle's bounty and kindness have taken care of his poor girl ever since.

COPP. Oh! you should have seen what a little thing it

was,—a little chubby-faced thing of four years old, no higher than a handspike. Now she's a grown girl.

CHARLES. And you have given her a good education, it appears?

COPP. And why not? What, though I'm a dunce, that's no reason that Mary Copland should be a fool. Her father was a man of parts.

CHARLES. And you have given up your voyages for her?

COPP. To be sure. Could I have a child running after me about deck? I sold my ship, and bought this tavern, where I receive none but good fellows, who drink, and smoke, and talk to me of voyages and battles all day long.

CHARLES. But ambition might have induced you——

COPP. Ambition! You don't know me: my only ambition is to marry my niece to some honest citizen, and give her a dower of one thousand pounds, with as much more when old Captain Copp takes his long nap.

ROCH. (L., *apart*) Generous fellow! (*aloud*) Let me advise you to apply to the Earl of Rochester.

EDWARD. (R.) Oh! yes, he will provide an honorable match for your niece.

MARY. (R. C., *piqued*) Much obliged, Mr. Georgini, but nobody asked your advice.

COPP. (C.) Apply to him!—no—no—I'll have nothing to do with the Rochesters.

CHARLES. (L. C.) But why not apply to the king himself?

COPP. Oddsfish! They say he is not much better—he's a wild devil—a great friend of Rochester—and birds of a feather, you know——

CHARLES. (*apart*) Now comes my turn.

ROCH. True enough. Captain Copp, they say he is a rover—rambles about at night—frolics in taverns.

COPP. Well, let him cruise—so he does not cruise into my waters. He's a desperate rogue among the petticoats, they say—well, I like a merry heart, wherever it beats.—Charley has some good points, and if I could but give him a piece of my mind——

CHARLES. What would it be, friend Copp?

COPP. To keep more in port, anchor himself at home, and turn that fellow, Rochester, adrift; there might then

be some hopes of him.—But, come, 'tis getting late—now, friends, it's time to turn out, and turn in—these are late hours for the Grand Admiral—come, a parting cup.—*(to MARY)* See that the fires are out, my girl, and all hands ready for bed.

MARY. I will, but no more drinking, uncle.

COPP. Well, well—no more—only one parting cup.

MARY. Only one—recollect, you have promised—no more. *Exit MARY, L. door.*

COPP. Only this last drop.—Come, my lads, this farewell cup, and then you must push your boats.

ROCH. Now to execute my plan. Hist, Captain Copp!  
*(whispers while CHARLES is drinking at the table, and making signs that the King will pay)*

COPP. Ay, ay, all right.

ROCH. *(low to EDWARD)* Follow me quietly—I've something to say to you. *(apart, and chuckling as he goes out)*  
Now, brother Jack, I think you'll soon find yourself among the breakers!

*Exit, followed by EDWARD, L. door.*

COPP. (C.) Now, messmate, let's square accounts,—*(handing a paper)* here's a note of your expenses—you see I charge nothing for the last two bottles—nor for the tea-table—that's my treat.

CHARLES. (R. C., *looking over the paper*) Um! wine—punch—wine—punch—total five pounds ten—a mere trifle.

COPP. Do you call that a trifle?—Gad, messmate, you must have made good prizes in your last cruise—or you've high wages, mayhap.

CHARLES. *(laughing)* Ay, ay, I'm pretty well paid—Here, Tom Taffrell, pay Copp's bill, and let's be off.—*(looking round)* Hey—where is he?

COPP. Oh! he went off in a great hurry—he said he had to be aboard ship, but that you would pay the bill.

CHARLES. With all my heart. *(apart)* It's odd that he should leave me alone—my raillery has galled him.—Poor Rochester, *(laughing)* how ill some people take a joke!—*(feeling in his pockets)* Five pounds ten, you say?

COPP. Just so—five pounds ten.

CHARLES. *(searching in all his pockets)* Well! this is the oddest thing—I am certain I had my purse.

COPP. (*apart*) My neighbour seems rather in a quandary.

CHARLES. (*feeling more eagerly*) Some one has picked my pocket!

COPP. Avast there, friend—none but honest people frequent the Grand Admiral.

CHARLES. All I know, is, one of those honest people must have taken my purse.

COPP. Come, come, messmate—I am too old a cruiser to be taken in by so shallow a manœuvre—I understand all this—your companion makes sail—you pretend to have been robbed! It's all a cursed privateering trick—clear as day.

CHARLES. Friend Copp—if you will wait till to-morrow, I'll pay you double the sum.

COPP. Double the sum!—thunder and lightning! what do you take me for?—Look ye, neighbour, to an honest tar in distress, my house and purse are open; to a jolly tar who wants a caper, and has no coin at hand, drink to day, and pay to-morrow, is the word; but to a sharking land lubber, that hoists the colours of a gallant cruiser, to play off the tricks of a pirate, old Copp will show him his match any day.

CHARLES. A land lubber!

COPP. Ay, a land lubber—D'ye think I can't see through you, and your shallow sailor phrases—Who the devil are you?—none of the captains know you—What ship do you belong to?

CHARLES. What ship?—why to—to—(*apart*) what the deuce shall I say?

COPP. A pretty sailor truly—not know the name of his ship. A downright swindler—a barefaced impudent swindler—comes into my house, kicks up a bobbery, puts every thing in an uproar—treats all the guests—touzles my niece—and then wants to make off without paying.

CHARLES. (*apart*) How shall I get out of this cursed scrape?—Oh, happy thought! my watch—(*aloud*) hearkee, Captain Copp—if I haven't money, may be this will do as well—what say you to my watch as pledge?

COPP. (*taking the watch*) Let me see it—um--large diamonds—(*shaking his head*)

CHARLES. (*gaily*) Well—that's worth your five pounds ten—hey?

COPP. Um—I don't know that:—if the diamonds are false, it is not worth so much—if real, none but a great lord could own it—(*turning quick to him*) How did you come by this watch?

CHARLES. It's my own.

COPP. A common sailor own a watch set with large diamonds! I'll tell you what, messmate, it's my opinion as how you stole this watch.

CHARLES. Stole it? Give back my watch, fellow, or I'll—

COPP. (*putting it behind him*) Softly, my lad; keep cool, or I'll have you laid by the heels in a twinkling.

CHARLES. (*apart*) What a bull-dog! Well, sir, what do you intend to do?

COPP. Lock you up here for the present, and have you lodged in limbo immediately.

CHARLES. Will you listen to reason?

COPP. (*going*) Yes, through the key-hole! *Exit, L. door.* (*speaking without*) You shall have news of me presently, my fine fellow.

CHARLES. Was ever monarch in such a predicament? A prisoner in a tavern—to be presently dragged through the streets as a culprit—and to-morrow sung in lampoons, and stuck up in caricatures all through the city—what is to be done? This Copp seems a man of probity, suppose I avow myself to him? Um! will he credit me, and will he keep the matter secret? This sturdy veteran may be an old cruiser under the Commonwealth; if so, what have I not to apprehend? Alone—unarmed—at midnight! (*shaking his head*) Charles! Charles! wilt thou never learn wisdom? Yes; let me but get out of *this* scrape, and I renounce these rambling humors for ever. (*a noise of unlocking the door, L.*) Hark! some one comes.

*Enter EDWARD and MARY, L. D., MARY is armed with an old cutlass, EDWARD with a long rusty pistol.*

MARY. (*speaking before she enters*) Place yourselves outside and guard the passages.



CHARLES. They are placing sentinels.

EDWARD. (*apart*) The earl has given me my lesson : no flinching.

MARY. I am afraid to go near him. I wish my uncle had not set us this task.

EDWARD. (L.) Be not afraid, I am here to defend you.

CHARLES. (R. C., *advancing*) What! my pretty Mary in arms?

MARY. (L. C.) Ah, don't come near me! (*pointing her sword at him*) what a ferocious ruffian it is.

CHARLES. (*gallantly*) Was that delicate hand made to grasp so rude a weapon?

EDWARD. (*low to MARY*) Don't let him touch your hand, or you are lost.

MARY. (*drawing back*) He does not look so very ferocious neither. Fie, sir, fie! what, steal the jewels of the crown?

CHARLES. Is it then known already?

MARY. Yes, indeed, all is known. My uncle took the watch to our neighbour, the jeweller, who knew it instantly. It belongs to his royal majesty himself.

CHARLES. Confusion!

EDWARD. (*low to MARY*) You hear, he confesses.—(*aloud*) Well, Captain Copp will be here presently with the magistrate. Here will be a fine piece of work. All Wapping is already in an uproar.

CHARLES. (*eagerly*) My friends, it is of the highest importance that I should escape before they come.

MARY. I have not a doubt of it. Oh! you culprit!

CHARLES. (*with insinuation*) And would Mary, the pretty Mary, see me dragged to prison? I won't believe it. That sweet face bespeaks a gentle heart.

MARY. Poor creature! I can't but pity him.

CHARLES. (*with gallantry*) I never saw a pretty woman yet, that would not help a poor fellow in distress—(*apart*) she yields. But I need other bribes for my gentleman—I have it—my ring. (*aloud*) Assist me to escape, and take this ring as a pledge of what I will do. It is of great value.

MARY. What a beautiful diamond ring! How it sparkles! Don't touch it, Georgini, it's a stolen ring.

EDWARD. And for that very reason I take it. We can return both together to the right owner.

MARY. (*apart to EDWARD*) He certainly has something genteel in his air. This unfortunate man may, perhaps, belong to decent people.

CHARLES. I do indeed; my family is considered very respectable. Ah, bless that sweet face! I knew a hard heart could not belong to it.

EDWARD. (*apart*) Egad, I must get him off, or he'll win his pretty jailor, culprit as she thinks him.

MARY. (*taking EDWARD apart*) How penitent he seems, and his countenance is rather amiable too! What will they do with him?

EDWARD. (*carelessly*) Hum—why, they'll hang him of course.

MARY. Heavens! I would not have his death upon my mind for the whole world. (*earnestly*)

CHARLES. (*who has been traversing the apartment uneasily and eyeing them occasionally*) Will this consultation never end! I dread the arrival of the officers.

MARY. (*aloud*) Let us assist him to escape!

CHARLES. Thanks, my generous girl: there's nothing like a petticoat in the time of trouble.

EDWARD. How shall we get him off? The door is guarded.

CHARLES. Ay, but the window? (*goes to it, L. C.*)

EDWARD. (*C. eagerly*) No, not the window, you may hurt yourself.

CHARLES. (*surprised*) You are very considerate, my friend.

MARY. (*R. C.*) Oh! it is not very high, and opens into a lane that leads to the river.

CHARLES. (*opening the window*) Psha! it's nothing; with your assistance, I shall be on the ground in an instant.

MARY. It is, perhaps, very wrong in me to let you escape; but I beg you to listen to a word of advice. (*crosses to him*)

CHARLES. Oh, yes, I hear you.

MARY. It is on condition that you change your course of life.

CHARLES. Yes, yes, I'll change it, I warrant you.

MARY. And not drink, nor rove about this way at night.

CHARLES. Not for the world.

MARY. And steal no more, for it will bring you to a shameful end.

CHARLES. (*getting out of the window assisted by MARY*) An excellent sermon! But I must steal—one kiss to impress it on my memory! (*kisses her and disappears*)

EDWARD. Did he steal a kiss, Mary?

MARY. Oh, yes, he did indeed.

EDWARD. Stop thief! stop thief!

CHARLES. (*calling outside*) Tell uncle Copp to put it in the bill!

EDWARD. I hear them coming. (*looks out of the window*) He's safe down—he's off (*apart*)—now I'm easy.

MARY. But what shall we say to my uncle?

EDWARD. I'll manage that; only say as I say, and fear nothing.

COPP. (*heard outside the door, L.*) This way—this way.

EDWARD. Stop thief! stop thief! (*to MARY*) Cry out as I do.

MARY. (*feebly*) Stop the thief! stop the thief! I can't!

*Enter COPP, with a double-barrelled gun, followed by SERVANTS, L. door.*

COPP. Hollo—what the devil's to pay here?

EDWARD. The culprit has jumped out of the window.

MARY. Oh, yes, out of the window.

COPP. (*L. c.*) Thunder and lightning! why didn't you stop him?

EDWARD. (*R.*) I was too far off. The young lady attempted, but he kissed her, and leaped out like a greyhound.

COPP. Fire and furies!—kissed her?

MARY. (*R. c.*) Yes, uncle, but he didn't hurt me.

EDWARD. And he said you might put it in the bill.

COPP. Guns and blunderbusses! this is running up an account with a vengeance. (*looking out of the window*) I see something in the offing,—I'll show him what it is to come in the way of an old cruiser!—(*bustle—COPP fires off his gun out of the window after Charles*)

## ACT II.

SCENE.—*The Royal Palace; entrance, c., table and writing materials, L.*

*Enter EDWARD, in his habit, as a page, c. from L.*

EDWARD. I've had a hard scramble of it, to get here, and dress in time. The king must arrive presently, though my light heels have given me a good start of him. Hark! a noise in the king's private staircase—softly, then, softly. (*sits himself in an arm-chair at the door of the king's chamber, R. 2 E., and pretends to sleep*)

*Enter CHARLES his dress in disorder, c. from L.*

CHARLES. (L.) Confound the city! what a journey it is!

EDWARD. (*aside*) Especially to foot passengers.

CHARLES. I began to think I should never find the palace. (*sitting down*) Phew! I shall not forget this night in a hurry. Forced to escape like a thief,—to risk my neck from a window,—hunted about the streets by that old buccaneer and his crew! Fgad! I fancy I can hear old Copp's voice, even now, like a huntsman giving the view-halloo, as I doubled about the mazes of Wapping.

EDWARD. (*aside, and suppressing a laugh*) A royal hunt, truly!

CHARLES. Well, thank fortune, I am safe at home at last, and seen by nobody but my confidential valet.

EDWARD. (*aside*) And the most discreet of pages.

CHARLES. (*seeing EDWARD*) So, the page already in waiting. Deuce take him! he is exactly in the door-way of my chamber. So, so! Lady Clara coming! Oh, then, all's over.

*Enter LADY CLARA, c. from R.*

LADY C. What! asleep at this hour, Edward?

EDWARD. (R.) I beg your pardon, my lady—I am waiting his majesty's rising.

LADY C. (c.) You will come, and let the queen know when the king is visible. (*perceives CHARLES, L.*) Heavens! your majesty in this dress?

CHARLES. (*L., affecting an unembarrassed air*) What! it amuses you, ha! ha! My regular morning dress, I assure you. I have taken a whim for gardening lately, and, every morning, by day-light, I am on the terrace, planting, transplanting, training. Oh! you should see how busy I am, particularly among the roses.

LADY C. I have no doubt your majesty has an eye for every fresh one that blows—but, how quiet you have been in these pursuits!

CHARLES. One does not want all the world to know of one's caprices. But what has procured me the pleasure of seeing your ladyship so early?

LADY C. The queen, sire, knowing how deeply you were immersed in affairs of state, last night, sent me to inquire how your majesty had slept.

CHARLES. Very restless—very restless—I tumbled and tossed about sadly.

LADY C. Ah! why does not your majesty take more care of yourself? You devote yourself too much to your people. This night-work will be too much for you.

CHARLES. Why, yes, if it were often as severe as last night.

LADY C. Indeed, your majesty must give up these mid-night labours to your ministers.

CHARLES. (*apart*) To my ministers, ha! ha! Egad! I should like to see old Clarendon and Ormond hob or nobbing with uncle Copp, struggling for kisses with Mary, and scouring the lanes of Wapping at full speed.—(*aloud*) Well, my Lady Clara, have you any thing further to communicate?

LADY C. Might I presume, I have a favour to request of your majesty. An author, in whose cause I take a warm interest, has offended a person high in power, and is threatened with a prosecution.

CHARLES. The blockhead! let him write against me only, and they'll never trouble him.

LADY C. His pardon depends upon your majesty--would you but deign to sign it!

CHARLES. (*apart*) Sinner that I am, it would but ill become me to be severe.—(*aloud*) Lady Clara, you look amazingly well this morning—I can refuse you nothing -

(*signs the paper*) And now, to make my toilette—(*aside*) Safe at last!—She suspects nothing. *Exit, R. 2 E.*

LADY C. (*smiling*) He thinks he has deceived me.—Oh, these men! these men! how they will impose upon us, easy, simple, knowing women!

*Exeunt LADY CLARA and EDWARD, C. and R.*

*Pause—Enter COPP and MARY, C. from L.*

COPP. Oddsfish! I never knew such a piece of work to get into a house before. If that good-looking gentlewoman had not seen us from the window, and taken our part, hang me, if I don't think they would have turned us adrift.

MARY. What beautiful rooms!

COPP. Gingerbread finery! I would not change the bar-room of the Grand Admiral for the best of them. But what a bother to give a watch back to the right owner! Why, there's no finding the king in his own house.—Now, for my part, I always stand on the threshold, and if any one comes, there's my hand.—Tip us your bone, says I, and make yourselves welcome.—That's what I call acting like a king of good fellows.

MARY. Oh, uncle, I have always heard say, that the king is very kind and affable; and, I dare say, when you hand him back his watch, he will behave with generosity.

COPP. Generosity! Why, dost think, girl, I'd take a reward? No, no!—They say Charley's not overstocked with the shiners—I want none of them. To be sure, he may do the civil thing—he may ask us to stay, and take pot-luck, perhaps.

MARY. Pot-luck, uncle!

COPP. Ay, in a friendly way, d'ye see? And I don't care if I did, if it were only to see how royalty messed. But, where the deuce is the king to be found? Oh! yonder is a fine gimerack young gentleman, who, perhaps can tell us—I'll hail him. Yo-ho! messmate!

*Exit, hallooing after EDWARD, C. and R.*

MARY. What a beautiful place this is! But, without content, grandeur is not to be envied. The humble and the good, may be as happy in a cottage as a palace.



*Enter COPP, pulling in EDWARD, C. from R., who tries to hide his face.*

COPP. Come along, young man—don't be so bashful—you needn't mind us.

EDWARD. (*aside, R.*) Let me put on a steady face—(*aloud*)—You come to speak to his majesty?

MARY. (L.) Yes, sir, we come—(*apart*) Dear uncle, those features—how my heart beats!—Did you ever see such a resemblance, uncle?

COPP. (C., *looking at EDWARD*) Oddsfish! he is like, indeed!—But it can't be him.

MARY. I like Mr. Georgini's face better—it is more animated.

COPP. Don't talk to me of that Georgini. Didst not tell me, he took a ring of that land-pirate?—and, then, to disappear so suddenly.—Fire and fury! if I catch him!—

EDWARD. No swearing in the king's palace.

COPP. Well, well, true; no swearing. But, thunder and lightning! what keeps the king so long?

EDWARD. I think I hear him. Step into that apartment (L. U. E.)—a lady will introduce you.

COPP. Ah! the same that I saw at the window;—very well. But, I say, Mister, don't keep me waiting. Just hint to the king that I've no time to lose. Tell him there's a launch at Wapping to-day—busy times at the Grand Admiral.

MARY. Let us retire, uncle; I dare say we shall be sent for in good time.

COPP. Very well, very well; but, do think of the Grand Admiral—all aback for want of me. If the king loses his watch again, the devil take me—— Oh! I forgot—I mustn't swear in the king's palace.

*Exeunt COPP and MARY, C. and L.*

EDWARD. This will be a whimsical court presentation, truly! His majesty's perplexities are not yet over.

*Enter CHARLES in his riding dress, R. 2 E.*

CHARLES. Has Rochester appeared?

EDWARD. Not yet, sire.

CHARLES. (*crosses, L.*) What could be his motive for the cruel trick he played me?

EDWARD. Your majesty asked for Lord Rochester; here he comes with Lady Clara.

CHARLES. Pish! Lady Clara is one too many here. I shall not be able to explain myself before her. No matter—he shall not escape me.

*Enter ROCHESTER and LADY CLARA, C. from R.*

ROCH. (*L. C.*) May I venture to ask if your majesty has passed a comfortable night?

CHARLES. (*C.*) Indifferent, my lord. (*low to him*) Traitor!

LADY C. (*L., smiling*) I understood his lordship had assisted your majesty in your labours.

ROCH. Not throughout, my lady. An accident obliged me to leave his majesty in rather a moment of perplexity.

CHARLES. (*angrily*) Yes—his lordship left the whole weight of—business—upon my shoulders.

ROCH. I doubt not your majesty got through with your usual address.

CHARLES. (*apart*) Perfidious varlet! (*aloud*) My lord, you will please to present yourself in my study at two o'clock; I have something particular to say to you.

ROCH. Deign to dispense with my attendance, sire. I quit London in a few moments for my estate, as I mentioned yesterday. I am a great offender. It is time to exile myself from court, and turn hermit.

CHARLES. (*harshly*) I approve the project, but will take the liberty of choosing your hermitage myself. (*goes, R.*)

ROCH. (*low, to LADY CLARA*) The king is furious against me.

LADY C. Courage, my lord—all will end well.

COPP. (*shouting outside*) What the devil is the meaning of this? Am I to be kept here all day?

CHARLES. What uproar is that?

LADY C. Oh! two persons, whom I met this morning, seeking to speak with his majesty, on some personal concern. As I know him to be so accessible to the people, I undertook to present them.

CHARLES. Just now it is impossible.

LADY C. I am very sorry, especially on the young girl's account.

CHARLES. A young girl, did you say?

LADY C. Beautiful as an angel!

CHARLES. O! since you take such an interest in her, Lady Clara—(to EDWARD)—Show them in.

EDWARD *places a chair, c.*, CHARLES *sits*—ROCHESTER and LADY CLARA *get round to R.*, EDWARD *goes off, c. and L.*, *returning with COPP and MARY.*

EDWARD. Come in—his majesty consents to hear you.

COPP. (L. C.) I'm taken all back—my courage begins to fail me.

MARY. (L.) What have you to fear, my dear uncle? (MARY *keeps her eyes modestly cast down*)

COPP. Fear! it isn't fear, look ye. But, somehow I never fell in with a king before in all my cruising.

CHARLES. (*apart*) Copp and his niece! here's a pretty recontre (*summoning up dignity.*)

COPP. Well, I suppose I must begin—Oddsfish! I had it all settled in my head, and now, the deuce a word can I muster up.

MARY. Come, uncle, courage! I never saw you so cast down before.

COPP. Well, then, what I have to say is this—Mr King—(*low*) Hey, Mary, what is it I had to say?

CHARLES. What is your name, my good friend?

COPP. Copp, at your service; that is to say, Copland, or Captain Copp, as they call me. And here's Mary, my niece, who, though I say it, is one of the best girls—(*while talking he looks down and fumbles with his cap*)

MARY. But, that's not to the point, uncle.

COPP. Eh! true, very true, always keep to the point, like a good helmsman. First and foremost, then, you must know my lord—when I say my lord, I mean your majesty.

CHARLES. (*apart*) Egad, he's as much puzzled as I was, to give an account of myself.

COPP. (*still looking down*) In finis—primo to begin—you must know, then, that I command, that is to say, I keep the Grand Admiral, as honest a tavern as you majesty would wish to set your foot in—none but goo

company ever frequent it, excepting when a rogue or so drops in, in disguise—last night, for instance, a couple of gallows knaves, saving your majesty's presence—Ah! if I could only lay eyes on them again—I should know 'em wherever I saw 'em—one in particular had a confounded hanging look—a man about the height of—*eyeing ROCHESTER, who is R., stops short*) Mary! Mary! if there isn't one of the very rogues!

MARY. My dear uncle, hush, for heaven's sake! (*apart*) That wine is still in his head.

CHARLES. (*apart*) Rochester's face seems to puzzle him.

COPP. I'll say no more; for the more I look——(*low to MARY*) Hang me, if it isn't himself!

MARY. Hush, I entreat you—I will speak for you. (*takes his place, c., her eyes still modestly cast down*) My uncle has thought it his duty to inform your majesty that two strangers came to his house last night, and after calling for a great deal of wine, were unable to pay, and went off, leaving a valuable watch in pledge, which has proved to belong to your majesty. (*ROCHESTER and LADY CLARA in bye play express great delight at the manner of MARY*)

COPP. (*apart, l., rubbing his hands*) Oh! bless her! she talks like a book.

MARY. My uncle, being an honest man, has brought the watch to your majesty.

COPP. Yes, by St. George, and here it is. The sharpers, to be sure, have run off with five pounds ten of my money, but that's neither here nor there—I don't say that because I expect you to pay it, you know.—In short, without more palaver, (*crossing, c., and giving it*) here's the watch——(*glancing at CHARLES, stops short, and gives a long whistle*) Whew! (*treads softly back—low to MARY*) Smite my timbers! if it ben't the other rogue!

MARY. (L.) What ails you, uncle? Surely you are losing your senses to speak thus of his majesty!

COPP. (L. C., *low to her*) Majesty, or no majesty, I'll put my hand in the fire on't he's the other.

CHARLES. The watch is certainly mine.

LADY C. (R. C.) Your majesty's? (*smiling significantly at ROCHESTER*)

ROCH. (*R. affecting astonishment*) Your majesty's watch?

COPP. (*rapping his forehead*) I have it—I see how it is. (*low to MARY*) We've made a pretty kettle of fish of it. The king, you know, is said to cruise under false colours.

MARY. Mercy on me! What will become of us?

COPP. (*to MARY*) Let me alone—it's one of the king's mad frolics—but never you mind—I'll get you off. (*aloud*) Your majesty will not be angry with my little fool of a niece. The two strangers might be very worthy people—many a man has a gallows look, and is an honest fellow for all that. The truth is, they were a brace of merry wags. Besides, if I had known for certain, I wouldn't for the world—ha, ha!—because, d'ye see—honour bright—mum! (*turning to MARY*) Come, I think I've got you pretty well out of the scrape, hey?

CHARLES. Captain Copp, I am aware of all that passed at your house.

COPP. Ah! your majesty knows, that he who cracks a joke must not complain if he should chance to pinch his fingers.

CHARLES. True, Captain. But was there not question of one Rochester?

COPP. Why, craving your majesty's pardon, I did let slip some hard truths about him.

ROCH. And do you know him of whom you spoke so bluntly?

COPP. Not I, thank heaven! But I only said, what everybody says—and what everybody says, you know, must be true.

CHARLES. Spoken like an oracle—and did not you say, that this pretty lass was his niece?

COPP. Ay, as to that matter, I'll stick to that, proof in hand. Make a reverence, Mary, and no thanks to Rochester for the relationship.

CHARLES. I will take care that he shall make a suitable provision for his niece, or provide her an honourable husband.

ROCH. I can assure your majesty, you only anticipated his intentions.

COPP. Avast there!—I don't give up my girl.

ROCH. But you will choose a match suited to her noble family.

COPP. I'll choose for her an honest man ; but no ranting-scout companion to suit that Earl of Rochester you talk of.—(*chuckling and winking*) To tell the truth between friends, and all in confidence, I had a match in my eye, a young music master.—Nay, don't blush, girl—I know there was a sneaking kindness in the case.

CHARLES. I oppose that match. That young man received a ring last night, but has not had the honesty, like Captain Copp, to seek the owner.

(MARY involuntarily springs forward to defend EDWARD against the charge, which LADY CLARA and ROCHESTER observe and smile at)

EDWARD. (*advancing*) He only waited a suitable moment to return it to your majesty. (*kneels, c., and presents it*)

CHARLES. How ! Edward !—The resemblance is no longer a wonder.

COPP. What, little crotchet and quaver ! Aha ! ha ! ha ! there's witchcraft in all this.

MARY. Oh, heavens ! Georgini a gentleman ! But my heart knew it.

CHARLES. (*rises*) It is in vain, Lady Clara, to attempt concealment. Behold the heroes of the adventure.—

[EDWARD draws back the chair.

LADY C. Pardon me, sire, I knew it all along—I was in the plot.

CHARLES. How ?

LADY C. Her majesty, the queen, was at the head of it. If the earl be guilty, it is we who induced him, and should undergo the punishment.

CHARLES, I understand the whole. But the treachery of this earl I cannot forgive. He shall not obtain my pardon.

LADY C. (*producing a paper*) It is already obtained. Your majesty, ever merciful, has signed it.

CHARLES. What ! he too, is the author for whom you have interested yourself.—Ha ! ha ! ha ! fairly taken in at all points. Rochester, thou hast conquered.

[ROCHESTER kneels, and kisses his hand.



COPP. (*passionately*) Thunder and lightning! ~~this man~~ Rochester!—(*taking her under his arm*) Come along, girl, come along.

ROCHESTER. One moment, Captain Copp—

[COPP stops, and looks fiercely at him.]

It is true, I am Rochester—a sad fellow, no doubt, since all the world says so—but there is one grievous sin which I will not take to my conscience, for it is against beauty. I am not the Rochester who disclaimed this lovely girl—he was my predecessor, and is dead.

COPP. (*sternly*) Dead!—gone to his long reckoning—(*pauses*) May heaven deal kindlier with him, than he did with this orphan child!

MARY. That's my own uncle!

CHARLES. I have pardoned you, Rochester; but my eyes are opened to the follies which I have too frequently partaken. From this night I abjure them.

ROCH. And I, my liege, (*bowing to LADY CLARA*) will mortify myself with matrimony, and hope to reform into a very rational and submissive husband.

(*taking LADY CLARA's hand*)

CHARLES. There yet remains a party to be disposed of. What say you, Captain Copp?—What say you, my lord, of Rochester? Must we not find a husband for our niece?

COPP. Fair and softly, your majesty—craving your majesty's pardon, I can't give up my right over my little girl. This lord is an uncle—I can't gainsay it; but he's a new-found uncle.—I have bred her, and fed her, and been her uncle all her life, haven't I Mary?

MARY. Oh, sir, you have been a father to me!

CHARLES. You are right, captain—you alone ought to dispose of her. But I hope to propose a match that shall please all parties. What think you of my page—the music-master, who brought back the ring?

COPP. (C.) Your majesty has fathomed my own wishes.

ROCH. (R.) And mine.

EDWARD. (L. C.) And mine. (*approaching MARY*)

MARY. (L.) And—(*extending her hand*) and mine.

(*they go up stage*)

COPP. So, here we are, all safe in port, after last night's squall. Oddsfish! I feel so merry!—my girl's provided

for—I have nothing now to care for—I'll keep open house at the Grand Admiral—I'll set all my liquor a-tap—I'll drown all Wapping in wine and strong beer—I'll have an illumination—I'll make a bonfire of the Grand Admiral—I'll give up business for the rest of my life—I'll sing "In the time of the Rump"—(MARY runs down, L., and stops him)

CHARLES. Captain Copp, I am your debtor—five pounds ten?—accept this watch as a mark of my esteem. The ring I reserve for the lovely Mary, (*putting it on her finger*) And now, (*beckoning all the characters to the front with an air of mystery*) let me particularly enjoin on all present, the most profound secrecy in regard to our whimsical adventures at Wapping.

COPP. (*clapping his finger to his lip*) Honour bright!—Mum!—

B. ROCHESTER. LADY C. CHARLES. COPP. MARY. EDWARD. L.

### . Curtain.

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#### STAGE DIRECTIONS.

<b>R.</b>	<b>R.C.</b>	<b>C.</b>	<b>L. C.</b>	<b>L.</b>
<i>Right.</i>	<i>Right Centre.</i>	<i>Centre.</i>	<i>Left Centre.</i>	<i>Left</i>

FACING THE AUDIENCE.

# ATLANTA

OR THE

## THREE GOLDEN APPLES

AN ORIGINAL

CLASSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA

IN

ONE ACT

BY

FRANCIS TALFOURD, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

*Abon Hassan, Ganem, Macbeth Travestie, Shylock, Alcestis  
the Strong-Minded Woman, Black-eye'd Sue, By  
Special Appointment, March of Intellect, Jones  
the Avenger, Mammon and Gammon,  
The Heart-wreck, &c.*

PART AUTHOR OF

*Sir Rupert the Fearless, La Tarantula, Leo the Terrible,  
Godiva, Thetis and Peleus, Spirits in Bond, Princesses  
in the Tower, Willow Pattern Plate, &c. &c. &c.*

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THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market),

LONDON.

# ATALANTA.

*First Performea at the Theatre Royal Haymarket,  
On Monday, April 13th, 1857.*

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## COPY OF ORIGINAL BILL.

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*After which will follow, and, it is hoped, succeed,*

*An entirely New Classical Love Story, originally suggested by Ovid,  
and more originally worked out by the Author of "Shylock,"  
"Ganem," "Alcestis," &c., under the name, or rather apple-ation of*

## A T A L A N T A ;

OR, THE

## THREE GOLDEN APPLES

---

Lest he should be accused of murdering a good subject,  
the Author begs to state that it was FOUN'-DED  
from unknown causes many years ago.

---

*The First and Three Last Scenes by Mr. WILLIAM CALLCOTT.  
The Remaining New Scenery dictated by the taste, and agreeable to  
the palette of Mr. GEORGE. MORRIS and Mr. O'CONNOR.  
The Overture, and Incidental Music Composed and arranged by  
Mr. SPILLANE. Costumes by Mr. BARNETT and Miss  
CHERRY. The Deus ex Machinâ, Mr. O. WALES. For the  
Stage Requirements of this Piece, Mr. CHIPPENDALE has  
promised to look to them straight, notwithstanding the following  
Strong Caste in his eye.*

## CHARACTERS.

- |  |                 |
|--|-----------------|
| Schœneus, <i>King of Scyros, over which he exercises a rule to which there is no exception, thereby proving the rule</i> - - - -   | MR. CHIPPENDALE |
| Hippomenes, <i>Son of King Macareus and of Merope, specially retained in Court for the prosecution of his studies, which are ultimately acquitted on the ground of insanity</i>  | MISS E. TERNAN. |
| Paidagogos, <i>An usher of the old school, engaged as a Private Tutor to superintend the studies aforesaid</i> - - - -   | MR. COMPTON.    |
| Thraso, <i>Major of the gallant Scyros Militia, the type of an article set up, by himself, as a slashing leader of the Times, but whose military achievements will not qualify him to be considered as an army raiser, further than that he has been found cutting away after a lathering</i> - - - -          | MR. BRAID.      |
| Narcissus, <i>An exquisite specimen of the Corinthian Order, wanting only the capital</i> -  | MR. CLARK.      |
| Cotillionides, <i>The King's M.C.</i> - - - -  | MR. EDWARDS.    |
| Thimblerriggos, } <i>Ragged Patrons of the Turf,</i> {   | MR. WEATHERSBY. |
| Dorlincardos, } <i>well known by tatters all</i> {   | MR. JAMES.      |
| Cupid, <i>A presumed combination of "Errors," and "Arrows" (vide Passow Lex.) a god of whom so much has been written and so much experienced, that he may be said to be not only known by wrote, but also got by heart</i> - - - -   | MISS M. WILTON. |
| Venus, <i>Queen of a Kingdom, upon which the sun never sets</i> - - - -  | MISS F. WRIGHT. |
| Aglaia, } <i>The Graces—her Attendants</i> - {   | MISS S. MEDEX.  |
| Thalia, } <i>The Graces—her Attendants</i> - {   | MISS TARGETT.   |
| Euphrosyne, } <i>The Graces—her Attendants</i> - {   | MISS LOVELL.    |
| Merope, <i>The Queen-Mother of Hippomenes, who, if "her son is her only joy," may be said to have rather a dull time of it</i> - -   | MRS. GRIFFITHS. |
| Atalanta, <i>Of the Parish of Saint Uries-back, Spinster, Daughter of King Schœneus, very strong in her head, and very fast upon her legs; exercising sufficient self-will to be considered an absolute certainty, but so guileless and innocent that she may be regarded as a moral impossibility</i> - - - - | MISS M. OLIVER. |

# iv.

## ATALANTA.

Mississarris, *Atalanta's Duenna*, the *Τρόφος* of the Ancient Drama, or, to speak colloquially, the Guard of the old Greek Stage, with, in this instance, an eye to the Males—subsequently attached to the old Coach, *Paidagogos* - - - - -

MRS. POYNTER.

Lords, Ladies, Guests, Guards, Dancing Girls, Attendants, &c.

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PLACE.—SCYROS.

TIME.—That ambiguous period known as a “Certain Age.”

## BOUDOIR OF VENUS AT PAPHOS.

Venus attired by the Graces—Panic on the Love Exchange—Bad News for *Chère*-holders—A last effort made to retain the wavering and save the credit of the firm.

## Library in the House of Merope, Scyros.

How the Pupil gets along, and how the Schoolmaster gets abroad—How an unexpected Visitor calls—How Hippomenes sings a little, and his Tutor sings small—and how Merope endeavours to hum her only Heir—and how *Paidagogos* improves by change of air—The Invitation.

## CORRIDOR IN THE ROYAL PALACE.

Report of a little Sporting event in a Belle's life—How the King draws a cross check on Child, and how he changes his note—A Discourse on the United States—How the “Resolute” gets a complete rigging therefrom—How she is also permitted to have her entire fit out, and how she is eventually brought to in the Downs, flying her own union at her *pique*—The Arrangement.

## THE ROYAL DRAWING ROOM,

*During a BAL MASQUE, in which will be introduced a  
NEW BALLET DIVERTISEMENT,*

*Invented and arranged by Mr. FRAMPTON, and supported by  
Miss FANNY WRIGHT, and the Ladies of the Corps de Ballet.  
Bacchus, Mr. W. DRIVER—Satyrs, Messrs. MACKAY and  
WEBSTER.*



How Atalanta comes out winning, and how Hippomenes goes in to win—How all beholders find themselves struck by her, and how judicious treatment allays the irritation therefrom arising, and considerably reduces the swelling of the rival candidates—How Hippomenes winds up his courage, and how the King sets it going again.

#### FRONT HALL IN THE PALACE.

How the course of true love meets with more than the proverbial impediments.

#### The King's Orchard and Kitchen Garden by Night.

WITH DISTANT VIEW OF THE NEXT DAY.

Love's Entertainment—A Volume of Rejected Addresses—Telling Allie found out when least expected—The courage of Cupid, and the pluck of the Golden Apples—How the King rouses himself from his feather bed, and his Watch from their *tick*—and how the fugitives become leavers with an escape movement.

#### THE HIGH ROAD NEAR SCYROS.

Plan of Action—Arrival of the Express Train down, and transformation of a Schoolmaster for a coming generation into a ped-agog for a coming race.

#### THE RACE COURSE.

The first heat and its result—How the old beau is fastened with a new tie.

#### HISTORICAL EPISODE,

Illustrating the Triumphal Passage of the proverbial STRAY DOG along the Race Course at Epsom, greeted by the

#### SHOUT OF ITINERANT FOOLS.

The tune is supposed to be as old as the reign of Snob the First.

#### THE MAIDEN STAKES—LAST HEAT,

Hippomenes, ( <i>brother to Fanny</i> )	E. TERNAN	..	1
Atalanra, ( <i>Lyceum Filly</i> )	OLIVER	..	0

Consequence of lovely woman stooping to folly—Triumph of Cupid and general adjournment to the

#### COURT OF COURTSHIP!

AND

HOME OF THE HEART'S SOFT WHISPERS.

# ATALANTA.



SCENE I.—*Boudoir of Venus, on the Shores of the Isle of Paphos.*

VENUS, *just emerged from the bath, is discovered at her toilet, assisted by AGLAIA, THALIA, and EUPHROSYNE, illustrating the tableau "VENUS attired by the GRACES."*  
*Opening music as the curtain rises.*

VENUS. (*coquetishly.*) How do I look, Aglaia?

AGLAIA. Never better.

VENUS. Of course you say so.

AGLAIA. Ma'am, I scorn to flatter :  
But, if you doubt me, ask Thalia.

VENUS. Sooth—  
Don't ask Thalia, if you'd hear the truth.

Come, mention what defect you see, Euphrosyne.

EUPH. I wouldn't say there wasn't, if there was any  
In charms which have sustained no diminution,  
Since, from the arms of your rough wet-nurse, ocean,  
The gods reclaimed their lovely new-born daughter  
From a bed of foam, tucked up in sheets of water.  
When in a costume scantier than this dress,  
The Loves with acclamation, hailed their mistress,  
And Cyprus' sea-shore witnessed your reception,  
From that old dealer in marine stores—Neptune!

VENUS. (*coming forward.*) Why, then, o'er hearts have  
I no more control

Than if I were that marine stores' black doll?

Why is love disregarded in its true sense,

As an old feeling that's, in fact, a *new-sense*

'Twould seem as though "affections' thousand ways"  
 Had gone out with the good old coaching days.  
 Now—those who'd read must run to understand 'em.  
*Then* Cupid used to wing his shafts at random,  
 And blindly hit all circles in the target,  
 The London peeress, and the gent at Margate.  
 Now the young archer, wiser than of old,  
 Removes the bandage, and each day more bold,  
 Disdains the *petticoat* to touch the *gold*. (*sings.*)

AIR.—"Believe me, if all those endearing."

Believing I've still those enduring young charms,  
 Which have led all Olympus astray,  
 I may well be excused if I feel some alarms  
 At the incomprehensible way  
 In which men despise, who once honoured my reign,  
 And suppliant bent at my throne;  
 I'll abdicate, ere be thus slighted again,  
 And surrender my cestus and zone!

*The THREE GRACES retire, R. H. 1 E.*

*Enter CUPID, R. H. 1 E., with bow, &c.*

CUPID. (R.) Rare sport this morning, mother—wish me  
 joy!

VENUS. (L.) No—you're a very idle, naughty boy.

CUPID. You will not say so when you've heard me out.

VENUS. You've been at some new mischief, I've no doubt—  
 P'raps driven wild some love-tormented swain,  
 Already at our mercy?

CUPID. Guess again.

VENUS. For the mere sake of teasing, turned the brain  
 Of some antique adonis?

CUPID. Guess again—

My capture's more important far than these,  
 What say you to the young Hippomenes?

VENUS. He has eluded us this long time past.

CUPID. Well, a chance shot brought him down at last.  
 The wound seemed so slight that, at first, he laughed,  
 Thinking to disengage the poisoned shaft—  
 But, though he had no fancy to receive it,  
 Found it more pain to pluck it out than leave it.

VENUS. He is a prize, indeed ; but love's a game  
 Not less than two can play at—for the flame  
 Requires a vent ; with kindred fire attaches,  
 Or lays the heart 'tis meant to warm, in ashes.

CUPID. Well, there's the Princess Atalanta—

VENUS. How ?

You're bold in your selection I'll allow !  
 The favourite pupil of that prude Diana,  
 Who, acting in a most unhandsome manner,  
 So stores her mind with racing and field sports  
 That love finds no admittance to her thoughts.  
 To single blessedness she vows her life,  
 And shudders at the very name of wife.

CUPID. Indeed ! if she escape me, I'll forgive her !

VENUS. You ?

CUPID Are the darts, then, blunted in my quiver ?  
 A whisper will this coyness overthrow,  
 And she *shall* love—whether she likes it or no !

DUET.—AIR, “Over the Sea.”

CUPID Leave her to me—fiddle-de-dee !  
 Let me a little bit whisper to she,  
 And you shall see—soon you shall see  
 Something will come of't ere long !  
 It's a match—a match—a match,  
 These birds of a feather  
 Shall soon come together,  
 As a match—a match—a match,  
 Though both hearts against love are strong !  
 So, leave her to me, &c.

VENUS. Sure it will be all over with me,  
 And Venus a theme but for laughter will be,  
 If she go free, as I foresee,  
 And love may be sold for a song !  
 Talk of starch, starch, starch,  
 She's stiffer you'll find,  
 When she's made up her mind,  
 Than starch, starch, starch,  
 So don't seek to come it too strong !  
*Repeat, and exeunt, VENUS, R. 1 E., CUPID, L. 1 E.*

SCENE II.—*Library in the House of Queen Mercpe at Scyros. Large bow window at the back, open, and overlooking the Island and the Sea. Sporting pictures, fencing foils, &c., adorn the room.*

PAIDAGOGOS, the private tutor of HIPPOMENES, discovered at table, R. H., on which are school books, globes, &c., looking over an exercise.

PAIDA. This is too bad by several degrees.

What can have come to young Hippomenes?

A few weeks since so docile and scholastic—

I ne'er had pupil more enthusiastic,

Or boy who, with a readier acquiescence,

Would leave his kite-flying to say his lessons!

Why, he was studious almost to a fault,

And took his Bonny-castle by assault;

But now his goings on are really dreadful;

I wonder of what stuff he's got his head full!

He comes home late at night, all precepts scorning,

And gets up ditto, ditto, in the morning!

He's here! before extremities I go to,

I'll try him with the *suaviter in modo*.

HIPPOMENES enters moodily, L. H., and throws himself into a chair, C., he is absorbed in deep thought, and pays no attention to PAIDAGOGOS.

Good morning, my dear boy, this early visit

Is quite an unexpected pleasure.

HIP. (*carelessly*.) Is it?

How are you, old 'un?

PAIDA. (*starting—alarmed*.) Ha! I plainly see

I must adopt the *fortiter in re*!

(*to HIPPOMENES, and taking up a slate from the table.*

I think we left off at the rule of three.

HIP. Dare say we did; and be it understood,

When we left it off we left it off for good.

PAIDA. (*astonished*.) I can't believe my ears.

HIP. (*rising*.) Then I'll repeat it—

I will no longer as a child be treated!

I'm now a man—that for the rule of three.

*(throws down and breaks slate.*

The rule of one is one too much for me!

There's no genteel accomplishment I lack—

For scholarship—on none I'll turn my back.

I can ride, wrestle, fence—and there's not one in

The island round can tackle me at running;

So I must seek society that can

Appreciate the finished gentleman! *(crosses R. H.)*

PAIDA. The *gentleman* will soon be finished—done with,

And you'll have but the blackguard to go on with!

HIP. There's no need for your further interference.

PAIDA. Listen to one, whose sixty years experience

Have made his knowledge of the world acuter.

HIP. You *should* be more astute—you come as tutor!

PAIDA. *(offended.)* And as such I must wish you, sir,  
good bye.

*(aside.)* Had I another pupil in my eye—

*(aloud.)* Yet, listen once to reason, I implore—

HIP. I have—and don't intend to any more;

Listening and hearing nothing is a bore.

PAIDA. *(going L.)* With grief I leave you, then—

HIP. Good bye, old fellow.

PAIDA. Your royal mother, what am I to tell her?

*Exit, L. H., astounded.*

HIP. Tell her my spirit soars on eagle wings,

Beyond the eyrie of her apron strings!

*(a la Hamlet.)* I have, of late, but wherefore,  
know not,

My customary exercise forgot!

Have bid adieu to all my wonted mirth,

And see no fun in this good frame, the earth—

The air—that glorious canopy upraised,

*(Which really canno' be too highly praised.)*

This splendid roof, fretted with golden fire,

I cannot, somehow, as I used, admire! *(sings.)*

AIR,—“Pull away Cheerily.” *(RUSSELL.)*

Heavily, drearily, slowly and wearily,

Passes a life once so happy—but now

I live on in listlessness—slumber in restlessness,



Feeling I cannot exactly tell how !  
 Homer invited me—Livy delighted me,  
 Home and home joys were my favourite theme,  
 Such was I yesterday—who could have guessed to-day  
 A change would come over the spirit of my dream.

Less than a week ago I would a seeker go  
 Tracking the wild boar in emulous chase.  
 Now, as before to me, the chase is a bore to me,  
 But the spelling is altered, which alters the case !  
 Who knew a horse so well ? who ran a course so  
 well ?

Who steered a chariot so clear through the throng ?  
 Who such a favourite as I made way for it  
 To the goal like a meteor whirling along !  
 Now—alas !  
 Heavily, drearily, &c.

How could such a strange revolution happen ?

CUPID *starts up through an arm chair, R. H., and comes  
 down, R. C.*

CUPID. (R.) You want to know ?

HIP. (L., *seeing* CUPID.) Who let that little chap in ?

CUPID. *You did.*

HIP. Who ! I ? that's good ! You'd best be starting  
 hence !

CUPID. I shan't.

HIP. Indeed ? we'll see that, young impertinence.

(*dodges L. and R. of table and endeavours to lay hold of  
 him.*)

CUPID. (*eluding him.*) Come, now, don't try it on—the  
 effort's vain ;

I'm easier let in than turned out again !

HIP. Pooh ! a weak child like you !

CUPID. Now, there you're wrong—

I may be *little*, but I'm very *strong*.

I *must* be small to enter where I do ;

There's not a crevice that I can't creep through.

I must be *strong*, for I've been sometimes known

To break a prison and upset a throne ;

Besides, with the occasion I expand,

There have been times when men have thought me  
grand;

So liberal and careless of mere self alone,  
I'm smallest when devoted to myself alone.

In short, I'm Love, and here to visit you.

HIP. (*alarmed.*) I'm very glad to see you! how d'ye do—  
I didn't know—

CUPID. You will before we part!

Love's easy known when once he's *got by heart*!

Your hand. (*they shake hands—HIPPOMENES starts.*

(*Music.*—"Still so gently o'er me stealing.")

HIP. Dear! What is this all-overish feeling

That's still so gently o'er my senses stealing?

CUPID. That's me! how do you like it?

HIP. Well—at present

I don't quite know—it doesn't seem unpleasant.

I knew I wanted something—this must be it.

(*Music ceases.*

What a blind idiot was I not to see it!

To turn a dull ear to the prattling banter

Of her who—(*pauses.*)

CUPID. Come—out with it—Atalanta.

HIP. I never said—

CUPID. No matter, though—it ain't hid

From me—Love's not so blind as he is painted;

(*feeling his pulse.*) Describe the symptoms—for this  
sort of cases

I can prescribe.

HIP. After last chariot races,

We met. 'Twas at the opera we met.

CUPID. And you were caught at once by her *loing-nette*?

HIP. I felt the effects, but didn't know the cause,

And was that *you*?

CUPID. Was it? Of course it was—

And, since you've so far ventured, my advice is

You bring the matter to a speedy crisis.

Go boldly on.

HIP. That's very well to say,

I'm in the dark, and cannot see the way.

CUPID. Of course! You're blind, and so are lovers all,

Or they in love would not so often *fall*;

But keep on moving always to the right,  
And Hymen's torch shows, at the end, a light.

HIP. In this case there is wanted something more, sure,  
Than Hymen's torch; I may say that it's torture!

CUPID. Best try the torture of the question—

HIP. Friend,

Alas, you know not what you recommend.

CUPID. Come, cheer up, sure some hope the case allows?

HIP. She's cold to love as marble, and she vows  
She'll never marry!

CUPID. So do many—though  
They would not hear their enemy say so;  
What, though her heart be marble? let her frown—  
Shall Love to mortal marbles knuckle down?  
Go to work boldly, with a mind at ease,  
I've o'erleaped greater obstacles than these!

SONG, CUPID.—AIR, "I've no money."

I've known many, do you see,  
Play the prude as well as she—

Play the prude, &c.

Who think another charm to borrow  
From coyness, while the grapes are sour,  
Who—place a man once in their power—  
Would change their mind in half an hour,  
And gladly married be to-morrow!

Up, then, your resolution call—  
She's but a woman after all,

She's but a woman, &c.

And dor't give way to fancied sorrow—  
There's a saying true as trite,  
Oftentimes the blackest night  
Will give way to a morning bright—  
So may it be with your to-morrow!

HIP. Here comes my mother, and old Paidagogos,  
Whose ideas are so brought into one focus  
Of Greek and Latin, you'd best off be slinking,  
Your skill would not avail on *him* I'm thinking.

CUPID. Humph! I'll administer a friendly touch,  
And see if, after that, you'll say so much!

CUPID retires, R. H.

*Re-enter PAIDAGOGOS, followed by MEROPE, L. H.*

MEROPE. (L.) He cannot be so changed.

PAID. (C.) I'm sorry for it, I  
Seem to have lost, *in toto*, my authority.

I can't think what possesses the dear youth, ma'am.

MEROPE. What do I hear ?'

HIP. (R.) For once you hear the truth, ma'am ;  
Once and for all, for all this classic fooling,  
The harder school of life my ardour's cooling !

MEROPE. But, think of your degree.

HIP. I do—and see.

'Tis a degree too *far-in-height* for me.

No more I care now to attain the rank which is  
Assigned to the body-snatchers of dead languages ;  
I've read Homer all that I can stuff of it,  
And, as for Ovid, I have had enough *of it*.  
All foreign languages I think a bore,  
Except love's language—that I *languish* for.

PAID. There is a line in Hesiod we read—

HIP. Then Hesiod said what *he should* not have said.  
No more quotations in my ears be dinning.

MEROPE. Is the world at an end ?

HIP. No, just beginning !

TRIO.—AIR, (Der Freishchutz.)

PAID. Oh ! ye gods ! who has taught that boy  
Such thoughts to hold—such words to employ ?  
Who could thus his young mind destroy ?

Now he flouts me, jeers me, scouts me !

He, who might be senior wrangler,  
Become a silly drawing-room dangler !  
Having with such care taught him all the elements  
Of Greek and Latin, this to my fond hopes is a sell  
immense !

To find him to turn out a scamp thus !  
Is enough to make one stamp thus !

Oh ! Fye

HIP. Best shut up, you dear old syntax—  
Your advice on this point I didn't axe,

And henceforth mean to consult myself!

PAID. Good gracious! how audacious!

MEROPE. 'Tis time when you have been to college  
To think of that.

HIP. My thirst for knowledge  
Is satisfied—a bachelor's degree  
Is in a latitude too cold for me!

PAID. 'Tis terrible to hear him talking,  
All our expectations balking.  
Shocking!

MEROPE. In short, you long to go with me to court?  
(*crosses to c.*)

HIP. That of my longing is the long and short.

PAID. A childish fancy—when his youthful blood is  
Cooled down a little, we'll resume our studies;  
Boys will be boys.

HIP. No—there you're wrong again—  
Boys *won't* be boys who fancy they are men!  
(HIPPOMENES and MEROPE converse apart up, R. H.)

PAID. (*aside.*) I'd best begin to estimate my chances—  
If he cuts learning thus, in all its branches,  
And shirks the root of knowledge, I foresee  
Myself, in vulgar parlance, up a tree.  
The young idea must condescend to shoot, or  
I must resign my post as private tutor. (*crosses R.*)

(HIPPOMENES and MEROPE come down.)

MEROPE. (L.) Since of the court then you *will* have a  
sight,  
You shall go with me.

HIP. (C.) When?

MEROPE. This very night.

King Schœneus gives a grand *Bal Masque* and rout  
To bring the Princess Atalanta out—  
This card presented at the palace wicket  
Admits the family.

HIP. Ah! *that's* the ticket,  
A card of invitation which, *sans doute*,  
Is a trump card to bring in my strong suit.  
And I shall see her! possibly may get  
Her hand as partner for a minuet!  
Oh, rapture! (*squeezes the hand of PAIDAGOGOS.*)

PAID. (R.) *Dii Majores!* Powers above!

MEROPE. I do believe the silly boy's in love!

PAID. Forbid it, Phœbus! then the lad's undone!

HIP. Of course, we all accept.

PAID. (*with dignity.*) Not *I* for one.

I've seen enough of love, and Cupid's trickery,  
And flirt no longer with the nurse Terpsichore.  
Study's *my* mistress—books *my* only pleasures,  
And, as for 'glancing feet' and 'lively measures,'  
Such lively measures for myself, I ne'er met as  
Are danced by six feet and are called Hexameters!

CUPID. (*down R. aside.*) Ha, say you so, old rusty?  
here's occasion

To test the virtues of inoculation.

(CUPID comes down behind PAIDAGOGOS, unperceived,  
touches him in the hollow of the left arm, and retires—  
PAIDAGOGOS starts as under a mesmeric influence, his  
whole character is completely changed from that of the  
pedantic tutor to the old beau.

HIP. Well, you can please yourself and stop away  
If you'll not go.

PAID. (*with changed manner.*) Who said I'd not go, pray?

HIP. And since your dancing days are over—

PAID. Pooh!

Who said my dancing days were over?

(*essays to dance—gets the cramp.*

HIP. (*crosses to c.*) You!

MEROPE. And, as you don't like music, perhaps you're  
right.

PAID. I not like music! music's my delight!

Why, at a pinch, I do think I could bring myself,  
Though I've not done't for thirty years, to sing  
myself!

(*tries to sing—breaks down coughing.*

MEROPE. But, we must stay till such a rakish time,  
Which at your age—

PAID. Age, ma'am? I'm in my prime!

Besides, 'tis said, the princess is to-night  
To choose a husband—and, who knows? she might  
I say, she *might*.

HIP. (*laughing.*) Why, sure you don't suppose?



PAIDA. I only said, and I repeat, who knows?

She might do worse. (*affectedly, and crosses to R.*)

MEROP. (*laughing.*) Well, you deserve success.

Why, I declare, 'tis nearly time to dress.

I've ordered, dear, the carriage round at nine.

*Exit L. H.*

HIP. I'll to my toilet, then.

PAIDA.

And I to mine!

*Exeunt, PAIDAGOGOS, R., HIPPOMENES, L. H.*

SCENE III.—*Antechamber in the Palace. (1st grooves.)*

*Music.*—AIR, "Bartlemy Fair."

*Enter KING SCHCENEUS, preceded by three SERVANTS and followed by three SERVANTS OF THE HOUSEHOLD, who bustle about at his directions.*

KING. Now be particular—we mean to-night

To beat all former efforts out of sight.

(R. H.) Give of his hat a number to each guest,  
And don't let those that go first take the best.

(L. H.) Ice the champagne that's for the supper  
wanted—

The claret, port, and sherry, get decanted,

And—since for *beer* the fashion 'tis to ask,

Tap in the corner a nine gallon cask;

Not that the people *like* it, but, it's new,

Looks knowing, and, in short, the thing to do;

E'en *ladies*, though they very nasty think it,

Follow the fashion—giggle, blush, and drink it.

Let nought be wanting to make this a gala.

(*three SERVANTS cross behind and join other three SERVANTS.*)

Stay! don't forget the bottle of marsala

And plate of biscuits for the gentleman who

Presides, this evening, at the grand piano.

Keep order in the ball-room; should the gents

Display their customary lack of sense

In witless "rallies," turn out the unruly 'uns,  
 We can't do less than good taste did at Jullien's.  
 Don't let the greengrocer who last time waited,  
 Get, as he did last time—intoxicated.  
 In short, take every care that everything  
 Be done *en regle*, as befits a king.

(SERVANTS *disperse severally*.)

*Enter* MISSISSARIS, (*Atalanta's nurse*) L. H.

Well, nurse, what of your lady? is she dressed?

MIS. (L.) Aye, my good lord, and it must be confessed  
 She ne'er looked prettier since these old arms  
 dandled her;

No drawing room belle is fit to hold a candle t'her.

(*a knock* L. H.)

KING. (R.) That knock proclaims the first of the invited!

MIS. For all I know, the chandelier not lighted!

(*crosses behind* KING *and exit* R. H.)

KING. (*looking off*, L.) The nurse was right—she *has* a  
 charming bloom!

ATALANTA *runs in*, L. H.

ATAL. Oh, pa! such sport! Old Tomasos, our groom,  
 You know—the veriest braggart in existence  
 Thought he could beat me at the half mile distance!  
 I've heard that he was once a well-known ped.

KING. (R., *obtusely*.) A ped?

ATAL. (L.) Pedestrian, I should have said.

So having, before dressing, time to spare,  
 I volunteered to run him then and there;  
 The course was from the back door by the laundry  
 Twice round the kitchen garden to the pantry.

Well, we were stripped and ready in a twinkling—

KING. (*alarmed*.) Stripped? Gracious!

ATAL. Of the fancy scarce a sprinkling,  
 Had time to muster.

KING. (*perplexed*.) What?

ATAL. (*patting his face*.) Your dear old dunce;

Of course the "fancy" means the "knowing ones."

KING. Oh!

ATAL. The cook we steward of the course elected,  
By whom a pretty start was soon effected.

KING. A pretty start, indeed!

ATAL. Well, off we go!

He took the lead for fifty yards or so—

I waited on his quarter—

KING. Did you, though?

Then, when his quarter's up, dear, I foresee

Your running footman waits no more on me!

ATAL. I made an effort—challenged the old chap,

And fairly caught him in my second lap!

KING. (*indignant.*) I wish *I'd* caught him there! We'll  
put a stopper

On such proceedings! "Lap!" it's most improper.

ATAL. Then, with a final spurt at the old sycamore,

I went in winning easy by a neck or more!

KING. Well, *now* you'll not mind making, I presume,

A match, dear, with a still more stable groom

To run with you the course of your existence.

ATAL. Papa, the race of man is not my distance,

So let him keep his own—you would not tarnish

My fame, by working me in double harness

With some dull mule who for his life could not

Break out of the slow conjugal jog trot!

### SONG.—ATALANTA.

AIR, "I don't object." (*Fra Diavolo.*)

I do object—I do object;  
To marry, pa, I'm not inclined,  
At any rate, until I find  
A husband whom I can respect.

Pray recollect—pa, recollect  
I scarcely yet have turned eighteen,  
Am in the ways of love so green  
That your proposal, with respect  
I must reject—I must reject.

You can't expect—you can't expect  
That I should fall in love at sight

With the first fop I meet to-night,  
 A maid should be more circumspect,  
 And I object, pa, I object.  
 Besides, the habits of my life  
 Unfit me quite to be a wife,  
 To have so soon their freedom checked  
 I do object—I do object

KING. Yet think, my child, the time will come when I,  
 Like other good things of this world, must die—  
 Yet cannot leave you friendless and alone  
 With no successor to the vacant throne.

ATAL. Papa, why you're quite sentimental grown

KING. You would not like, with all your boasted pace,  
 To come in, after all, last of your race.  
 And I could die with satisfaction lively,  
 (Not actually, but comparatively)  
 If you'll a contract make to start, some day  
 A royal male upon the king's highway;  
 Whom you select, I own I don't much care,  
 So that your suitor suits me *to a heir*.

ATAL. I vow I'll hate him.

KING. There *you've* full permission,  
 But wed you *shall*.

ATAL. Well, pa, on this condition,  
 That none in my affections finds a place  
 Who can't outrun me in a two mile race.

KING. Consider, child.

ATAL. I have, and I repeat  
 The *sole* way to my heart is through my *feet*.

KING. Agreed! My son-in-law must then, be one  
 Considerably above the average *run*.  
 I'll have the notice posted with all speed  
 In type which every one who runs may read.

DUET.—AIR, "Dusty Bob."

KING. That's a dear child! I feared she had been more  
 refractory.

Now whom you marry, love, must prove himself  
 a catch.

ATAL. I'm glad, Pa, to find the conditions are so satis-  
 factory,

Fearlessly I now await the issue of the match!

He who who beats me must have a very winning way with him,

Who draws on me, Pa, must a first-rate artist be,  
If he can stay, 'tis fit, I own, that I should stay with him,

And he shall freely have my hand who bears the palm from me.

*(dance off to the air repeated, R. E)*

SCENE IV.—*The Ball-room in the Palace, during a Bal Masque. A raised dais for the king, 3 E. R. H. A PIANIST presiding at a piano Græco-English model of the Parthenon; and a GENTLEMAN performing on a Græco cornet. A dance just concluded as the scene opens, and GUESTS walking about with PARTNERS. SERVANTS hand refreshments. An M. C. busying himself about the scene.*

NARCISSUS, a fop, comes from 1 E. R. H., and MAJOR THRASO from C. down L. H. They meet in front of stage. They are masked.

THRASO. Why, sure, that's never Lord Narcissus? 'tis hard,

E'en for a conjuror to see through a vizard,  
But, e'en a mask the gentleman high-bred  
Cannot conceal. *(bows.)*

NAR. *(affectedly.)* 'Pon honour—nicely said! *(bows.)*

THRASO. *(aside.)* Conceited pop!

NAR. *(aside.)* Insufferable bore!

*(aloud.)* But, in my turn, I've heard that voice before—

The favourite of the ladies, Major Thraso? *(bows.)*

THRASO. There's but *one* man who can afford to say so.

*(bows.)*

NAR. 'Pon my soul, major, you are *too* polite!

*(both bow, their heads coming in contact.)*

THRASO. But how is it I meet you here to-night?

I thought you hated parties.

NAR. 'Tis a rum thing,  
But, one must be *somewhere* and must do *something*,  
Besides, the princess is to night to show,  
And choose a husband—in which case, you know,  
As I observed—I'm here. (*affectedly.*)

THRASO. I see you are—  
(*aside.*) Poor fool!

NAR. (*fanning himself.*) The lady won't have to look far.

THRASO. (*aside.*) That's lucky—if she's aught in *you* to  
see,

She must uncommonly short-sighted be!

NAR. But you? I thought you had eschewed ball practice  
Before you left the army?

THRASO. Hem! the fact is,  
To tell the truth, like you, I'd heard the news,  
That the princess a husband was to choose,  
And where she gives her heart, you understand,  
'Tis fit she finds one ready to her hand:  
I'm sorry we are rivals in the field.

NAR. No longer, major.

THRASO. Why?

NAR. Of course you'll yield  
To my superior pretensions.

NAR. How!

NAR. She cannot marry both, you must allow,  
And since we can't *both* have what both admire,  
It follows one must gracefully retire.

THRASO. And as *you're*, of the two, so much more  
graceful,

*You're* going will, of course, be less distasteful,

NAR. Come., I like that! My fat friend, you've been  
drinking.

THRASO. (*indignant.*) Sir!

NAR. Ah! I smell you! or you'd ne'er be thinking  
To cut *me* out.

THRASO. (*furious.*) Why not, you silly pup?  
Your tailor did, before he made you up!

NAR. You take me for a fool!

THRASO. If so, depend  
I take you as I find you, my good friend.

NAR. Come, no bad language, major—I'm afraid you're  
Becoming a great bear! an *ursa*, Major!



A suitor for a princess ! You'd insult her—  
 The proverb bear in mind "*ne suitor ultra.*"  
 'Gainst me you've not the shadow of a chance !

THRASO. Humph ! we shall see !

M.C. Clear, please, for the next dance !  
*(a divertissement by the CORPS DE BALLET—after which*

*Enter HIPPOMENES, and MEROPE, L. H., masked.*

MEROPE. (L.) This is the court for which, dear, you  
 resigned

Good books, pure air, and a contented mind,  
 But you'll soon grow wiser and better.

HIP. (R.) Ah !—

Just now I feel quite *wiser worser* ma !

MEROPE. You will regret your quiet life—

HIP. I vow

I never knew what life was until now !

*Enter PAIDAGOGOS at back, he is masked and pays obsequious court to the ladies.*

MER. Here comes your tutor—hear what he will say,  
 To find all his good counsel thrown away ;  
 I warrant me, the dear old sober head,  
 Would give a trifle now to be in bed.

*(PAIDAGOGOS, assuming a jaunty air, comes down between them.*

Oh, my dear sir, my son—

PAID. (C.) What of your son, ma'am ?

MEROPE. (L.) I know how much 'twill vex you—

PAID. What's he done, ma'am ?

MEROPE. Refuses to go home !

PAID. He's in the right of it—

But *you* can go—we'll stay and make a night of it.

MEROPE. No, we must not detain you and destroy

Your night's rest which, at your age—

PAID. I'm a boy !

A youth ! The court air must have something in it  
 That makes a man grow younger every minute,  
 So fast, in fact, 'twill soon be scarcely pleasant  
 To find oneself so *very* juvenescent.

HIP. (R.) If you go on at this rate, some fine morn,  
You may wake up and find you're not yet born!

PAID. Where's this princess? each moment I grow  
bolder! (*retires up, c.*)

AIP. He's grown so young, he's anxious to *be-hold-her*!

MEROPE. "There's no fool like an old fool" is most true,  
sure—

I shall believe in proverbs for the future—

In age, experience, learning where's the use?

A goose though stuffed with *sage* remains a goose!

*Exit, L. H.*

*Enter CUPID, c., he comes down, L. H.*

CUPID. (L. *unmasking.*) How are you?

HIP. (R.) Gracious! how did you get here?

CUPID. Oh Love is on the free list everywhere,  
A list which, till the great Globe Theatre's ended,  
I'm proud to say, can never be suspended:  
Besides I'm so much in request—you doubt me?  
A nice dull party you'd all be without me!

HIP. And in a mask?

CUPID. Of course I come disguised,  
I make more way the less I'm recognised;  
Many who'd shrink from me in Love's reality,  
Accept me as a friend's familiarity;  
Sometimes I borrow Pity's winning dress,  
And to their hearts they Love for Pity press,  
And sometimes—this between ourselves we state—  
Love smiles behind the frowning mask of hate!

(*Flourish.*—*The M.C. announces,*

"*The KING.*" *Enter KING SCHÆNEUS, ATALANTA,*  
*MISSISSARRIS, and ATTENDANTS from R. C., all make*  
*obeisance.*

KING. A welcome, friends, to all we give it ye,  
This night's to mirth devoted, and festivity,  
We've made our minds up to be angry, very,  
With any one who is not freely merry,  
Stay—I forgot, a duty on me rests,  
My guests, this is my daughter—daughter, guests.

(*KING takes his seat, ATALANTA, attended by MISSISSARRIS goes up c. to LADIES, &c., PAIDAGOGOS goes up to ATALANTA.*

THRASO. By Jove (*aside.*) there's dignity in every feature  
Worthy a son of Mars! (*goes up to ATALANTA.*)

NARCIS. (*aside.*) A pretty creature—

Indeed—if she improves on nearer view,  
I'll go so far as to assert—she'll do.

HIP. (*aside*) Her beauty's on the face of night a speck  
Like a white choker round an Ethiop's neck!

CUPID. (*to HIPPOMENES.*) Well, what think you?

HIP. My heart's in such a fluster,  
The very chandeliers have lost their lustre,  
Wax lights wax dim, so much her light whacks  
theirs!

CUPID. Follow me, then. He wins who nobly dares.

(CUPID leads HIPPOMENES towards ATALANTA at back  
—they engage in conversation.)

PAID. (*aside—coming down, c.*) I feel as lover-like as on  
the day

I took my Phyllis half-price to the play,  
Of the box keeper got unjustly jealous—  
Unjustly—she ran off with *some one else*.  
I've half a mind—why shouldn't I? I will  
Ask her as partner for the next quadrille.

(*retires towards ATALANTA; CUPID comes forward.*)

CUPID. (*aside.*) He's done for—but the trick I half  
regret;

The poor old beau to fiddlestrings will fret,  
And unrequited love prove but a curse to him.  
Stay—I'll warm up the heart of that old nurse to  
him.

Young hearts are as green timber much the same,  
Will crackle, sputter, and resist the flame,  
Make a great smoke, and flare and writhe about,  
When, not unfrequently the fire goes out;  
But once ignite these old hearts, dry as touchwood,  
Fan them a little, and they blaze like brushwood!

(*go up for lady.*)

KING. (*to a lady.*) Madam, we challenge you to dance a  
measure—

We make it an imperial *pint*.

LADY. With pleasure.

(PAIDAGOGOS *has, in dumb show, invited ATALANTA to dance—they come down—also* NURSE.

ATAL. I fear I am engaged; but don't feel slighted,  
My dear old nurse, I'm sure, will be delighted.

PAID. Gracious!—that is, I'm charmed!

(ATALANTA *goes to* HIPPOMENES.

(*aside.*) I feel as though

I'd at the pigeon shot, and hit the crow.

(*a dance by the* CHARACTERS; KING *and a* LADY, HIPPOMENES *and* ATALANTA, PAIDAGOGUS *and* NURSE, NARCISSUS *and a* LADY; *after which,* HIPPOMENES *and* ATALANTA *come forward; KING goes up to dais and sits, courtiers all rally round him.*

HIP. (L.) Forgive me, if, in getting to my place,  
I thought less of that figure than this face.

ATAL. (R.) Your awkwardness quite put me out.

HIP. May be,  
Because your beauty *set a light* to me.

ATAL. Sir, you must know my heart is stone battery—  
'Gainst which in vain Love draws the long-bow,  
flattery;

As from a wall of granite they rebound,  
And Cupid's shafts lie blunted on the ground.

HIP. That's not my case. In my heart, truth to tell,  
Love's sunk a *shaft* much deeper than a well.

ATAL. I like your impudence!

HIP. I'm glad you do.

I feared it might, pr'aps, have offended you.

ATAL. To hold this language, sir, to one whom chance  
Has made your partner for a single dance,  
Is really quite a slip in ball-room etiquette.

HIP. I think not of the *slip*, but of the *petticoat*.  
Pardon your partner, then—nay, be his wife,  
And thus become his *pardoner* for life.

ATAL. (*musings.*) Marriage implies a husband.

HIP. I confess it, I  
Fear it entails that hard necessity.

ATAL. I'll take the veil sooner than such a curse!

HIP. And be no better off, but *nun* the worse.

Is there no course by which you may be won?

ATAL. Only the racecourse, which, if wise, you'll shun.

HIP. You are oracular.

ATAL.

Then your auriculars

Open, and you will hear the full particulars.

*Retires up, and exit c.*

(PAIDAGOGOS comes forward, R. H., he has been endeavouring to avoid the attentions of MISSISSARRIS, L., who is pursuing him.)

PAID. That dreadful woman's followed me all night;  
I've only just recovered from the *fright*.

MIS. Barbarous man! wouldst thus my love requite?  
Are my attentions odious in your sight?

PAID. Why, ma'am, the little courtesies you mention  
Are carried to a stretch beyond *a-tension*.

*(retires to R. H., MISSISSARRIS following.)*

KING. (c.) My friends, your ears a moment I implore,  
As what we're going to say you knew before,  
Without circumlocution if you please,  
We'll plunge, as classics say, *in Medias res*.  
After the usual quantity of tears,  
And struggles with a father's natural fears,  
Our daughter's hand we're ready to bestow  
On some one— *(some of the gentlemen advance.*

*Whom as yet we don't quite know*

So, as *she's* no decided preference got,  
Because she don't care twopence for the lot,  
We on his head a future crown will place,  
Who of her gets a-head in a foot-race;  
Of course those who've no *itching* for the match,  
Will prove it by not coming to the *scratch*.  
But somewhat to reduce the competition,  
We have annexed this trifling condition;  
The lists are open to who'er may choose it,  
And he who cannot keep a-head's to lose it!  
In short, whoever can may win and wear her,  
If not—he dies! I think we can't say fairer.  
Eh? Major Thraso.

THRASO. Really, you alarm me.

I've never run, sire, since I left the army.

NARCIS. I'll find a man to run, and post the money.

KING. No—all must enter *propria personæ*.

Why, with your name if rumour's not too bold,  
You once outran the constable, I'm told.

NARCIS. Sire, on the style of running, much depends.  
Some find it easy to run down their friends.  
And you'll confess that running up a bill,  
Is not exactly running *up* a hill.

HIP. Though the conclusion much the same we find,  
For both 'tis difficult to raise the wind.  
Since to enlist themselves the others fear,  
I, sire, for the forlorn hope volunteer.  
On me alone, then, let the task devolve!

PAID. (*aside.*) My bosom's swelling with a big resolve!  
Why shouldn't I?

KING. (*to HIPPOMENES.*) Enthusiastic stranger,  
We trust you are acquainted with the danger  
Annexed to the attempt.

HIP. For such a prize,  
Danger's *a-next* to nothing in my eyes.  
Besides, the race with novelty is rife,  
Being, in fact, the only time in life  
When, as a husband, I may beat my wife.

KING. In which, though I scarce hope you will succeed,  
There is no harm in wishing you *good speed*.

PAID. (*aside.*) Thirty years back, although I scorn to  
brag,

I ran a tie with the Corinthian stag,  
And feel I've all the vigour yet remaining. (*going.*)

MISS. Dear sir, where are you going?

PAID. Into training!

*Exit, R. H. followed by MISSISSARRIS.*

KING. So, you are fixed?

HIP. As bricks!

KING. I like your metal.

HIP. Her small running account in full I'll settle.

(KING takes out pocket handkerchief—all the COURTIERs,  
&c., during his speech, do the same, and come down.)

KING. (*dolefully.*) And, should you fall, as probably you  
will,

You'll have this glorious consolation still—  
In such a case we'll ceremony waive,  
And with our own hands on your early grave



We'll plant a daisy which, from year to year,  
We'll water with a tributary tear,  
In pious memory of the dear departed.

(*buries his face in his handkerchief—all the PEOPLE on stage do the same; a pause—he then removes handkerchief* (COURT *do the same,*) *and speaks gaily.*)

Therefore—cheer up.

HIP. (*dismally.*) Thank you, I'm quite light-hearted.  
Your consolation's of that lively kind  
That makes a man quite happy in his mind.

CUPID. (*aside to HIPPOMENES.*) Come to me presently—  
I'll wait for you—

Be true to love, and love will pull you through.

KING. To supper, gentlemen, we can't do less  
Than fill a glass to our young friend's success!  
(*Flourish.*—KING, HIPPOMENES, CUPID, and COURT  
*retire up, and are closed in.*)

### SCENE V.—*Front Hall in the Palace.*

*Enter PAIDAGOGOS, L. H. muffled up for departure.*

PAID. I've left the dizzy scene of dissipation  
For a few minutes calm deliberation.  
To eat raw steak as easy of digestion—  
To train or not to train, in short's the question;  
Whether 'twere safe for a man to suffer  
The harrowed feelings of a slighted lover,  
Or make my mind up to go in and win her,  
Restrict myself to half a pint at dinner,  
Live on dry toast and tea, (I can't bear either,)  
And in the morning take what's called "a breather,"  
To get into the high condition needed;  
For, if by running she's to be persuaded,  
To alter her condition, I opine  
I must considerably alter *mine*:

I know now what I ought to do, and I  
Have made my mind up 'or to do or die!'

*He is going—*

*Enter* MISSISSARRIS, L. H., *in quest of him—she has a pair of list over-shoes in her hand.*

MISS. (*playfully.*) So—I have caught you, truant!

PAID. (*aside, in dismay.*) Bless my heart—  
That dreadful nurse!

MISS. I fear I made you start.

PAID. 'Tis of no consequence—that is—don't name—  
(*aside.*) I wish you'd made me *start* before you came.

MISS. At least, sir, 'ere you go you'll not refuse  
To don a pair of my list over-shoes?

After these hot rooms, you will feel the chill.

PAID. Ma'am, you mistake, this form is agile still,  
This foot, which now th' indignity resists,  
To-morrow is to enter other *lists*!

MISS. In which they must be *worsted*—I entreat  
Let not your ears be deaf to your *def-eat*.

PAID. One bold stroke and my future lies in clover!

MISS. Those who are over bold may get bowled over!  
(PAIDAGOGOS *is endeavouring to get away, she restrains him.*)

PAID. Meantime, good night!

MISS. (*fondly.*) Since it has come to this,  
I must all maidenly reserve dismiss.

PAID. (*alarmed.*) By no means, ma'am! until I'm in the  
street—

Keep your reserve to cover my retreat.

MISS. Yet I can scarce be plainer than I am—

PAID. On that head we're of one opinion, ma'am.

MISS. Yes, the soft secret which I dare not speak,  
Is writ in Nature's language on my cheek.

(*lying her face on his shoulder, he shakes her off.*)

PAID. Well, ma'am, with blushes I'm not much acquainted—

They may be natural. (*aside.*) I thought them painted.  
(*aloud.*) But—as I said before—adieu—

(*going—she stays him.*)

MISS. Have then my heavy sighs no weight with you?

PAID. That they are heavy causes no surprise,  
Seeing that each is *one of your own sighs*.

MISS. This cruelty is bitter to be borne!  
What have I done to merit this cold scorn?  
I—who would die to serve you—

PAID. You're too good—  
(*aside.*) How much she'd serve me if she *only would*!

MISS. You'd look on, then, and see without remorse  
Me fall before your feet a lifeless corse?

PAID. Madam you wrong me—wrong me, I repeat,  
Sooner than see you perish at my feet  
I'll take—I'll take—a turn in the next street!

MISS. And can you leave me? (*falls into his arms.*)

PAID. It must be confessed  
It don't seem easy—but I'll do my best.

*Exit, supporting her, R. H.*

SCENE VI.—*Orchard attached to the Palace, enclosed within high walls; an apple tree bearing the Three Golden Pippins, c. The Palace extends L. H., with balcony and two windows practicable (as in the Garden Scene of "Romeo and Juliet.") A board warning off trespassers, upon which is written the following in Greek characters, thus—Στηλ Τραπς 'αυδ Σπριγγ Γουvs σερ 'ηρ.*

IPPOMENES *discovered on the top of a wall, with a guitar. He scrambles down and falls.*

P. He jests at scars who ne'er in climbing hit upon  
A place with spikes and broken glass to sit upon—  
*hrows away a piece of broken glass from his dress.*  
*A light appears at window, L. H.*  
But soft, a light!—where lights are there's a liver.  
'Tis she! I'll try a gentle hint to give her  
Upon my mandoline, though I'm afraid  
I'm somewhat too hoarse for a serenade;  
This night air is too musical by far,  
And on my chest has struck a light catarrh. (*coughs.*)

SERENADE.—HIPPOMENES.—AIR,—“Ben Bolt.”

Though 'tis late in September, your lattice unbolt,  
 Your lattice with care fastened down—  
 I've not slept all the night, for you gave me a smile  
 Though I trod on the skirt of your gown!  
 'Twas very awkward, and some would, I've been told  
 In a corner their temper have shown,  
 But *you* fitted a slap, in so candid a way,  
 On my cheek, I quite liked it, I own!  
 But please to remember it's cool—then don't  
 Keep me waiting—besides, I'm wet through,  
 For a clear running brook for my path I mistook,  
 And am fast catching cold in the dew!  
 Besides, I've been sitting on spikes untold,  
 On a wall that's uncommonly high,  
 So—if you much longer an answer withhold—  
 There remains but to wish you good-bye!

(*the window opens.*)

Ah—see! the window opens—it is she  
 More fair than ever in her *robe de nuit*.

(ATALANTA appears on balcony above, a la Juliet; she wears a dressing-gown and nightcap.)

She speaks—yet nothing says! She's not to blame,  
 Members of Parliament do much the same.  
 Her mouth rests on her hand—I'm not above  
 Wishing I were upon that hand a glove,  
 Gladly the storms of Poverty I'd weather,  
 So we might live from hand to mouth together!

ATAL. (*in soliloquy.*) Hippomenes!

HIP. She speaks! What says my sweet?

ATAL. Hippomenes! why did we ever meet?

HIP. Music, her voice! No melody outstrips  
 The choral music of those coral lips!

ATAL. Or—if we *were* to meet, why not before

That fatal resolution, when I swore

No mortal man with marriage lines should shackle  
 me,

Who could not in a line of country tackle me?

Give up the contest—come not to the scratch,  
Or—be but sworn my love—I'll sell the match!  
And yet—my vow—no—that would never do!

HIP. (*aloud.*) Sweet Atalanta!

ATAL. (*alarmed, and tearing off her nightcap.*) Gracious!  
who are you?

A man! a stranger! leave me, I entreat of you!  
How dare you?—oh! how very indiscreet of you!  
Ar't not my rival, and Hippomenes?

HIP. Neither, fair maid, if either thee displease.

ATAL. How came you here? The orchard walls are high.

HIP. With Love's light wings did I these walls o'erfly.

ATAL. Then Love's light wings must take you home again—  
They'll catch and cudgel you if you remain.

HIP. For my poor head, alas! more danger lies  
In the hot sun-strokes of those burning eyes!  
No cudgels can inflict the laceration  
Of silken lashes which 'whip all creation!'  
If *you* frown, let them come—the more the better—

ATAL. You see that board?

HIP. (*reading.*) "Steel traps and spring guns  
set here."

Hippomenes all meaner bandage mocks,  
Held fast already by those golden locks!

ATAL. However captivating in your sight,  
I can't be kept-a-vaiting here all night.  
The dawn is breaking and the stars on high  
Have played their night's engagement in the skye,  
Which is resuming its cœrulean hue—

HIP. Let me stand talking here till *all* is blue!

ATAL. 'Twould not avail, for, when all's said and done,  
I am determined to be fairly won;  
Whate'er it cost, I run upon the square—

HIP. I know you can't run otherwise than fair,  
And if I fail?

ATAL. Alas! you lose your head—  
So, now, take my advice, and go to bed.

(MISSISSARRIS is heard within, L. H., calling  
"Atalanta!")

There's nurse's voice, and I shall get a scolding—  
I'm coming, nurse!

MISSISSARRIS. (*within.*) You're letting all the cold in!

HIP. Yet, hear me swear, divinest creature !

ATAL. No, sir—  
You know my fixed determination—go, sir.

HIP. One word—

ATAL. No—you've already said enough ;  
Good-night—(*retires and shuts window.*)

HIP. She's gone and left me in a huff !

CUPID *starts up through a rose bush, R. H.*

CUPID. (*down R. H.*) How do you get on ?

HIP. (*seizing him a la Othello.*) How do we get back ?

You've set me on the rack !—the bottle rack !  
(*winces, and throws away a piece of glass from his dress.*)

I swear 'tis better to be much abused  
Than to be loved a little—and refused !

CUPID. Cheer up, and learn 'tis many a lady's fashion  
To feign an anger when she feels a passion ;  
Besides, I have a brilliant idea—

'Twas not for nothing that I brought you here.  
You see this apple tree ?

HIP. (*sullenly.*) Precisely so,

CUPID. On its top branch three golden pippins grow.

HIP. Thank you—the useful knowledge I have gained  
That apple trees bear apples !

CUPID. Once obtained  
They'll put your running on a surer footing.

HIP. You don't mean me to train on apple pudding ?

CUPID. That lot of apples must be yours—if not  
I forsee yours will be an *apple-less* lot.

HIP. But I'm no climber—I'm quite sure to slip,  
Losing the pippins by a luckless *pip*.

CUPID. Here goes then !

HIP. Can you ?

CUPID. You forget that I'm  
Love—irresistible in every *clime*.

HIP. Up with you then, I'll catch them.

CUPID. (*climbing tree.*) Don't you lose them.  
To-morrow I'll instruct you how to use them.

(*he has now ascended the tree.*)  
Ready below there ? one—two—three—catch hold.

(*throws down apples to HIPPOMENES.*)  
HIP. Go it, my pippin—why they're really gold !



This beats the famous Thomas Tidler's ground!

CUPID. Don't make that noise! ha! what's that? I'll be bound

You've woke the house up with your senseless riot.

(KING SCHÆNEUS appears at an upper window, L. H. in nightcap and gown, with a light.)

KING. Those cats won't let one have a moment's quiet.

Puss, puss, poor puss—halloa! what's this I see?

(to CUPID.) You young scamp, come out of that apple-tree—

Lights there! (disappears from window.)

CUPID. We must escape.

HIP.

But, how to do it?

(an opening appears in garden wall.

CUPID. There is an opening—quick, I'll see you through it.

(CUPID and HIPPOMENES escape through opening, general confusion and scene closes.

SCENE VII.—*A Country Road, with distant view of the City—Early morning—a milestone, R. H., inscribed thus, "To Scyros, 1 mile."*

*Enter CUPID, running, R. H., followed by HIPPOMENES out of breath, and carrying the three golden apples in a lemon net.*

CUPID. Quick—keep it up—you mustn't think of flagging,

You will be caught and lagged if you're caught lagging.

HIP. It's very well for gentlemen with wings

To take such a contemptuous view of things;

But, running at this rate, a mile's a mile. (*panting.*)

CUPID. At any rate we may rest here awhile,

So I'll explain while I am thinking of it

How you may turn your golden fruit to profit.

You're a fair runner, but than *she* the wind

Is not more swift, and soon yourself you'll find

Who ne'er fell short before fall long behind;

So we must compensate her power of running  
 By what oft goes for power in this world—cunning.  
 When you are started and the pace gets faster,  
 Just throw one of those golden apples past her,  
 She'll stop—the bauble will attract her eyes,  
 And she could no more pass the glittering prize  
 Than if it were the last invented bonnet  
 In a Regent Street shop window—my life on it,  
 She'll stop to satisfy her curiosity,  
 While you dart onward with increased velocity.

HIP. But if she *isn't* curious?

CUPID. I'm poz on't.

She'd be a curious woman if she wasn't!  
 And when you find her coming up too close  
 You've nought to do but to repeat the dose.

HIP. (*looking off, L.*) But who's this puffing up the hill?

CUPID. Your tutor;

You know you have in him a rival suitor—  
 He's training for the match.

HIP. The old boy's mad!

CUPID. Only in love, which some say is as bad.

PAIDAGOGOS, *reduced to extreme thinness by training, enters, L. H., habited in racing costume—runs to the milestone, looks at his watch, and puts a flask to his lips—he is much out of breath.*

HIP. This calls for several acts of Habeas Corpus!

*He run a race? he's puffing like a porpoise!*

CUPID. There's nought in that—I've known inferior stuff

Owe a long run entirely to puff.

PAIDA. Come, that's not such bad travelling, I guess.

I've done the measured mile without distress

In thirteen minutes—or a second less!

(*seeing HIPPOMENES.*) Ah! my dear boy, we're friends still, I suppose?

HIP. Sir, your success will never make us foes.

PAIDA. That's right! Of course you have no hope of gaining

The princess now *I've* put myself in training?

HIP. I scarce should know you, you are so much thinner.

PAID. I'll make myself a shadow but I'll win her!

CUPID. I've heard of people whose distress or fright  
Has turned their hair grey in a single night,  
But never met before a case, I own,  
Of twenty coming down eleven stone!

PAID. E'en under the Corinthian Stag's tuition  
I never was in more tip-top condition;  
I'll shew them, when once to my work I warm,  
The schoolmaster in his own *first form*!  
And though I win her, sure you'll bear no malice,  
But come and see us, sometimes, at the palace?  
For *you* there'll always be a knife and fork.

HIP. You're very good.

PAID. (*consulting watch.*) But I've no time to talk,  
The contest is at hand—I must away—  
My soul's in arms—etcetera—good day!

(*starts from milestone and runs off, L. H.*)

CUPID. How blind is vanity! but, as time flies  
We've none just now to spare to moralize.

HIP. You mean, as I'm to-day to act before all eyes  
Our chance to moralize all in to-morrow lies,  
That is, provided I outlive to-day!

CUPID. You shall, if my instructions you obey.

HIP. Stand by me.

CUPID. Oh! be sure, Love won't be far  
From where'er you and Atalanta are.  
Besides, you should feel quite at home, I guess,  
With my direction and your own address.

SONG.—CUPID.—AIR,—“Where the Bee Sucks.”

Where the heart beats, there lurk I—  
In the maid's soft blush I lie,  
Cradled on the tell-tale sigh;  
And though oft away I fly  
After marriage verily.

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the promise that hangs on love's vow!

*Exeunt L. H.*

SCENE VIII.—*The Race Course. Scarlet ropes extending parallel, about five feet apart, across the stage; the winning-post to the extreme R. H. Spectators crowded upon Greek chariots, with hampers, &c., painted on flats and wings. The king's chariot (practicable.) half on R., wing, containing the KING, at an al fresco luncheon, arranged as at the "Derby." A hamper on stage, labelled thus—*Φορτίμυ ἀνδ Μασον.

*The CROWD in front with THRASO, &c., making bets, &c.; THIMBLERIGGERS cheating NARCISSUS; PADDY hawk-ing Correct Cards of the Races. Music—air, "Nora Creina." Murmur at opening.*

PADDY. Dorling's correct card of the Seyros Races!

GIPSY. I'll tell your fortunes—bless your pretty faces.

*(to THRASO and NARCISSUS.)*

THIMBLE. Now then, my noble sportsman, make your game

While the ball's rolling! Who'll the thimble name  
That hides this very obvious little pea?

NAR. Don't be absurd, my man—it's there—I see.

THIMBLE. I'll lay a fippun' note that's not the thimble!

NAR. With one whose glance is tolerably nimble

'Tis mere child's play—your money safe—I'll win it—  
Look—it's so simple that—

*(lifts empty thimble—pays his money amidst derision.)*

THIMBLE. There's nothing in it!  
*(POLICEMEN drive off THIMBLERIGGER, L. H.)*

KING. *(rising in chariot, R., with an opera glass, and looking off, L.)*

Keep clear the course! our daughter's sure to win—  
She's turned the corner and is coming in!

ATALANTA *in racing costume runs in, L. H., off, R. H., and on, 1 E. R., amid cheers, and comes to the front, receiving a horse-cloth from an ATTENDANT, which she throws over her shoulders. KING descends from chariot and comes down to her.*

KING. Victorious child, you've beat him in a canter!

ATAL. Pa—sixty is no match for Atalanta,

Though, sooth to say, it isn't much to brag on, is't ?

KING. But what's become of your antique antagonist ?

ATAL. I left him somewhere out of sight behind—

KING. Of sight ? He must be also out of mind

To try his pace with you ! Why, I declare

You're fresh as ever—

ATAL. Haven't turned a hair !

I've but to change my shoes and cool my feet

To be quite ready for the final heat.

*Exit, attended by* BLANKET-BEARER, 1 E. L.

PAIDAGOGOS *limps on, L., amid the derisive cheers of the mob, as "Ah! oh! look at him!" &c.; he stoops under the ropes, and comes forward, c., much exhausted.*

KING. You're rather blown—

PAID. (*speaking with difficulty.*) How much so, I confess

Just now, sire, I can't find words to express :

For, somehow, in the middle of the race

I got a stitch which didn't mend my pace.

Though once the flower of chivalry and speed—

KING. A flower full blown, and running fast—to seed.

PAID. I started with the lead and should have won,

Had I but kept it up as I'd begun.

THRASO. Only, you let it down, sir—with a run. (*laughing.*)

PAID. Exquisite humorist !

NAB. Well, I must say, sir,

It needs a sharper blade to make a racer. (*laughing.*)

PAID. Humorous exquisite ! pray spare your chaff,

You are too funny by just ha—ha—half !

(*shivers with cold.*)

Ah ! there's a twinge ! however slow of late,

I'm catching cold now at an awful rate !

*Exit limping, R. H.*

(*a dog crosses race-course from L. to R. H. amid shouts and yells of BYSTANDERS.*)

*Enter* HIPPOMENES, *in racing attire, and* CUPID, 1. E. R. H.

KING. (c.) Welcome ! for conquest full equipped, I see—

HIP. I trust we've not detained your majesty.

KING. You're just in time, sir, for the second course.

CUPID. (*aside*.) A royal goose, stuffed with gold apple sauce.

KING. So you are still disposed to try your powers?

CUPID. (*aside to HIPPOMENES*.) Employ my counsel and the suit is ours.

HIP. Sire, I've accepted, and mean running—

KING. Pluck

Really deserving of a run of luck.

HIP. To take a spin with her I'd not refuse,

Although the spin results in heads I lose!

KING. Best keep your breath for when you'll want it most,

Our daughter's e'en now at the starting post,

Awaiting you. (*looking off, L. H.*)

HIP. I'm ready, sire.

KING. Farewell

Adventurous youth.

(*goes up to chariot—a bell is heard.*)

There goes the saddling bell!

*Exeunt CUPID and HIPPOMENES, L. H.*

*Enter MISSISSARRIS, R. 2 E. down, c.*

We shan't forget our promise nurse, ne'er fear.

MISS. Oh! spare my maiden blushes, sire, he's here!

(*retires up.*)

*Re-enter PAIDAGOGOS, swathed in a blanket and holding his hand to his side.*

PAID. "A stitch in time saves nine."—I wonder whether  
This saves my being sewn up altogether.

KING. (*coming down L. of PAIDAGOGOS.*) There's a small  
matter which escaped our thoughts,

In the enjoyment of the other sports—

We mean your head, sir, lodged with us as forfeit

To take in execution when we saw fit.

PAID. (*starting—dismayed.*) Sire—

KING. (*leading MISSISSARRIS down, c.*) On that head you  
needn't be afraid,

This tender maid here has a tender made



To take it off—

PAID. Sire!

KING. Take it off our hands

Together with the fixtures, as it stands,  
Of course, your good will, and a lease for life,  
In other words, vouchsafes to be your wife.

(MISSISSARRIS crosses to PAIDAGOGOS, R. C.,  
kneels and takes his hand, to his utter horror.)

So—as she's both your valuer and a-praiser,

Upraise her to your arms—

PAID. (*raising her.*) Oh!

KING. —Now, embrace her.  
(*he does so—she looks fondly at him.*)

PAID. Sire—as the lease of life of which you speak  
Will probably expire about next week,  
'Twill scarcely be worth while to take possession—

MISS. Oh! rapture!

PAID. Bother!—pardon the expression.

KING. (*crosses to PAIDAGOGOS.*) Madam, you've saved  
his head—we compliment you—

And with this antique silver mug present you.

(*pats PAIDAGOGOS on the head, passes MISSISSARRIS to him, and retires to the chariot, surveying the course with his glass.*)

MISS. You can't refuse—after what I've avowed too?

PAID. Dearest, I can't. (*aside.*) Because I'm not allowed  
to—

(*aloud.*) Your flattering offer I accept with pleasure;

(*aside.*) 'Twill give me time to hang myself at leisure.

(*aloud.*) Since in the matter I'm to have no voice

Be mine—not only mine, but Hobson's choice.

*Exit with MISSISSARRIS, R. 1 E.*

(*bell rings for the race; cries of "They're off!"*  
White wins!—Blue for a poney!" &c.)

KING. (*looking off, L.*) They're off! and coming down at  
lightning speed!

THRASO. I thought as much—the princess with the lead.

NAR. I'll back the filly now at ten to one!

THRASO. Fifty to four on Atalanta!

CUPID. Done!

(*during the preceding couplet, ATALANTA, closely followed by HIPPOMENES, has crossed the stage from L., and they exeunt 2 E. R., amidst the shouts of the bystanders.*)

KING. (*looking off, R.*) He's coming up, though, rapidly—  
I doubt

She's either holding in, or can't hold out.

For one in her condition that's a rum thing—

By Jove! she's stooping down to pick up something!

THRASO.—A *stoop-id* act which p'raps the race may cost!

KING. And now she picking up the ground she's lost—  
She's gaining fast!

THRASO. }  
NARCIS. } Hurrah!

KING. Now down she drops!

NARCIS. Her pedal organ has too many stops.

THRASO. That nothing but a jockeying feint may be—

NARCIS. Jockeying by no means *jockey-lar* to me!

KING. They're hidden now behind the rising mound—

Feint or no feint, you'll find she'll soon come round.

NARCIS. My book is like to prove a losing spec.

THRASO. (*looking off, L.*) No—here they come! By Jingo!  
neck and neck!

NARCIS. If she's so high-bred she must shew it now!

KING. (*looking off, L.*) She's more like cheap bread—  
'down again,' I vow,

Picking up something which attracts her sight  
Glittering upon the course!

NARCIS. We're sold outright.

CUPID. You were *picked up* because you were *not* bright;  
The distance lost she cannot now diminish.

KING. She's off! and makes a struggle for the finish!

NARCIS. White wins!

KING. No—blue!

HIPPOMENES *re-enters* 2 E. L., at racing speed, hotly pursued by ATALANTA, amid cheers—he breasts the handkerchief a trifle in advance, and both exeunt R. Cheers continued.

He's beat her, I declare!

CUPID. Won cleverly, with half a length to spare!

*Re-enter HIPPOMENES and ATALANTA, R.*

THRASO. (*to NARCISSUS.*) It strikes me we've into hot water got—

And burned our fingers 'putting on the pot !'

KING. Young man, our daughter's fairly yours, though how You managed it, we're in the dark just now—

CUPID. She lost her match in trying to catch the spark, So you can't wonder if you're in the dark !

HIP. Now, to my love, my love makes no impediment ? No—there's my hand in proof that what I said I meant.

I've yielded to your apple, sir, and feel, Against your right 'tis vain to make appeal.

You've foiled me, I confess, at my own weapons—

KING. And with a lot of apples not worth threepence !

CUPID. Your calculations there you've made a slip in, On nearer view, you'll find what caught her tripping, More of the love apple than golden pippin ; (*crosses to ATALANTA.*) Confess, 'twas Love that stayed your flight—

ATAL

I see

Yours was a love-apple *to-martyr* me.

HIP. May the food ripen into food for laughter, So we may live love *apple-y* ever after !

*Enter MEROPE, L. H. PAIDAGOGOS and MESSISSARRIS, R.*

Ma, let me introduce you to my wife.

(*MEROPE embraces ATALANTA.*)

MEROPE. Sweet child ! but it was rash to risk your life— They might have chopped your head off—

HIP. Mother, who

Cares for a chop with such a stake in view ?

(*to PAIDAGOGOS.*) Ah, my old friend and tutor, wish me joy !

You, too, a happy man ?

PAID. (*ruefully.*)

Hem—yes, my boy !

I found I'd come in loser by a head,

But the match ended in a *tie* instead.

KING. Since matters, then, seem like to end connubially, To-night we'll hold a general feast and jubilee.

HIP. That's very well, but we must not forget  
How much, for this, we're all in Cupid's debt.

ATAL. With us, I hope, he'll be a constant guest.

CUPID. Well, I can't promise,—I'm in such request  
With flirts who kindle only to make light of me,  
Old married couples who have long lost sight of me,  
And maids to whom I'm yet but slightly known,  
That I can scarcely call my time my own.  
But, though I cannot stay with you, I see  
No reason why you should not go with me:  
The happy pair more firmly to unite,  
Hymen in person shall perform the rite.  
Observe—the process is extremely simple.

(*waves his hand.*)

Welcome to Cupid's Chambers in the Temple!

(*Music.—AIR, "The Wedding March."*)

(*and change to*

SCENE IX.—*Court of Courtship, and Home of the  
Heart's Soft Whispers!*

FINALE.—AIR, "The Tight little Island."

HIP. A classical line which you've all heard before

Well winds up our classical story—

Our moral is "*Omnia vincit Amor*

*Et nos cedamus Amori.*"

So to Cupid all honour and glory!

And on our attempt we implore ye

To look without cavil

Nor rudely unravel

The threads of our slightly wove story.

ATAL. Though in one sense I'm beaten, excuse my  
entreating

A favour before we've quite done, sirs;

Set by you on her legs, Atalanta now begs

You will let her enjoy a good run, sirs,

For her course with you is but begun, sirs,

And if she your favour has won, sirs,

She will run without stopping

So you will but drop in

And with your applause cheer her on, sirs.

CHORUS. For her course, &c.

FINIS.

THE  
MOMENTOUS QUESTION

AN ORIGINAL DOMESTIC DRAMA

IN TWO ACTS

BY

EDWARD FITZBALL, Esq

AUTHOR OF

*The Siege of Rochelle—Paul Clifford—Walter Brand—The Notary  
Forger—Jonathan Bradford—The Deserted Mill—Carmilhan  
—Esmeralda—Peter the Great—Last of the Fairies—  
&c. &c. &c.*

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# THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

*First Performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, June, 17, 1844.*

## CHARACTERS.

Robert Shelley, <i>a Young Poacher</i> .. ..	Mr. F. VINING.
James Greenfield, <i>a Gamekeeper</i> .. ..	Mr. DIDDLEAR.
Union Jack, <i>camp of the Village</i> .. ..	Mr. COLLIER.
Chalk, <i>Landlord of "The Lucky Horseshoe"</i> ..	Mr. YARNOLD.
Moletrap .. ..	Mr. SANDERS.
Rachel Ryland .. ..	Miss FORBESCUE.
Fanny Dossett, <i>a Servant</i> .. ..	Mrs. A. WIGAN.

*Gamekeepers, Poachers, Villagers, Cottagers, Gipsies, &c.*

Time in Representation—60 minutes.

## SCENERY AND PROPERTIES.

**ACT I.—SCENE 1.**—Landscape, 5th grooves, set house, R. 2 E.; "Lucky Horse Shoe," painted on sign. Rustic table and stool, R. H.; bottle and drinking cups, tin money, book for Jack, gun for Robert, small box for Rachel.

**SCENE 2.**—Plain chamber, 1st grooves.

**SCENE 3.**—Wood, 5th grooves; set tree, C. Gun ready to fire, R. H. U. E.; purse of money and gun for James, game bags and game for poachers.

**SCENE 4.**—Plain chamber, 1st groove.

**SCENE 5.**—Prison, 4th grooves; window in flat, L. H., and door in R. flat used, set door, R. 3 E. Common wood table and two stools; chains on door in flat, R. H.

**ACT II.—SCENE 1.**—Kitchen, 4th grooves; door in L. H. flat, used. Gun hanging on flat, table with supper things, two chairs, clock ready to strike, R. H., letter for Jack, pistol and dirk for Robert; lamp lighted on table, guns ready to fire, R. U. E.

## COSTUMES.

**ROBERT.**—Green velveteen coat, coloured waistcoat and neckerchief, grey stockings, ankle boots, round hat with band and buckle, drab kerseymer breeches.

**JAMES.**—Gray shooting coat and waistcoat, white cord breeches, shoes, and leather leggings, shot belt, round hat.

**UNION JACK.**—Short smock frock, drab breeches, blue stockings, high shoes, countryman's white hat, coloured neckerchief, red wig.

**CHALK.**—Drab old man's coat, coloured waistcoat and neckerchief, white apron, black breeches, striped stockings, old men's shoes and brass buckles, gray bald wig.

**MOLETRAP.**—Plain countryman's dress.

**GAMEKEEPER.**—Plain shooting dresses.

**RACHEL.**—Drab stuff skirt, blue stuff jacket, muslin neckerchief, muslin cap with pink ribbons, red stuff cloak, straw hat and blue ribbons, white stockings and shoes.

**FANNY.**—Blue stuff petticoat, chintz jacket, white muslin apron and neckerchief, muslin cap with red ribbons, white stockings and shoes.



# THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.



## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The outside of "The Lucky Horseshoe," on the borders of Beechwood Park. Stile, R. H. Sunset.*

MOLETRAP and POACHERS discovered.

POACHERS. Ha, ha, ha!

MOLE. Silence, lads, silence; some one's coming. Drain your tankards, and let's be off. See, the moon will soon be rising, and the dew begins to fall—the hares and rabbits will sup without us. Away, away! (*going.*)

*Enter CHALK, R. H., calling.*

CHALK. Hillo! Sixpence short in the reckoning.

MOLE. Oh, never mind that; it's a mere trifle.

CHALK. Is it? Then it's the easier to pay. "No trust" is my maxim.

MOLE. "Prompt payment" is mine. There, there's the sixpence; correct as copper plate—(*apart.*)—which it is! Good night! (*making signs. MOLETRAP and POACHER exeunt severally.*)

CHALK. (*smiling.*) Bless me! he's given me a seven-shilling piece for a sixpence! I won't say a word about it. (*puts it into his mouth.*) Eh? why my mouth tastes for all the world as if I'd swallowed a copper saucepan. As I live, it's only a Brummy! Oh, you villain! (*looking about.*) Gone! Here, Jack, Union Jack! run after the thief. Jack, I say! Where is that scoundrel? Draining the tap droppings as usual, or stuffing himself till he can't stir with the toast out of some tankard. Union Jack! fool, where are you?

*JACK runs in from house, R. H., a torn book in his hand.*

JACK. I was, master, doing a bit of studying, loike.

**CHALK.** (*knocking down the book.*) Ninny! still at your cursed "Spelling made Easy," and the house full of customers. Bah! I never knew the good of ignorant potboys being larnt to read, except in chalk behind a door. See here: that rascal, old Moletrap, has put me off with a brass sixpence. Run after him and get it changed, or you receive it for your first week's wages at the "Lucky Horseshoe." *Exit into house, R. H.*

**JACK.** Lucky Horseshoe! How lucky for me! My first week of industry and virtuous resolution, a bad sixpence for wages. That's what I call taking a benefit. How am I to pay for a heddlcation? To be sure, I'm somewhat forward of myself. (*taking up book.*) That everybody says for me. A. B, C—so much I knows, but the next is a puzzler.

**CHALK.** (*in house.*) Jack, I say—Jack!

**JACK.** Oh, la! I forgot the sixpence—and old Moletrap is a mile off by this time. Curse this book—if I perseveres in it, master will turn over a new leaf with me, and turn me out of his sarvice. Curse all larning, say I—if—(*throws down book.*)

*Enter ROBERT, L. H. U. E.*

**ROBERT.** What's the matter, Jack?

**JACK.** Neighbour Moletrap paid a bad sixpence in the reckoning, and master is in sich a taking. Oh, crimini! 'on't the beer be sour?

**ROBERT.** (*laughing.*) Never mind. Give me the sixpence—there's another for it.

**JACK.** Arn't you a generous-hearted chap, Robert? There isn't your equal for larning in the whole village, except by James Greenfield. Do you know what the next letter is to C?

**ROBERT.** Why D, where I went to school.

**JACK.** D, no doubt. Ah, Robert, what a fine thing this larning be. If a man can but spell a direction post, he's sure never to go wrong. I only wishes I'd had fathers and mothers before I was born like other people.

**ROBERT.** I, you know, was left an orphan.

**JACK.** So was I—at the door of the *Union*.

**ROBERT.** Union, you mean.

**JACK.** Do I! Well, it's all the same. That's the reason they calls me Union Jack—ha, ha!

**ROBERT.** Well, Union Jack is as proud a name as England has to boast.

**JACK.** No, be it though? Who knows, then, but that I may turn out to be somebody else one of these days? Perhaps the son of some queen, with a *Court* martial for a father, or—

(*RACHEL sings without, L. U. E.*)

**ROBERT.** Listen—'tis her voice!

Sc. 1. THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

5

JACK. Yes—Rachel Ryland; I'm going to carry her box up to the hall.

ROBERT. To the hall?

JACK. Yes. She's hired the squire's lady to be her missus. It's a tarnation good place,

CHALK. (*inside.*) Jack! Jack! must I come with a cudgel, or—

JACK. Master's going to break my head with a cudgel—that's what he calls cracking his joke. He'd rather have twenty cracked heads in his house than one cracked sixpence—the old brute!

*Exit into house, R. H.*

*Enter RACHEL, L.U.E.—a box in her hand.*

RACHEL. Robert!

ROBERT. Rachel! So, then you've made up your mind to leave home?

RACHEL. Yes, Robert, yes—it is for the best.

ROBERT. (*advancing.*) Hired to live at the hall? you, Rachel, a servant!

RACHEL. Yes, Robert, why not a servant?

ROBERT. Certainly; why not, as you say, Rachel? only having been accustomed to be your own mistress so long, you'll find it somewhat hard and degrading to obey the tinkling of a bell; no will of your own—your very looks at the disposal of others, who have as much feeling for their servants, nay, less than they have for their dogs.

RACHEL. My father is poor—my sister is now old enough to keep his house—if I go not to service, what would you have me do?

ROBERT. Marry!

RACHEL. (*affecting surprise, and smiling.*) Marry! I—with whom?

ROBERT. Me!

RACHEL. (*smiling apart.*) You, Robert? you are jesting, surely.

ROBERT. Nay, nay, Rachel, you are flirting with me; I jesting! you know better than that; you must know better—have I not followed you a long time, like a pet lamb?

RACHEL. A lamb! (*smiling.*)

ROBERT. Well, call me whatever you please, only consent to love me and let us be married at once. Shall I carry it back to your father's cottage?

RACHEL. No, Robert, no; neither must you take back my box, nor can you and I be married.

ROBERT. In other words, you don't like me! Has it come to that?

RACHEL. (*seriously.*) I don't like your ways.

ROBERT. My ways! what ways?

RACHEL. Your way of life.

ROBERT. (*bitterly.*) You wish me to be a servant, hold a horse, answer a bell? I can't, I can't bring my heart to it.

RACHEL. Robert, Robert! you'll bring your heart to much worse some day, soon, if you go on in your present course.

ROBERT. My present course of what?

RACHEL. Dishonesty.

ROBERT. Ah! who told you?

RACHEL. Observation! I cannot close my eyes to your evil ways. Those men that I saw just now go up that lane so stealthily, and for fear of meeting whom, I concealed myself behind a maybush, were laden with pheasants, partridges, hares, ensnared illegally in the dead of the night; those men are your companions—*friends*. I saw you part from them, and yet you ask me to marry?

ROBERT. Well, once we were sweethearts, and you made me a promise.

RACHEL. True; but I will never marry a poacher! (*firmly.*)

ROBERT. The animals of the earth are as much mine as the squire's, and were created—

RACHEL. For the uses of all men. I have heard that piece of sophistry before. I have heard my father, poor man, say as much. If then, the game of the squire's park be not his, neither are his horse, his dog, nor his deer—no, nor even his *gold*; it would come to that at last, and then—(*in tears.*) Robert! I am but a poor simple-minded girl—I only see before me the bad result of violating the laws laid down by experienced and wiser heads than ours; and however much I could love you, am afraid to give you a hand which your mistaken notions of independence might conduct to—

ROBERT. The scaffold! out with it, Rachel! I suppose James Greenfield, who prides himself on being the squire's game-keeper, has taught you to read me this fine lecture.

RACHEL. James?

ROBERT. Yes. James—the hypocrite! I've found him out, though he was my sworn friend.

RACHEL. I wish you would imitate his good example.

ROBERT. What! hold a stirrup—stand with my finger on my hat to a man for whom I feel the most profound contempt, merely because he happens to be better off than myself, thanks to his being born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

RACHEL. Alas! this envious way of reasoning will one day lead to your destruction.

ROBERT. James Greenfield—he would marry you, I take it; 'tis his doing, no doubt, you are going to live at the hall.

Ahem! I shan't bear it so easily, may be—the next time I meet Master James in the wood—(*crossing L. II.*)

RACHEL. For heaven's sake no disputing on my account. Going to service is entirely my own doing—I have told you the truth and my mind at the same time—if you love me as you say, Robert, it will not be very difficult, at least I hope not, to get rid of your new associates, and lead an honest life again; you have a kind, brave heart, and I do think, though ever so humble, we could be very happy.

ROBERT. (*smiling and pressing her hand.*) I don't know how it is, Rachel, but you always step in like an interposing angel between me and evil. There's my hand—give me yours—I'll reform—I will reform—only say you'll marry me.

RACHEL. (*smiling.*) Let me see first how you keep your word.

ROBERT. Am I to carry the trunk back to the cottage?

RACHEL. That's not the way to commence your reformation.

*Enter JACK, from house, R. II.*

No, no—here's little Jack—he'll take it up the avenue to the hall.

JACK. I isn't born to carry trunks, but I'll do anything for you, Rachel—it beain't very heavy—your wardrobe, like mine, wouldn't break the back of a five-barred gate. Oh, I heard all about your being hired at the great house.

RACHEL. Indeed!

ROBERT. Who told you?

JACK. Who? why James, the gamekeeper, to be sure.

(*seeing RACHEL motioning him to silence.*)

ROBERT. James!

JACK. No! ah, ah—yes! he called in at our house to pay a reckoning which had been long standing behind master's door.

ROBERT. The sanctified James owe a long standing account at a public house!

JACK. Oh, but it wasn't his'n, bless you!

ROBERT. No? whose then?

JACK. Yours! (*aside.*) If that don't please him nothing ought. Now for Rachel's trunk! (*putting it on his back.*)

ROBERT. Bah! But, Rachel, have you really made up your mind?

RACHEL. Yes, Robert—good bye—don't forget what I have said, and I'll be as good as my word, despite of the long reckoning behind the door of the "Lucky Horseshoe."

*Exit through park gate, c., laughing.*

ROBERT. Damn the reckoning! But, Rachel—

JACK. (*tumbling against him with the trunk.*) La! how you swears and looks.

ROBERT. (*wrathfully.*) What do I look like? a fool, no doubt.

JACK. Have it your own way! you gave me a good sixpence for a bad un—he, he! *Exit C.—ROBERT driving him off*

ROBERT. Ugh! yes, a fool! Didn't want James to see me with her in the avenue, and so ran off. But she's right—I will turn industrious—a slave—what matters it? become like that saint, James—a servile, sober—what ho! landlord! something to drink, I parch. *Exit into house, R. II.*

SCENE II.—*A Servant's Hall—(1st grooves.)*

*Enter JAMES, his gun in his hand, followed by FANNY, R. II.*

FANNY. So, Mr. James, going your rounds again, eh?

JAMES. Yes, Fanny; we gamekeepers haven't the easiest life in the world—not a night but some new act of desperation is committed.

FANNY. Oh! I wonder you ain't afraid of your precious life.

JAMES. My precious life—afraid—ha, ha, ha! Oh! that would never do—a gamekeeper and afraid! why, they wouldn't leave us a feather to burn under your nose when you faint away, as you do very often. I'm afraid you are in love, Fanny—I hope it isn't with a gamekeeper.

FANNY. Why not a gamekeeper?

JAMES. Why, if your husband were in the park, the report of a stray gun would bring on your hysterics every time you heard it.

FANNY. I am very nervous I own, as my lady says; but a gamekeeper is such a courageous man—no doubt I should learn by his example to be more firm and resolute, especially if he should resemble *you*, James.

JAMES. Me, Fanny? (*aside.*) Hem!

FANNY. Yes, you have such arguments—such a very persuasive manner—one can't help learning something genteel every time you open your mouth! I should like to catch you making love one day—ha, ha!

JAMES. To yourself no doubt! (*aside.*) Ah, Fanny, if you did but know—my heart belongs to one who is as inflexible to my voice as this gun

FANNY. Look out for another sweetheart, then, that's my advice.

JAMES. Thank you, Fanny; and if—



FANNY. If what?

(*gate bell rings, L. H.*)

JAMES. If I mistake not, there is some one ringing at the bell. Yes, 'tis the new housemaid, no doubt.

FANNY. New housemaid! do you know her?

JAMES. Perfectly well.

FANNY. What's her name?

JAMES. Rachel Ryland, the cotter's daughter—she lives on the green.

FANNY. That prim thing whom the fellows stare at so at church—she's uncommon ordinary.

JAMES. You don't know her, I see. Rachel Ryland is the beauty of the village, her cheeks are like roses, her lips carnations, her eyes twin stars.

FANNY. Lud a mercy! why you'll be writing a poetry book next, um! Here she is, crownations, indeed! red ochre more likely!

*Enter RACHEL, followed by JACK, L. H., with box on his back.*

JAMES. Ah, Rachel, welcome to your new place.

RACHEL. Thank you, Master James. (*to FANNY.*) Can I see my lady?

FANNY. Roses, indeed!

RACHEL. (*modestly.*) What do you say? (*crosses to her.*) Can I see—

FANNY. (*tossing.*) My lady? Oh, in course! is that your shabby box?

JACK. (*L.*) Shabby! Yes, this is Rachel's box. I only wishes I'd had it to carry a dozen or two miles further.

FANNY. Indeed! pray why?

JACK. Why? that's a good un! *you* know why—(*nudging JAMES.*) don't you, Master James? It is so pleasant to follow Rachel up a green lane, while the perspiration runs down your face like peas through a riddle, and listen to her encouraging voice a tuning away before you like a lark's whistle, or some beautiful bagpipe at a fair.

FANNY. Um! (*sneeringly.*) another of her fools! (*to RACHEL.*) I shall let my lady know you are here, miss. (*to JACK.*) And you, noode, bring the box into the kitchen. (*JACK crosses to R. H.*) Try if you can mistake my voice for a beautiful bagpipe.

JACK. More likely a pig in a gate.

*Exeunt FANNY and JACK, R. H.*

JAMES. Now you are to reside at the hall, Rachel, I hope, living under the same roof together, you and I shall become better acquainted.

RACHEL. (*R.*) We are good friends enough already.

JAMES. *Friends!* Yes, Rachel, but we *may* become—you know what I hinted at, at our last meeting, at your father's.

RACHEL. Yes, you spoke with regret of your friend, Robert Shelley—you said you were afraid he had taken to evil company, and—

JAMES. No, no, I don't mean that; I—think—

RACHEL. You think if you could see him happily married to a virtuously minded young woman, her influence, united with your own, might draw him from his bad companions to his former life of honest industry and happiness.

JAMES. He, married! Rachel, alas! that would only be to steep others deserving of a much—*much* better fate, into both want and misery; but I was about to say—

RACHEL. Here's Fanny.

*Re-enter FANNY, R. H.*

FANNY. You can walk up stairs, young woman.

RACHEL. Thank you. (*to JAMES.*) Good night, James; we shall renew the subject about which *you* are so anxious, perhaps to-morrow.

*Exit, R. H.*

FANNY. Um! Isn't she a forward one?—plain James indeed. I'm sure she won't suit our place—if she remains I goes—no matter what becomes of the Hall, I gives warning next week.

*Exit, R. H.*

JAMES. Yes, 'tis clear, Robert has got possession of her heart. He would only bring her to poverty, distress—while I—strange, girls don't perceive that. No, no, when once they have made up their mind to a man, be he the greatest reprobate that ever lived, they don't see it—no; but I'll send Robert out of the way—over sea, somewhere—its a friend's duty to do it, for if he remain here, he'll be sent over sea or to the gallows soon, poor deluded boy! I've known him from childhood—it is my duty to send him away.

*Exit, L. H.*

SCENE III.—*Interior of the Park. A large hollow tree in c. Night. Gun fired at distance, U. E. R. H.*

*Enter JACK, hastily, at top, R. H.*

JACK. That's the poachers! If they should mistake me for a rabbit. Here's a burrow—I'll get into it. (*entering tree.*) What a ninny I was to drink that strong ale at the Hall. I saw two paths, and in course tuk the wrong. Ha! two men talking mysteriously together! They'll come this way. If it

should be the two ruffians who stole me—no doubt out of a golden cradle—and left me at the door of the Union! My breast expands—my head's a testotum—the great moment of discovery is at hand! Willians! your victim listens! (*conceals himself in the hollow tree.*)

*Enter JAMES and ROBERT, L. H.*

JAMES. (c.) Nobody hears us.

JACK. (*apart.*) May be not!

ROBERT. (L.) Well, what is this great secret? Out with it, friend James. (*laughing.*) You look as serious as if you were going to turn poacher yourself.

JAMES. Robert, this is no moment for ribaldry. It is for your sake I am serious—for your sake I speak so earnestly.

ROBERT. (*smiling.*) Well, what's the matter now?

JAMES. You've joined the poachers—don't deny it—I know it. My resolution is made. All who are caught lurking or concealed in this wood— in the hollow of these trees to-night—to-morrow morning shall find themselves safely lodged in the county prison.

JACK. (*troubled.*) Oh, dear! that's a diskivery of the wrong sort.

ROBERT. What, convict even your own playfellow?

JAMES. Even so—I owe it to my employer. I leave you, however, a better choice. Take this purse—the hard-earned savings of four years—'tis all I have—I give it with a true friend's heart. Fly your infamous associates—fly this part of the country. Turn honest before it be too late, and live happily.

ROBERT. James! James! You *have* reformed me. I will be all you wish—my best, only friend. I will depart—

JAMES. This night?

ROBERT. No, James, not to-night. There is one other beside yourself that loves me. Lost as I am, I would see her before I set out.

JAMES. Her! Who?

ROBERT. Rachel Ryland. I wish to ask her whether she will be my wife.

JAMES. (*affecting surprise.*) Your wife! Can you be in earnest?

ROBERT. Yes. When I have changed my career, she promised to hearken to me. I am another man *now*—you have rendered me so—and who knows, Rachel may be allowed to accompany me.

JAMES. I did not give you the money on that condition.

ROBERT. No! What then?

JAMES. You go without seeing Rachel.

ROBERT. Take back your money. On such conditions, I sooner starve than accept it. (*crosses R.*)

JAMES. Madman! Do not hope that Rachael can ever yours. She is too sensible—too good for such a desperate defilement of the laws, to which you will, ere long, I prophecy, fall a sacrifice.

ROBERT. Betrayed by you—my true friend, eh?

JAMES. Robert!

ROBERT. Oh, I understand well enough now your amazing generosity—your vast anxiety respecting my absence. But I know Rachel Ryland, she would sooner follow me—ay, even to a shameful end—than you into a coach and six!

JAMES. Provoke me not—I may forget—

ROBERT. Forget what? You ever possessed a true friend's esteem. No—sordid, selfish, subtle as ever—I, even I, was deceived by your pretended regard. But go—do your worst—I defy you to win the heart of Rachel Ryland. (*crosses R.*) Good night, friend. *Exit, L. U.*

JAMES. But, Robert—gone! Refuses to hear me! Defies me to win Rachel, does he? I will do both—win her, and save him. (*guns R. and L.*) Ha—so near! They shall be surrounded—seized—he amongst the rest—imprisoned—then—

*Exit, L. U.*

JACK. Surrounded! “he amongst the rest”—who's he? I am perhaps—poor unknown that I am! What dark star was skimmed over my perfidious destiny? imprisoned! I—(*L. H.*) Ugh! what's that? Struggling, fighting, murdering all sides—It's a working—I'm decapitated—innocence nothing—oh!

(*returns to tree, as a struggle is seen through the trees.*)

POACHER runs in with game, L. U. E., which he throws into the hollow of the tree, and goes off, L. U. E.—POACHERS dragged in, L. U. E.—ROBERT amongst them, followed by JAMES and GAMEKEEPERS, armed.

JAMES. (C.) Detection and conviction at once. This fellow has confessed to the concealment of game in the hollow of the tree. Search! (*they pull out game—then JACK.*) He's one of the gang—the rascal! Here's pretty booty.

JACK. (R., with dignity.) It ain't mine, 'pon my honour! (*they laugh*)

JAMES. Ha, ha, ha! what a confession. Off with them before the Squire. Away with all of 'em!

JACK. Only *have* me—hear me, I mean. (JAMES turns away.) Oh, la—here's a pretty web of destiny! Here's a snare-skein to get into! I was found with a rope round my neck—I shall die with a rope round my neck—I know I shall—oh!

(*faints, and is dragged out, R.*)

ROBERT. (*L., as they drag him along.*) Come, come, Master James—it's time to put an end to this joke.

JAMES. (*R., coolly.*) Bring him before his worship.

ROBERT. James!

JAMES. Robert!

ROBERT. What are you doing?

JAMES. My duty.

ROBERT. You forget I'm the associate of your early days—

JAMES. Yes. You have forgotten to be an honest man.

ROBERT. An honest man! Wretch! I would sooner be the veriest reptile that ever crawled this earth, than I would be the cold, calculating serpent you are.

JAMES. Come to the hall!

ROBERT. To the hall!—ha, ha—*she's* there!

(*they drag him off, R. H.*)

#### SCENE IV.—A Room in the Hall.

*Enter RACHEL, R. H.*

RACHEL. How strange this great house seems to me, after my father's neat little cottage, covered with honeysuckles. Methinks I'd rather be a peasant's wife than a great man's lady; and if Robert would only be advised—only to take to an industrious life, we might be so very, very happy;—and he will reform—I'm sure he will—he has too kind a heart to persevere in—

*Enter FANNY, hastily, L. H.*

FANNY. Oh, Rachel—have you heard the news?

RACHEL. No. What news?

FANNY. Robert Shelley apprehended for poaching.

RACHEL. (*trembling.*) Robert!

FANNY. Yes, the reprobate. They say 'twill go hard with him. He'll be most likely hanged.

RACHEL. (*near fainting.*) Hanged!

FANNY. Certainly. Poaching's a hanging matter, and—bless me, are you going to faint? I suppose you think your sweetheart, James, will be greatly cut up at this—Robert and he being old cronies—but, bless you, that's all at an end.

RACHEL. (*wringing her hands.*) James my sweetheart! Alas! Robert and I were engaged to become man and wife.

FANNY. You don't say so? (*aside.*) And I as jealous about her liking James as a cat about a plate of cream! The

steward says James could save Robert if he pleased, but he—he's so honest, he wouldn't fly in the face of the law, even to save his own father. Oh, here comes James. You cry and go on, and see what that'll do; and if you don't succeed, call me, and I'll come and cry and go on too. *Cries and exits R. H.*

*Enter JAMES, L. H.*

RACHEL. Where's Robert Shelley?

JAMES. Imprisoned. I foresaw all this. I warned, and warned him, but to no purpose—and you see, Rachel, the consequences.

RACHEL. But you can save him?

JAMES. That would be very unjust to my kind master, whose bread I have eaten for twelve years.

RACHEL. Robert is your friend—do not forget that.

JAMES. He is a felon—I cannot forget that.

RACHEL. Alas, alas! is there no way to save him?

JAMES. Yes. I could withdraw the evidence.

RACHEL. And you will?

JAMES. On one condition.

RACHEL. What is it?

JAMES. Your hand.

RACHEL. Have you no pity, when you know too well how much my heart is his?

JAMES. You have no pity, and you have long known how much my heart is yours. Rachel, I love you too fondly ever to allow you to become Shelley's wife. He is all that is wicked and desperate—you are all that is kind and gentle. He would only crush you in his fall. 'Tis much better that he should fall alone, before he has committed more atrocities—before he has broken both your hearts.

RACHEL. Save him! save him!

JAMES. You know the terms.

RACHEL. Let me see him. If he prefer life to my heart, and you can accept this bond without a heart, I will—cost me what it may—I will comply, to save him.

JAMES. Enough. Come with me, Rachel, you *shall* see him. Keep your word, I will keep mine.

RACHEL. Away! away! Let us go at once.

*Exeunt hastily, L. H.*



SCENE V.—*The prison.*—(See Plate.)

ROBERT *discovered, pacing to and fro.*

ROBERT. Convicted, locked up, the inmate of a prison! Do I wake from a dream? This is the result of my folly, my idleness, my dishonesty. All Rachel said has come to pass, every word! No, not all. James will steel his once kind heart against me; it is steeled against me now. I deserve it—I deserve it!

(*sinking on a chair—a side door, L. II. is opened softly, and RACHEL is admitted by JAMES. She approaches silently, wiping the tears from her eyes, and contemplating ROBERT with grief.*)

RACHEL. Robert!

ROBERT. (*starting.*) Oh, Rachel, is that you?

RACHEL. Yes, Robert, 'tis I.

ROBERT. (*recollecting himself—confused.*) I am ashamed to look you in the face. Don't weep, dear Rachel, I don't deserve your tears. You told me how this would end, and I never listened. But how did you gain admission?

RACHEL. James—

ROBERT. James! Ah, then I have wronged him—he means to save me.

RACHEL. He does.

ROBERT. How?

RACHEL. That's what I'm come to tell you.

ROBERT. Speak, my own Rachel, speak? How will he save me?

RACHEL. You must arm yourself to learn that, Robert, like a man who is condemned to die, and has but one door whereby to escape; and though that door opens only to a life of misery, how much better to pass it, than to rush almost unbidden before the mightiest of our judges, laden with guilt, which a few years of sincere repentance might atone for.

ROBERT. Rachel, teach me what to do.

RACHEL. (*with a struggle of emotion.*) Robert, you know that James has a great regard for me.

ROBERT. (*starting.*) Ah! (*rises.*)

RACHEL. Will you die, Robert—die a death of shame—or shall I, to rescue you, become the wife of James?

ROBERT. His wife! Never, never! no, Rachel, no!

RACHEL. Then am I ever yours, rash, guilty as you are. I pledged my early vow to you, Robert, and yours will I ever be, even to the grave. (*he sits again.*) But think again. The life

that heaven assigned us, is not ours to cast away; reflect, at your years 'tis hard to die—

ROBERT. Perhaps, Rachel, James has already gained your heart.

RACHEL. Then why came I hither? But I'll not chide. He who only knows the sacrifice I would make to ransom you, forgive you, as I do. James can save you. I have asked him whether this poor hand, without a heart, might purchase your release. His reply was "Yes," and now I ask you, Robert, shall I live with him, or die with you? This is the momentous question. Consider well before you answer it. Whichever way you decide, so shall it be. (*weeps.*) I can say no more!

(*Celebrated Picture. He covers his eyes with his hands; she observes him with fixed emotion.*)

ROBERT. Rachel!

RACHEL. Speak!

ROBERT. If I were but once again free—

RACHEL. It is your first wish, is it not?

ROBERT. Yes, Rachel, yes. This dismal prison—these galling irons—yon accursed door—

RACHEL. You have only to say the word—those irons, that door will fly asunder. The key is here. (*shows it.*) One word—

ROBERT. What word?

RACHEL. Am I to be James's wife? Yes, or no.

ROBERT. And you will not unlock that door, nor these fetters, without my assent to your becoming *his* wife?

RACHEL. No, I have sworn it. On these conditions I received this key. I never yet broke my promise—I never will!

ROBERT. (*apart.*) Once at liberty—we shall see! His wife—ha, ha!

RACHEL. Say but the word, Robert, you are no longer a prisoner.

ROBERT. (*smiling.*) That word is soon said, Rachel. I consent. (*apart.*) Yes—let James fancy her his. Safe out of this cursed place, she and I will be soon far enough from his reach! Yes, Rachel, I consent. Be his wife.

RACHEL. (*with anguish.*) Then all is over between you and me. His wife? Yes, for your sake, Robert, I will. I have passed my word—(*unlocking his handcuffs.*)—you are released!

ROBERT. (*joyfully.*) Free!

RACHEL. (*unlocking the door, c.*) Yes—free to commence a new existence. Make of it a good use, Robert, and, if possible, forget her who becomes the victim in your stead. See what a lovely night invites you forth! May those bright stars, and

that clear moon, conduct your wandering feet to future happiness.

ROBERT. Oh, what a joy it is, Rachel, to look again up the face of Heaven! My full, grateful heart bounds into the clear blue, wide expanse, like a bird from its cage!

RACHEL. Away!

ROBERT. (*turning.*) Yes, together!

RACHEL. (*locking the door between them.*) No! I have said the word—you have assented! I have sold myself for your sake. Go—forget me—be happy—I am another's!

JAMES enters through a private door, L. H. ROBERT looks through prison window, R. C.

JAMES. Rachel!

RACHEL. James! (*falls senseless.*)

JAMES. Husband! (*standing over her, joyfully exulting.—Picture.*)

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*A Year is supposed to elapse between the Acts.*

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## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Inside of James's Cottage. A latticed window on L. shows the forest by moonlight—a door near, R. C. A gun, hat, &c., against the wall. The nightingale is heard singing. A lamp—a table, R.—a door, L. 2 E.*

RACHEL seated at table, R. H. JAMES, L. H.

RACHEL. Heigho!

JAMES. (*mildly.*) Still sighing, Rachel—what's the matter?

RACHEL. A mere headache.

JAMES. (*looking at her fondly—apart.*) Or a heartache more likely! Much as I love, I repent me almost that I ever wedded her. I am punished—every day I love her more and more despite of her sad cheerfulness, and every day I see her more and more like a stricken flower rapidly fading away—I cannot endure the contemplation.

(*rising, and taking hat and gun.*)

RACHEL. Going out again to-night, James? (*with anxiety.*)

JAMES. Yes, dearest Rachel—new depredations have suddenly commenced in the park—we are called to be more on the alert than ever—I shall return before midnight—lock the

door after me, and at once go to bed—repose may remove your headache.

RACHEL. Repose—I—

JAMES. What is to disturb you?

RACHEL. Anxiety!

JAMES. On my account?

RACHEL. Yes, James, on your account. One of these nights, something fatal will arise from these increasing skirmishes with the poachers.

JAMES. Well, Rachel, should a bullet enter my heart—a widow—

RACHEL. (*with excitement.*) Do not, I beseech you, conclude such a horrible sentence—you terrify me beyond endurance! James, James, what is the meaning of that tone of despair, which, for the first time, penetrated into my heart? How pale you look, James—you are ill, and never told me—you are ill!

JAMES. No, no, Rachel?

RACHEL. Yes, I perceive now that you are, indeed, much changed. I guess the cause, and implore your forgiveness.

(*with remorse.*)

JAMES. My forgiveness, Rachel?

RACHEL. Yes—I have made you but a sorry wife, James, yet you have never complained, nor upbraided me; I have neglected to fulfil the duties which I swore to you at the sacred altar of my maker—hollow vows pronounced in mockery before Heaven, as if *He* had not the power to see into my false deceptive heart—but I will atone, James—yes, I will atone—don't think the worse of me for these tears—they relieve my brain, and restore it to a consciousness of its duty to Heaven—to yourself—there, there,—the headache is gone now, James. (*smiling.*) See, I can smile.

JAMES. That's right, Rachel; if I but continue to see you smile, I shall ask no better wealth in this world. Go to bed, and may the coming morrow usher in a new happiness for both of us; one kiss before I set out. (*kisses her.*) Your lips are still cold—cold as ice. (*church clock strikes nine*) Nine by the church clock. Lock the door and to bed—I'll soon return.

*Exit, D. F.*

RACHEL. (*gazing mournfully after him.*) Had it ever entered my mind that by that one act of seeming oppression, in causing the apprehension of Robert, James brought him to a right sense of the dreadful termination which, sooner or later, must have overtaken him, I should ere this have felt a gratitude, if not a love, for my husband, and have taught myself to appreciate that love in him for me, which of all women, I have

the least right to condemn. His patience, his mildness ever since we have been married! (*sighing.*) Married! Alas, if I knew but that Robert were in the way of honesty—propriety—then, I think—I'm sure the smile my husband spoke of would return, and—(*knock at door.*) Ah, who knocks?

JACK. (*without.*) 'Tis I! Onion Jack! Have you forgotten me?

RACHEL. (*opening door.*) Little Jack! can it be? come in, poor fellow.

*Enter JACK, as a gipsy, sadly tattered, D. F.*

JACK. Yes, 'tis I—you see me changed a *little*.

RACHEL. For the better, I hope.

JACK. Um! that depends—since I ran away from the village, for fear of being hanged by mistake for poaching, I've found my mamma.

RACHEL. Not a queen, as you used to fancy, eh?

JACK. There, you mistake; she is a queen—queen of the gipsies!

RACHEL. Indeed!

JACK. Yes, and in less than a week after, she made me Prince of *Whales*, as my unfortunate back could testify.

RACHEL. So, I suppose you've run away from your mother now?

JACK. No, she ran away from me for the second time, leaving me still ignorant of the illustrious name of my papa, and exposed alike to the misfortunes and delirements of this exchequered world. But I've forgotten a letter for you.

RACHEL. For my husband, more likely?

JACK. No, for yourself. Why, what have I done with it? oh, I recollects, in the lucky bag—here 'tis, done up in an antelope. You know the writing, no doubt; 'tis—

RACHEL. Heavens! Robert's! (*drops letter.*)

JACK. Yes, I knew you'd be delighted.

RACHEL. Delighted! I—

JACK. (*picking up letter.*) Yes! Can't you read? shall I read it? Let's see—no—that's wrong end upwards, ben't it? I could write better than that with a skewer. (*opens letter.*) Read it yourself; A, B, C. How odd, it begins with the very letter I never reached.

RACHEL. (*anxiously.*) It's D—"Dear Rachel, I"—have you seen Robert?

JACK. He, he! how did I get the letter else?

RACHEL. Where is he?

JACK. (*whispering.*) Mum! he'll be here presently.

RACHEL. Oh, heaven forbid!

JACK. Why! do you happen to know that he's captain of a smack, and merely for bringing this here letter, I'm to be his first lieutenant—that is, when I takes back your answer.

RACHEL. My answer? what answer?

JACK. Why, to say that you'll meet him.

RACHEL. I! never!

JACK. How you be altered since we left the village; I suppose it's fretting for us?

RACHEL. I am now James's wife; tell him not to forget that, and all I have undergone for him. Tell him never to see, nor even to think of me more; take back his letter, and—

JACK. Get my throat cut! that's cool of you! but I expects to find my father yet, and ain't tired of my life, if you be. But here's—(*ROBERT passes the window.*) the identical captain himself, towing, as he calls it, in my wake, though his footstep would wake the devil himself, if he were never so drowsy!

*Enter ROBERT, his appearance much changed and sunburnt, a sort of seafaring air, wild and reckless, door in F.*

RACHEL. 'Tis he! (*clinging to table for support, the letter falls.*)

ROBERT. Rachel! (*to JACK.*) See that no one comes to surprise us—silence, or—(*shows pistol.*)

JACK. A pistol! I'm muzzled!

*Exit, D. F.*

ROBERT. (*L.*) Rachel, don't you know me?

RACHEL. Yes, yes—too well! leave me!

ROBERT. Leave you! I didn't come here for that. Listen! a year—thanks to a brave heart and a desperate resolution, has bettered my fortune. I am come for you to share it with me.

RACHEL. This to me—a wife!

ROBERT. Wife! in the eye of man only. He stole you from me by a fraud—base, treacherous viper that he was; I come to snatch you from his venomous coil.

RACHEL. (*avoiding his grasp.*) Do not touch me; the vows that I have sworn to another have sunk an impassable chasm between you and me—remember I am no longer Rachel Ryland, the cottage girl who sold herself for you, at your own injunction, remember; and if you cannot respect me for what I was, at least respect me for what I am.

ROBERT. This to me, Rachel! hear me—

RACHEL. No!

ROBERT. Will you not quit him and go with me?

RACHEL. No!

ROBERT. Is your heart changed?

RACHEL. No, but I am his wife, I tell you; he has treated me well and kindly; and if he had not, I would rather this



heart should burst with anguish than violate the oath before heaven! Cruel man, why have you come hither again? If only to tear open afresh the wound well nigh closed—oh, leave me, in pity leave me, unless you wish to see me expire at your feet! Fly this house—my presence for ever!

ROBERT. Rachel! Rachel! is this the return I have looked forward to? In the battle, in the pitiless tempest I have laughed amid the yells of the dying, and only thought of that hour which should render me worthy of thee. Here I am; I am well to do, rich, the leader of a few valiant hearts who have followed me even to your door, who will assist any enterprise of mine, be it ever so desperate! Come—they tarry to conduct us hence. In another land the same vows shall unite us; you are not his, but mine, come! (*advancing.*)

RACHEL. (*snatching a knife.*) Reckless man! deaf alike to reason and to shame, think you I will submit to force, to dishonour? never! crime as it is, I prefer death by my own hand; and if you place a finger upon me in the way of violence, the next instant sees me lifeless.

ROBERT. Rachel, forbear! the man who has never quailed beneath the savage looks of the most ferocious, trembles like a child at the uplifted weapon in your feeble hand. (*bitterly smiting his brow.*) Oh, James! false, false friend!

JACK. (*at door.*) He's coming, and if he catches you poaching on his manor—remember!

RACHEL. My husband!

JACK. Yes, he's got a loaded gun in his hand; I've a head to take aim at, and for fear of the gun going off, I'll go off first.

*Exit, D. F.*

ROBERT. (*apart, wrathfully.*) He's coming, the vulture, to torture the lamb which he has stolen from the very heart of its master! Vengeance!

RACHEL. Those looks! what is it you meditate?

ROBERT. Revenge! Since you no longer love me, 'tis the only joy that my accursed fate has left. (*hoarsely.*) Revenge!

RACHEL. (*terrified.*) And would you steep your hands in my husband's blood?

ROBERT. (*laughing wildly.*) He—he has drained mine, drop by drop.

RACHEL. On my knees—by the love you once bore me, listen to me.

ROBERT. Will you share my flight?

RACHEL. At your feet, clinging, behold me, that unhappy Rachel, who, to save your guilty life, sacrificed all for you, do not become his assassin; mercy!

ROBERT. Will you share my flight?

RACHEL. Are you deaf to my supplications? do you no longer love me? Robert, Robert, there was a time—

ROBERT. When Rachel loved me: then her voice might have stayed this now frantic arm, as the breath of heaven stops the crushing avalanche in its gigantic fall. He comes—to death! (*hoarsely.*)

RACHEL. To death! no, no! What if I say that I love you still?

ROBERT. (*firmly.*) And will you share my flight?

RACHEL. Anything to avert this fearful crime, to save you, to save my husband!

ROBERT. Husband! but enough—I wait. Remember, Rachel, I go not forth alone, or I perish, revenged at your feet.

*Exit into closet, L. H. 2 F.*

*She sinks on chair by table, R. H., as JAMES enters, D. F.*

JAMES. Rachel, asleep!

RACHEL. James!

JAMES. (*mildly.*) So you resolved to sit up till my return, notwithstanding my remonstrances—this is not like a dutiful wife, Rachel; and that haggard cheek of yours tells me I ought to read you a lesson of reproof; but it's too late to-night, so to your chamber—I'll follow.

RACHEL. (*going, R. H.—returning.*) You'll not tarry?

JAMES. Not an instant *Exit RACHEL, agitated, R. H.*

Poor girl! she looks as pale as though she'd seen a ghost. I'll just take a draught of home brewed, and—ah, the door locked! well, I'll not call her back for the key, though may be it's on the table. (*searching.*) What's here? a letter directed to Rachel! Robert's writing! can she be so false? can she be so? He is here again, then. (*reads.*) “Fly with me—another land—to-night.” Did she meditate this? and was this the cause of her tears—her watchings—her pale distracted looks? am I not her husband? I—(*calling.*) Rachel! Rachel!

*Enter RACHEL, pale and trembling, R.*

RACHEL. Ah! you've read that letter?

JAMES. (*sternly.*) I have.

RACHEL. I am innocent.

JAMES. You have not consented to fly with him?

RACHEL. (*mournfully.*) Alas, I—distracted—I know not what I said.

JAMES. How, then, can you plead innocence, false, deceitful woman? There is but one purpose remaining for you.

RACHEL. To die! I know it. (*falling at his feet.*) Kill me!

JAMES. Tell me—do you love him still?

RACHEL. Kill me!

JAMES. You cannot answer me—you would fly with him? Ah, you love him still! I will not harm you—but we are alone in this cottage; I cannot tell—for he is, I hear, a desperate smuggler—what bands of ruffians he may bring hither to your rescue. I will not wait for that; come to your father's—I am resolved, whatever your hatred of me, to save you from him—from yourself—come!

*Enter ROBERT, L. H 2 E.*

ROBERT. (*interposing*) Stay!

JAMES. He, here! under my very roof? then she is already lost.

RACHEL. (*devoutly on her knees.*) No, on my soul!

ROBERT. She says truly—she's not lost, as you term it, nor would she have gone with me willingly, it was but to save your accursed life.

JAMES. My life?

ROBERT. Yes, from this avenging hand! I told you it would come home to you at last—I am here to demand my own.

JAMES. Your own! what is it?

ROBERT. Rachel!

JAMES. My wife!

ROBERT. Damned taunting sycophant! utter that word "wife" again, and I'll force it down your throat.

JAMES. Wretch! quit my house this moment, or the just resentment of—

ROBERT. A coward! (*strikes him.*)

RACHEL. Help, help! (*faints.*)

JAMES. If it were not to frighten the woman—

ROBERT. (*laughing.*) Whom you want the courage to defend. (*attempting to seize RACHEL, R.*)

JAMES. (*arresting his arm, L.*) Ruffian, desist! come into the forest, where she is not, and you shall see.

ROBERT. Here are pistols. Let us fight for justice, for Rachel, for revenge!

JAMES. Away! (*taking a pistol.*)

RACHEL. (*recovering, and rushing between them and the door.*) Oh, stay—a moment—listen to me!

JAMES & } (*impatiently.*) No, no!

ROBERT. }

JAMES. (*frowningly.*) Stand from the door, Rachel—I command you!

RACHEL. No. If you will rush on, like savage beasts, to destroy each other, it shall be over my corse—over the corse of that unhappy, wretched woman whose evil star alone has

conducted you to this desperate resolve. (*advancing.*) But you will listen to me, husband—won't you. And you, Robert—that once so loved me, when every word of mine was a law—

ROBERT. And is so still.

RACHEL. Ah! I want no *future* evils, nothing but the past, the *good*—happy times of innocence and childhood, when you and James were such sworn friends, an angel might have looked down upon your esteem as a glorious thing, unchangeable, like the course of those two planets, which I have heard you, James, say, roll on calmly, side by side, for ever.

JAMES & } Rachel!

ROBERT. }

RACHEL. (*disregarding and grasping their hands.*) Don't you remember, *both*, that sunny day, when you, Robert, fell into the mill stream? Who can ever forget it? I think I hear the roaring of the waters still—I see before me the cold and whirling foam, dragging you, Robert, under the crushing wheel. The people stood and looked on, transfixed with horror; another wave, you had been a mangled corse! Who rushed in and saved you? Who alone of all that frightened throng, caught your uplifted hand—all that remained above the pitiless water? Who but James, my husband? and yet you would kill him!

ROBERT. (*R.—advancing a little.*) James!

JAMES. (*L.*) Robert!

RACHEL. Ah! I see the tears are in your eyes, as they are in mine. Don't be ashamed of them—they are records of the manly heart, (*pointing to heaven.*) which Heaven rejoices at. For your soul's sake, let it not witness this rancour between you. No, no! be friends, as you once were. James! (*takes his hand.*) Robert! (*takes his hand.*) let the weak hand of the imploring woman who divided you, thus again cement the past. (*taking away the pistols.*) I ask but this; forgiveness, and to die!

JAMES. Robert!

ROBERT. James!

(*they rush into each others arms—RACHEL sinking on her knees, letting fall the pistols, and clasping her hands.*)

RACHEL. Thanks—thanks! Oh, what a weight is lifted from my heart!

(*noise of guns, L. H.*)

*Enter JACK, D. F.*

JACK. Ay, you may well be on your knees, Rachel. Here's a row.

ROBERT. What's the matter?

JACK. Such a fight between the Preventive men, and you know who. "Where's our brave captain?" cries out you

know who. That captain is, *you know who*—and I just ran hither to advise some one to run off—you know who.

RACHEL. Fly, Robert!

JAMES. This way.

SMUGGLERS. (*without.*) Captain! Captain!

ROBERT. (*turning.*) Ah! they call me. We that have fought side by side, and I to sneak out of the way in the moment of danger! I can't do it—(*breaking away.*) I won't do it! I'll fight my way amongst my comrades to my vessel, or—no, no, no—of all my crimes, they shall never say I died like a coward!

SMUGGLERS. (*without.*) Captain!

ROBERT. I'm amongst you, my lads! *Hurries out, D. F.*

RACHEL. Save him!

JAMES. Robert—hear me! *Exit D. F. A skirmish is heard.*

RACHEL. (*running to window in F.*) Gone! both! and I—I'll follow. (*going, gun fires, a bullet strikes the door.*) Ugh! a bullet through the door! It seems to approach me like a messenger from the already dead. (*staggers towards the window.*) Is it from *him*? is it from my husband? If one must perish, oh, Heaven, spare my husband! (*red fire—flames and shouts rise and fall.*) Ha! the village in flames! and by its light I see they bear hither a wounded man—not James—no, no! 'tis Robert, poor fellow! (*dashing away tears.*) He has paid for *all*! Alas!

*Enter JAMES, supporting ROBERT, wounded, followed by CONSTABLES, VILLAGERS, MOLETRAP, and SMUGGLERS, their hands fastened with ropes.*

ROBERT. (*faintly.*) James—Rachel—it has ended for the best. (*joining their hands.*) Friend, (*to JAMES.*) forgive—don't forget me! (*to RACHEL.*) Ha, Rachel! Let me gaze upon you till—all is—

(*Music—gazing at her, he falls and dies, as RACHEL, overcome with emotion, sinks into the arms of JAMES.—Picture.*)

CURTAIN FALLS SLOWLY.





# ROBERT MACAIRE ;

OR, THE

## AUBERGE DES ADRET.

A MELO DRAMA

IN

TWO ACTS,

BY

CHARLES SELBY, COMEDIAN.

AUTHOR OF

*Captain Stevens—A Day in Paris—Unfinished Gentleman—Catching an Heiress—Married Rake—Widow's Victim—Rifle Brigade—Tutor's Assistant—Jacques Strop—Hunting a Turtle—Dancing Barber—Frederick of Prussia—King's Gardener—Fairy Lake—Lord Bateman—Behind the Scenes—New Footman—Marceline—A Lady and Gentleman in a Peculiarly Perplexing Predicament—Boots at the Swan—King Richard ye Third—Rival Pages—Peggy Green—Mysterious Stranger—Valet de Sham—Irish Dragoon—Lioness of the North—Taming a Tartar—Phantom Breakfast—Antony and Cleopatra—Frank Fox Phipps—Pearl of the Ocean—White Sergeant—Hotel Charges—Phantom Dancers—Husband of My Heart—Taken In and Done For—Chamber Practice—Witch of Wendermere—Fire Eater—Ask no Questions—Judgment of Paris—Out on the Sly—The Elves, or the Statue Bride—My Friend the Major—Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials, &c., &c.*

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38, EAST 14TH STREET.

# ROBERT MACAIRE.

*First produced at the Victoria Theatre, December 3, 1841.*

## CHARACTERS.

Germeuil, a <i>Wealthy Farmer</i>	..	..	COVENT GARDEN.
Dumont, an <i>Innkeeper</i>	..	..	MR. TILBURY.
Robert Macaire, under the <i>asumed name of</i>			MR. GRIFFITH.
Redmond	..	..	MR. H WALLACE.
Jacques Strop, under the <i>asumed name of</i>			
Bertrand	..	..	MR. VALE.
Charles, the <i>adopted Son of Dumont</i>	..		MR. F. WEBSTER.
Pierre, <i>Head Waiter</i>	..	..	MR. ROGERS.
Serjeant Loupy	..	..	MR. HARRIS.
Louis	..	..	MR. BANNISTER.
François	..	..	MR. COLLETT.
Marie	..	..	MRS. W. WEST.
Clementine	..	..	MISS CROSS.
Gensd'armes, Itinerant, Musicians, &c., &c.			

*Time of Representation, 1 hour 25 minutes.*

## COSTUMES.

- ROBERT MACAIRE.—Patched green body coat, with very long tails, short shabby red trousers, dirty white gaiters, old shoes, striped waistcoat, ragged shirt, very large silk pocket handkerchief, shabby white hat with black crape round it, black patch over the eye—old dressing gown for second dress.
- JACQUES STROP.—Patched drab coat, dark waistcoat, striped trousers, old Wellington boots, shabby black hat. Short white bed gown with frills, and close white nightcap for second dress.
- DUMONT.—Black coat, black breeches, white waistcoat, white cotton stockings.
- GERMEUIL.—Old man's suit, flowered waistcoat, white stockings, drab beaver hat.
- PIERRE.—French blue smock frock, tricoloured belt, white trousers, blue nightcap.
- WAITERS AND PEASANTS.—Coats and breeches.
- LOUPY AND GENS D'ARMES.—Blue uniforms faced with white, cross belts, swords, carbines, and cocked hats—all exactly alike.
- MUSICIANS.—Shabby suits.
- MARIE.—Blue linsey wolsey petticoat, large French apron of small check, brown cotton jacket with long sleeves, red cotton handkerchief over the jacket, white Norman cap, covered with a dark blue and white cotton handkerchief, dark blue worsted stockings, thick shoes.
- CLEMENTINE.—White muslin dress and hat.

# ROBERT MACAIRE.



## ACT I.

**SCENE.**—*The Exterior of an Auberge—a Wall or Railing, with Gates in the centre, across the Stage—over the Gates a Sign Board, on which is painted “Auberge des Adrêts”—on the 2 and 3 E. L. H. the House, with a Bush on the door, and a Board, on which is painted “Ici on Vend la Bonne Bierre et l’Eau de Vie.” “Bon Logement a Pied et a Cheval”—on the L. 1 E. a Door leading to a Cellar—a Table and Benches under a Tree, R. U. E.—a Plank on two Boards, R. 1 E. The High Road is seen in the background, the whole extent of the Stage, winding over a Bridge, Platforms, &c. Curtain rises to lively Music.*

**LOUIS and WATERS** discovered arranging the Table, &c.—**LOUIS** has a basket with some bottles of wine—he takes the cork from one of them, and is drinking as **PIERRE** enters from the house.

**PIERRE.** Hollo ! hollo ! what are you about there ?

**LOUIS.** (*in confusion, hiding the bottle.*) Nothing.

**PIERRE.** Nothing ! do you think I didn’t see you ?

**LOUIS.** Well, if you did, I’m sure I—

**PIERRE.** (*blustering.*) Come, come, sir, hold your tongue—don’t try to excommunicate yourself ; didn’t I see you take this bottle out of the basket in this way ? (*taking it out.*) Didn’t you pull out the cork in this way—and didn’t you put it to your mouth in this way ? (*taking a long draught.*) I’m ashamed of you ; see, (*turning down the bottle.*) you’ve emptied it ; oh, you thief ! I’ll tell master to stop it out of your wages. Now, away with you all into the house, and get everything ready before Mr. Germeuli and his daughter arrive ; don’t

stand gaping at me with your mouths open, and your hands in your pockets, but go. *Exeunt WAITERS into house.*

Idle rascals! (*sitting on the table, R. H. and eating an apple, which he picks out from a plateful, that have been placed there by the WAITERS.*) They think of nothing but eating and drinking. (*taking a cake from another plate.*) Always stealing things that don't belong to them, and feasting at master's expense.

*Enter DUMONT and CHARLES from the house, L.*

(*PIERRE jumps up from the table, puts the cake and apple into his pocket, and pretends to be busy, arranging the cloth, dishes, &c.*)

DUMONT. Well, Pierre, how go on your preparations for the wedding fete? I see you are all in a bustle.

PIERRE. Yes, sir, I'm obliged to do everything myself—can't trust Louis and the other waiters; I'm here, there, and everywhere—in a dozen places at once.

DUMONT. That's right—see that nothing is wanting for the entertainment of our friends—I wish every one to be as happy as eating, drinking, and dancing can make them.

CHARLES. You are very kind, sir.

PIERRE. Why, Mr. Charles, what's the matter? one wouldn't think you were going to be married, you look so sorrowful and so melancholy.

CHARLES. Oh, no, you are mistaken, I'm quite merry.

PIERRE. Are you? Well, you've a very odd way of showing your mirth. Now, Master, doesn't Mr. Charles look very unhappy? *(sighing.)*

DUMONT. He does; but I attribute his seriousness to the importance of the engagement he is about to contract.

PIERRE. Ah, true—matrimony is a very serious thing, and requires a deal of consideration—a man ought to be sure of what he is about, for my part I think—

DUMONT. You are gossiping here when you ought to be attending to your work.

PIERRE. You are right—I've a great deal to do—I mustn't idle my time hearing you tell long stories—I'll go and blow up the waiters. Here, Louis! Jacques! Francois! I'm coming, you rascals. *Exit into house, L.*

DUMONT. You see, Charles, I am not the only one who has perceived your melancholy. Clementine will soon be here; you mustn't let her see you look so miserable on this joyful occasion.

CHARLES. Ah, sir, when Mr. Germeuil knows the fatal

secret you have revealed to me, will he then consent to my marriage with his daughter.

DUMONT. Hope for the best ; he is too good and kind a man to be the slave of prejudice ; he will never find a better son-in-law ; and I am sure he is too anxious for the happiness of his daughter, to be an obstacle to your union.

CHARLES. Oh, that I could think so.

*(noise of a carriage without, R.)*

DUMONT. Hark ! Germeuil and Clementine have arrived. Hollo ! Pierre ! Louis ! Francois ! quick, quick !

PIERRE, LOUIS, and WAITERS enter from house, L., and go off, R., through gates, and return with bundles and band-boxes, &c.

CHARLES. A few moments will decide my fate.

*Enter GERMEUIL and CLEMENTINE, R. H.—GERMEUIL advances to the front—shakes hands with DUMONT—CHARLES goes up to CLEMENTINE, who remains with him at the back—PIERRE runs about loaded with bundles and bandboxes. which he lets fall, &c.*

GER. Welcome, old friend—you didn't expect me soon, I dare say—but, you know, I'm an impatient old fool—I like to settle things off hand. Clementine, my love, when you have finished the disembarkment of your band-boxes, perhaps you will notice your future father-in-law ?

CLEM. With pleasure. How do you do, sir ? *(shaking hands with DUMONT.)*

GER. What are you about there, Mr. Charles—are you waiting for permission to kiss your wife ?

CHARLES. *(coming down, L. H.)* Mr. Germeuil, the title of Clementine's husband is the most precious to which my heart aspires—but honour imperatively forbids that I should accept of it before you have had an understanding with my father. You will then decide, if you think me still worthy to possess the hand of your daughter.

GER. *(astonished.)* What does this mean ?

DUMONT. I will inform you, while Charles assists Clementine to arrange her band-boxes.

CLEM. That is to say, I must not hear your conversation.

GER. Go, my love ; you shall soon know all.

CLEM. Come, Charles, give me your arm. Papa, don't let Mr. Dumont detain you long. Do you know, Charles, I've such a beautiful new lace dress, and such a "love" of a bonnet.

*Exeunt CHARLES and CLEMENTINE into the house, L.*

GER. Now, friend Dumont, we are alone, what is this secret to which Charles seemed to attach so much importance?

DUMONT. One on which his happiness or misery depends. The disclosure I am about to make will decide his fate.

GER. You alarm me. Explain.

DUMONT. Learn, then, my friend, that Charles is not my son!

GER. What say you? not your son?

DUMONT. Nor any relation. Listen. Between eighteen and nineteen years ago, seeing a crowd collected round the door of an inn, a few miles on the road to Grenoble, I inquired the cause, and found that a poor woman had left a new-born infant in the charge of the inkeeper, and had not returned to claim it. I looked upon the unhappy child (which everybody repulsed) and, o'ercome with pity for its helplessness, determined to adopt it.

GER. 'Twas kind—'twas noble!

DUMONT. From the report of some soldiers, who were in pursuit of the mother, I learned that she had been imprisoned at Grenoble, (no doubt for some bad action) but had found means to elude the vigilance of her keepers and escape.

GER. What became of her?

DUMONT. I know not; her retreat was never discovered.

GER. And you had no trace—no clue.

DUMONT. None. I brought up Charles as my own child; and have never regretted an act of charity, by which I have gained the best of sons, and perhaps rescued a fellow-creature from crime and misery.

GER. Does any one know this secret?

DUMONT. No one but yourself.

GER. 'Tis well—give me your hand.

DUMONT. What? you consent, then, to Charles's happiness?

GER. He is still the son of my old friend. What! shall I punish an unfortunate youth for the faults of his mother? Shall I make his birth a crime? No! Charles is virtuous and honest; and I value such qualities too much to refuse to acknowledge and esteem their possessors, be his parents ever so vile or worthless.

DUMONT. Generous man! I never doubted the goodness of your heart; but this last act of kindness—pshaw! it has brought the tears into my eyes.

*Enter CLEMENTINE and CHARLES from the house.*

CLEM. All is safe, father-in-law—everything is in order. My bonnets have not yet been crushed or my dresses tumbled, have they Charles?



GER. (to CHARLES.) Well, young gentleman, what say you now?

CHARLES. Say, sir?

GER. Yes, sir! will you kiss your wife?

CHARLES. Is it possible? Am I to be so happy?

GER. To be sure. Kiss your wife, sir, or I'll take her away from you.

CHARLES. Clementine! (*embracing her.*) Oh, sir, my gratitude shall equal my happiness.

GER. (*shaking him by the hand.*) Say no more; you are a good lad, and I am proud to call you my son.

DUMONT. Now, then, let us think of our little fête. Charles, go ask your friends, and bring them here immediately.

CLEM. For what?

DUMONT. To celebrate your marriage.

GER. Indeed! then we had better retire and arrange our dresses, Clementine. (to CHARLES.) I wish your wife and father-in-law to do you honour.

CLEM. Don't be absent long, Charles.

CHARLES. I'll return immediately, dear Clementine.

*Exit through gates, C. and R.*

GER. Come, old friend, show me to my chamber. Clementine, my love, this is the happiest day I have known for twenty years. Your old father will dance at your wedding as nimbly as he did at his own. La, la, la. (*singing and dancing.*)

DUMONT, GERMEUIL and CLEMENTINE *exunt into house.*

REDMOND and BERTRAND *appear at the extremity of the road; they cross the bridge, platforms, &c. REDMOND walks boldly, and BERTRAND fearfully, stopping every second or third step to look round. Finding BERTRAND does not keep up with him, REDMOND impatiently beckons him forward, and when he is within his reach, seizes him by the collar, and throws him round to R.; both stop, look at the house. BERTRAND tries to return back, REDMOND holds him and insists on his going forward. They enter through the gates; their dresses are extremely shabby, and covered with dust. REDMOND has a black patch tied over his left eye. BERTRAND carries a bundle at the end of a stick.*

RED. Come on, comrade, put your best leg foremost. What are you afraid of? We are out of danger now, and shall soon reach the frontier.

BERT. The sooner the better. Oh, my poor nerves! they've had St. Vitus's Dance ever since we escaped from the prison; those devils of gendarmes cover all the country, before, behind, and right and left, and everywhere. Oh, my poor nerves!

RED. Bah! you are frightened at your own shadow, and tremble like a woman. Why the devil don't you learn to be bold and impudent?

BERT. Because I can't; I always was nervous, and I can't help being afraid. Oh, I wish I had half your impudence! You are afraid of nothing; you swagger and bounce, and hold up your head as if you were the most honest and upright man in the world.

RED. Well, isn't my assurance to be commended? Doesn't it get us out of all our scrapes and dangers? What's the use of being a thief, if you haven't the impudence of the devil, and the manners and appearance of a gentleman. (*taking snuff and using handkerchief.*)

BERT. Ah, that's all very well; but I don't feel comfortable. Those confounded gendarmes will be sure to catch us, I know they will.

RED. Pshaw! we have nothing to fear.

BERT. Haven't we, though?

RED. This patch secures me from being recognised; and your pretending to be silly, prevents you from being suspected. Besides, haven't we our passports?

BERT. Yes, forged ones. I tremble like a steam-boat whenever we are obliged to show them. Oh, my poor nerves! Those gendarmes always examine us with an attention that sadly troubles a dirty conscience. I can't bear them; the sight of one of their cocked hats is enough to set my poor nerves all on the dance, and make me sink into my boots with fear.

RED. Well, well, we shall soon be beyond their reach; but a few leagues further, and we shall be in Piedmont.

BERT. I wish we were there now; we shall never be safe till we are out of danger.

RED. This is the inn I told you of; we will stop here awhile, and refresh.

BERT. No, no, no! let us go on; 'tis too near the road. Who knows but some gendarmes may be there. Let us go on. (*trying to go.*)

RED. (*creaks his snuff box, and stopping him.\**) No, I won't stir till I've had something to eat, and a bottle of wine. (*striking table with his stick.*) Hollo! waiter, house, landlord, everybody!

BERT. Oh, my poor nerves. We shall be sure to get into a scrape. Oh, curse your impudence!

RED. Do as I do, sir, and make the people believe you are silly.

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\* This is done throughout the piece, as a caution or threat to Jacques

BERT. That won't be very difficult, if I do as you do. Oh, my poor nerves! (*striking the table with his stick in imitation of REDMOND, and pretending to be silly.*) Hollo, hollo, hollo! waiter! house! landlord! landlady! chambermaid! housemaid! barmaid! any maid!—hollo!

*Enter PIERRE from the house.*

PIERRE. Who calls? Hollo! (*seeing them.*) What's your pleasure, gentlemen?

RED. Bring us some refreshment.

PIERRE. (*staring at him.*) Sir?

RED. (*taking snuff, and flourishing handkerchief*) Bring us some refreshment.

BERT. (*taking snuff from REDMOND'S box, and pulling out a small torn handkerchief, which he flourishes in imitation.*) Yes, bring us some refreshment, and something to eat.

PIERRE. Refreshment—something to eat!

BERT. Yes, bring us some peck.

PIERRE. Peck! What doth the gentleman mean, sir? (*to REDMONT.*)

RED. My noble friend means refreshment. *Peck* is the fashionable word made use of in the high society we have been accustomed to associate with. (*pulling up his collar and swaggering.*)

PIERRE. Indeed! (*aside.*) They are a pair of beauties for high society. (*aloud.*) What will you take, gentlemen?

RED. What have you in the house?

PIERRE. Everything.

RED. Then bring us—

BERT. Some bread and cheese.

PIERRE. Bread and cheese?

BERT. Yes, and an *ingun*.

RED. (*flourishing his stick.*) Don't you hear, fellow, some bread and cheese, an *ingun* for my noble friend; the latter is a vegetable I never patronize, for the ladies have an objection to it

PIERRE. Beg pardon—but we are very busy within, preparing for a wedding; so, if you have no objection, I'll serve you your refreshment under that tree; you'll be very comfortable, and enjoy the fresh air.

BERT. So we can—and it wont do us any harm, for it's a long time since we have tasted it.

(REDMOND strikes him on the legs with his stick, and then crosses, flourishing it to PIERRE, who looks astonished.)

BERTRAND seats himself at table, R.)

RED. What the devil are you staring at? Bring the refreshment.

PIERRE. Directly, sir. (*aside.*) These are the queerest customers we've had for a long time. *Exit into house.*

RED. (*looking round.*) I see the place is arranged for a fete; so much the better—'twill enliven us; I'm very fond of mariages.

BERT. (*at the table.*) Then why don't you get married?

RED. I am married.

BERT. Indeed! why you never told me that. (*coming down.*) Where is your wife?

RED. I don't know; 'tis eighteen or nineteen years since I left her, to avoid the pursuit of certain gentlemen with cocked hats and long swords.

BERT. Ah! gend'armes. Don't you know what became of her?

RED. Eh? (*lost for a moment in thought.*) No, I never inquired. I thought it would be a breach of good manners—and there's nothing like delicacy in these matters.

*Enter PIERRE—removes the apples and cakes, then returns with the bread and cheese and a bottle of wine, looks at Bertrand's bundle, which he has left on the table, takes it up with the tips of his finger and thumb, and puts it on the ground.*

BERT. Perhaps she has made her way in the world in the same manner as yourself, by involuntary contributions.

RED. No, I think not; she was one of those persons who had, what prejudiced people would call, good principles and honesty.

BERT. Ah, those are things we know nothing about.

RED. Scrupulous on the points of virtue and respectability.

BERT. I never heard of such nonsense.

RED. Preferring hard work and misery, to employing our little ingenious methods of making money; in fact she was a poor, weak-minded, moral, industrious, virtuous individual.

BERT. My dear friend, what bad company you must have been in to meet with such a woman. Where could you have picked her up?

PIERRE. (*coming behind BERTRAND, and slapping him on the shoulder.*) Your peck is ready, sir.

BERT. (*starting across in great alarm, to L. H.*) Eh? Oh, Lord! I'm not the man!

PIERRE. What's the matter, sir?

BERT. Devil take him—how he frightened me. Oh, my poor nerves! I thought it was a gendarme.

RED. (*aside.*) You fool, you'll ruin us.

*(kicks him, then goes up, flourishing his stick, he seats himself at the table, takes off his hat, places it on the top of his stick, it goes through the crown. Rustic Music is heard without—REDMOND takes a comb from his pocket, and arranges his hair and whiskers.)*

PIERRE. *(looking out.)* Ah, here they come! *(BERTRAND alarmed, tries to rise—REDMOND prevents him.)* Here's Mr. Charles and the villagers. *(calling at house.)* Mr. Germeuil! master! Miss Clementine! make haste—here is Mr. Charles and his friends.—*(Music.)*

*Enter VILLAGERS through gates, C. from R.—DUMONT, GERMEUIL, and CLEMENTINE from house, L.*

DUMONT. Welcome, welcome friends—you see we expected you. Come into the house—you'll find plenty to eat and drink, and then we'll finish the fete with a dance. Come, friends.

CHARLES. *(appears at C. from R.)* Stay, stay! a poor woman has fallen down in the road there; come, some of you, and help me to assist her.

*Music.—Exeunt CHARLES, PIERRE, C. and R., &c.*

GER. Poor creature! how wretched and miserable she seems.

CHARLES, PIERRE, and VILLAGERS bring on MARIE, from R., and place her in a chair, L. C.

CLEM. Let me assist her.

DUMONT. Pierre, some wine, some wine!

*(they give MARIE wine; she slowly recovers, and looks round.*

REDMOND, who has mingled with the VILLAGERS, on seeing her face, starts, takes BERTRAND by the arm, and goes off with him, R. H. 3. E.)

CHARLES. How do you feel now?

MARIE. Better, much better; thanks, kind friends, thanks; your assistance was very needful, for I have not tasted food since yesterday morning.

CLEM. Poor creature?

DUMONT. You are not of this country?

MARIE. No, sir.

DUMONT. You have come from some distance?

MARIE. Yes, sir, from Italy; I am going to Mount Melian to seek employment.

DUMONT. You have friends or family there?

MARIE. Alas, I have now no family; I have no friends either—for I am poor and miserable. Yet I once had children—husband, parents, and friends. I was once affluent and happy;

but misfortune's withering breath has blown upon me, and I am left a poor, lone woman—worn down with sorrow, want, and sickness, without a roof to shelter me, or the means of buying bread.

GER. This poor woman interests **me**.

PIERRE. (*crying.*) And me too.

MARIE. (*rising.*) Pardon me, kind friends, I perceive my presence throws a damp on your pleasures. I am better now; I will continue my journey.

GER. No, no, impossible; in your weak state 'twould be dangerous; you shall sleep here to-night—that is if my friend Dumont has no objection.

DUMONT. Objection! How could you think of such a thing? You shall stay, my good woman, and have a comfortable supper, and breakfast too. Pierre, take her in, and see that she wants for nothing.

MARIE. Oh, kind gentleman, may heaven reward you.

*Exit into house with PIERRE, L.*

DUMONT. Now, friends, follow me. Let us attack the eatables and drinkables.

*Exeunt DUMONT, CLEMENTINE, GERMEUIL, CHARLES, and VILLAGERS into house, L.*

*Enter REDMOND and BERTRAND, R. H. 3 E. REDMOND looks into the house, seems thoughtful and uneasy; takes the stage several times with hurried steps.*

BERT. Hollo! what's the matter with you? What do you go through all those revolutions for? (*imitating.*)

RED. Nothing—no matter—never mind.

BERT. But I *do* mind. I say, *you* are not pretending to be silly, are you?

RED. Bah! (*to himself—half aside.*) No, no, impossible; it cannot be. She could not—no, no—yet—I should like to be sure.

BERT. So should I.

RED. (*turning.*) Of what?

BERT. That the gendarmes are not following **us**.

RED. Fool! some one is coming. Sit down. (*forces BERTRAND to sit down.*)

BERT. Oh, my poor nerves.

*Enter GERMEUIL and DUMONT from the house, L.*

GER. Now, friend Dumont, if you can spare a moment from your friends, let us talk over a little business. I want to settle everything off hand. Now, in the first place, I intend to give



Charles twelve thousand francs as Clementine's wedding portion.

RED. (*aside*) Twelve thousand francs! that's a pretty sum

BERT. (*aside.*) Very tidy.

DUMONT. Very liberal indeed. I'll give up my house to Charles during my life, and settle all I am worth upon him at my death.

GER. Very well—your hand—the affair is settled. Now I wish you would take charge of the twelve thousand francs for Charles; here they are, in this pocket book, in good bank notes. (*opening book.*)

RED. (*aside to BERTRAND.*) Do you hear?

BERT. Yes, and see, too.

DUMONT. No, no, you had better keep them, and present them to him yourself to-morrow.

GER. Nay, I'd rather you take charge of them—this confounded book is troublesome to me; I'm afraid of losing it.

RED. (*aside.*) We'll take care of it for him.

BERT. (*aside.*) Certainly; it would be no trouble to *us*.

GER. Nay, nay, I wish to get rid of it; oblige me?

RED. (*aside.*) Do you—I'll oblige you presently; you shan't be troubled with it much longer.

*Enter PIERRE from the house.*

PIERRE. Master, will you give me the bunch of duplicate keys—I want to get the bedrooms ready. (DUMONT *gives a bunch of keys.*) Where do you mean to put Mr. Germeuil?

DUMONT. In No. 13.—that's the best room in the house.

PIERRE. And the poor woman—where shall she sleep?

DUMONT. You may put her into No. 12.

PIERRE. Very well. Beg pardon gentlemen, you'd better come in, or you'll not get a morsel of the goose pie. *Exit, L.*

DUMONT. Come, friend Germeuil, now you've settled your business, come in.

GER. I'll follow you in a few minutes—I wished to speak with that poor woman. Will you request her to come to me.

DUMONT. Certainly. Don't let her detain you long.

*Exit into house.*

RED. (*to BERTRAND.*) Follow me, and hold your tongue.

*They steal across the stage on tip-toe, and go into the house.*

GER. Yes, the young folks will want an honest, trustworthy person. I'll see if this woman will suit them—she seems a steady, middle-aged, sensible person. I'll question her.

*Enter MARIE from house, L.*

Come here, my good woman, I wish to say a word to *you*.

MARIE. I am at your orders, sir.

GER. What is your name?

MARIE. Marie.

GER. I perceive, by your manners and language, that you were not always in the forlorn condition you are in at present. May I ask your history?

MARIE. Ah, sir, spare me the recital! do not increase my misery by making me recall misfortunes and wrongs I have endeavoured to lose the recollection of.

GER. I wish not to distress you—mine is not an idle curiosity. You have been married?

MARIE. Alas! yes, sir.

GER. Is your husband living?

MARIE. I know not, sir. He (*weeping.*) deserted me many years ago.

GER. You have had a family?

MARIE. I had a son, but I—(*sobbing.*) I lost him, sir—and have never known a moment's happiness since.

GER. Come, come, be consoled—heaven may send you some relief.

MARIE. Ah, sir, my sorrows are irreparable.

GER. Not so; they may be alleviated by honourable conduct, and the esteem of good and honest people.

MARIE. (*weeping.*) Alas!

GER. My words appear to distress you. Can you be guilty?

MARIE. (*wildly.*) Guilty—oh, no, no! think not so, I implore you—I am innocent; I call heaven to witness that I am.

GER. (*astonished at her vehemence.*) Innocent! what would you say? Do you mean that you have been accused unjustly?

MARIE. (*embarrassed.*) Sir?

GER. Explain yourself.

MARIE. Excuse me, sir, I cannot.

GER. Speak without fear—I am your friend. You are silent—(*severely.*) then I have nothing more to say to you; (*crosses.*) yet you are unfortunate, and have a claim on my pity. Take this purse—it contains some money, and may suffice for your present wants.

MARIE. (*weeping.*) Am I sunk so low? No, sir, I am poor, I know—your charity has already relieved me—I thank you for it; but I am not a beggar, nor am I the guilty wretch you think me; keep your purse, sir; I'd rather work these fingers to the bone—I'd rather starve than accept the bounty of a stranger who believes me to be worthless and ungrateful.

(*going.*)

GER. Where are you going?

MARIE. I know not. Heaven, who reads all hearts, and knows if I have deserved my misfortunes, will not abandon me.

GER. Stay, stay, I request—I have been too harsh; I am sorry I have given you pain. It is in my power to alleviate your sorrows. When you think proper to tell me your history, I will be more explicit. In the mean time, I request you will keep this; (*presenting purse.*) not as an alms, but as a pledge of the sincere interest I take in your welfare. Nay, I insist.

MARIE. I obey, sir. (*taking purse.*) I will see you to-morrow—and if I have strength of mind sufficient, will tell you the melancholy history of my misfortunes. *Exit into house.*

GER. Poor creature; she has deeply interested me, and I feel 'twould be an act of real charity to befriend her.

*He is about to enter the house—meets BERTRAND and REDMOND—REDMOND bows to him with great ceremony, makes way for him and, as he passes, steals his pocket handkerchief.*

RED. Your most obedient. A very respectable old gentleman, that. (*looking at the handkerchief.*) I wish he would wear silk pocket handkerchiefs, though—cotton ones are not worth taking—except for amusement, or to keep one's hand in, (*puts it into his pocket, and crosses R.*)

BERT. (*aside—picking his pocket of it.*) I don't mind cotton ones. Well, now we are alone, perhaps you'll have the kindness to explain your conduct. What do you mean by ordering a bed? Is it your intention to stay here to-night?

RED. It is.

BERT. Oh, you fool—your confounded impudence will be our ruin—we shall be sure to be discovered. Oh, my poor nerves!

RED. Listen. Have you courage to second me in a perilous enterprize?

BERT. A perilous enterprize? That's as it may happen. My courage is so shaky, I can't answer for it.

RED. What say you to appropriating to ourselves the twelve thousand francs?

BERT. Oh, oh! I see you want to keep your hand in. I don't care, provided there is no danger.

RED. You saw the bunch of duplicate keys for all the rooms in the inn?

BERT. Yes.

RED. That of Mr. Germeuil's chamber ought to be there.

BERT. Certainly.

RED. We must get possession of it.

BERT. Well, what then?

RED. We will let ourselves into his room while he is asleep,

and the twelve thousand francs will be ours. (*giving him a blow on the stomach.*) That's the way to do it.

BERT. Is it. I wish you'd keep your hands to yourself—you've hit me in the wind. But I say, suppose now, by accident, he should happen to be awake, there'd be a pretty kettle of fish—he'd alarm the house—we should be taken, and—oh, lord, my poor nerves! Don't let us think of it.

RED. Bah! you are always afraid—I'll take care we are not discovered. Hush! here comes the waiter—I must get the bunch of keys. Mind what you are about—be ready to assist me.

*Enter PIERRE from house, L.*

RED. Hollo, waiter! will our room soon be ready?

BERT. Ah! will our room soon be ready, Mr. Waiter?

PIERRE. Do not be impatient, gentlemen—it's very early yet—you can't want to go to bed—there's going to be a dance and all sorts of fun out here presently. I can't attend to you for some time.

(*going to cellar door, R.U.E., and putting a key into the lock.*

RED. (*to BERTRAND.*) Engage him in conversation for a minute or two.

BERT. I will. I say, Mr. Waiter, what are you doing there?

PIERRE. Eh? (*turning round.*) Why, I'm going into the cellar to fill this basket with wine for the guests.

BERT. Fill that basket with wine—won't it run out?

PIERRE. (*aside.*) Ha, ha, ha! this fellow is silly—I'll have a game with him. (*aloud.*) Oh, no, it won't—don't you see (*coming forward, and holding up the basket.*) the bottom is water-proof?

(*as he turns to shew the basket to BERTRAND, REDMOND takes the key out of the door and hands it behind to BERTRAND.*

BERT. Ah, dear me—so it is—how wonderful!

PIERRE. (*aside.*) Ha, ha, ha! he's the softest chap I ever met with—I'll make him believe the moon is made of green cheese presently. (*going to door.*) Hollo! the key is gone! who the devil has taken it?

RED. What's the matter, young man?

PIERRE. I've lost a key.

RED. Indeed! has anybody stolen it?

PIERRE. Stolen it! Nonsense—there are no thieves here.

BERT. (*R.—aside.*) Arn't there, though?

RED. (*C.—kicking him.*) Be quiet, you fool. (*aloud.*) I should hope not, young man—for I make it a rule never to stop in any place where a robbery has been committed; and if you think you have thieves about the premises I shall go.

BERT. So shall I.

PIERRE. Oh no, sir, don't be alarmed, I shall find the key presently—I haven't time to look for it now, so I'll get the duplicate, which I have on a bunch in-doors. We are all honest people here, sir. *Exit into house.*

RED. All's right—we shall get it—he has gone for the bunch.

BERT. Don't forget No. 13.

RED. Hush! he is here! don't seem to notice him. Sing.

*(BERTRAND hesitates till REDMOND creaks box.)*

PERRE enters, L.—REDMOND and BERTRAND sing together a verse of a popular song in the burlesque opera style.

PIERRE. Bravo, bravo! Why, gentlemen, you sing a very good song.

RED. Why, yes, we *do* sing a little—they know us at the opera.

BERT. *(aside.)* I believe they do—in the pickpocket line.

PIERRE. *(looking on the bunch.)* Key of the cellar—this is it. Now for it. Hold me the candle. *(taking it off, and leaving bunch on chair, L. H.)*

*(opening door of the cellar, and going in. REDMOND takes up the bunch and searches for the key BERTRAND assists him.)*

RED. No. 10, 11, 12, 13.

BERT. That's it—take it off.

RED. Confound it—I can't. *(trying to get it off.)*

PIERRE. *(within.)* I've got the wine.

BERT. Make haste—make haste—oh, my poor nerves.

RED. I have it.

*(taking off key and putting it in his pocket, as PIERRE enters with wine. He turns to lock cellar door.)*

PIERRE. I wonder what became of that key.

BERT. I know—I found it by the door when you went in—there it is. *(giving it.)*

PIERRE. Now, that's very odd—I looked so carefully for it; I'm very much obliged to you. *(going towards house.)*

RED. Oh, you are very welcome. Haven't you forgot something, young man?

PIERRE. Not that I know of.

RED. *(pointing to chair.)* Isn't that your bunch of keys?

PIERRE. *(going to the chair and taking bunch.)* Oh, what a fool I am—I don't know what I'm about—I shall lose my head some day. *(as he turns to enter house, REDMOND takes a full bottle out of his basket and puts in an empty one.)* Thank you, sir, I'm very much obliged to you.

*Exit into house. REDMOND, bowing him off, adroitly steals his nightcap.*

RED. Ha, ha, ha! well done us—I declare I never did anything better since I have been in the profession. Now, then, we must wait patiently till everybody is asleep—*enter the room*—take the pocket-book, and make our escape.

DUMONT. (*without.*) Come along, friends. Now, then, for a dance.

RED. They are coming here! let us mix with the villagers and join in the dance—'twill prevent suspicion.

*Enter DUMONT, GERMEUIL, CHARLES, CLEMENTINE, PIERRE, LOUIS, WAITERS, and VILLAGERS from house. DUCASSE, PETITOE, and GROS JEAN, with their instruments enter through gates.*

DUMONT. Now, then, my lads and lasses, take your partners and foot it merrily.

(PIERRE places the MUSICIANS on the bench, 1 E. R. H.—the LEADER rosins his bow, taps to begin, &c. BERTRAND seats himself in L. H. corner, with a bottle and glass. A *Pas Seul* or *Pas de Deux*—then a quadrille formed. REDMOND asks a LADY (the principal dancer) to dance with him—she refuses, not liking his appearance—he takes out his snuff-box, flourishes his handkerchief, and at last persuades her to be his partner. He leads his LADY forward, bows with great ceremony to every one, takes his place in the front, and dances in burlesque imitation of the opera style. A Quadrille of sixteen, in two lines, by all the CHARACTERS and the CORPS DE BALLET. FIGURE: Both sides meet in the centre, and return to places. Ladies, hands across. Gentlemen join hands with their partners; all ballancez. Turn partners to places. The whole of the Pastorelle figure as in the first set; alternate couples advancing on each side; promenade all round. When the dance is over, REDMOND leads his LADY to a seat—offers her refreshment, &c.

BERT. There he is, all in his glory. Oh, lord; who'd take him for a thief?

RED. Well, comrade, how do you **get on**? why don't you dance?

BERT. I can't dance—I an't in spirits—I an't such a bold-faced chap as you—I'm afraid they'll know me.

RED. Pshaw! make yourself agreeable, as I do—I'll get you a partner.

BERT. No, no

RED. But I say yes—you shall dance. (*to a LADY, the principal dancer, who is passing at the moment.*) Mademoiselle, this gentleman, my noble and illustrious friend, is desirous of dancing the next dance with you.



(the LADY bows—REDMOND pushes BERTRAND forward—he offers his arm, and leads her to the front.

BERT. I won't—oh, my poor nerves! (to LADY.) Upon my life you are very handsome. (aside.) If the gendarmes were to see me now.

*A Gallopade (four sides, as in a quadrille) by the CHARACTERS and BALLET. FIGURE: All chassez croisez—LADIES to the centre. Dos a dos. Top couples lead through to opposite sides. Side couples ditto. Top couples lead back to places. Side couples ditto. Right and left all round. Follow BERTRAND wherever he leads. BERTRAND dances grotesquely—REDMOND stands near the LEADER and directs the DANCERS, calling the figure, &c. Towards the conclusion he seizes the violin and leads the orchestra, dancing and playing with extravagant action until the*

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE.—*The Interior of an Auberge. A raised Gallery, c. to 3 E. R., with two chambers opening on it, with figures, "12" and "13.") A Staircase leading to the Gallery, R. H. In the centre of the flat a large high practicable window, with shutters to fasten inside, and a door L. C., supposed to be the principal entrance to the house. The back-ground remains as in Act I. A door on each side, R. 1 E. and L. 1 E. The window-shutters are closed at the commencement of the Act. A large table, 2 E. L. H., covered with a white cloth. A table under the gallery. Music.*

BERTRAND comes out of No. 13 in great alarm—feels his way down the staircase, and leans against the balustrade. REDMOND, with a quantity of bank notes in his hand, rushes out of the room, closes the door, and descends.

BERT. Oh, my poor nerves! What have you done? I havn't a drop of blood in my veins!

RED. 'Twas unfortunate. Necessity has no law. He would have alarmed the house. (counting notes.)

BERT. Come, come, let us make our escape. Daylight will soon appear, and we shall be discovered. We've got the money; come, come, let us be off.

RED. You fool! our flight would cause us to be suspected. We must remain.

BERT. Remain! oh, my poor nerves! what will become of me? You must be out of your senses. Hark! (*shuddering.*) I hear something moving—some one walking! Come, come, let us be off. (*trying to force REDMOND up stage.*)

RED. What the deuce are you afraid of? Come into our chamber, and we'll divide the money. If you don't learn to be more of a man, I'll cut your acquaintance, or your throat, one of these days. *Pulling him off through door, 1 E. R.*

MARIE *opens the door, No. 12, appears in the gallery, and cautiously descends the staircase. The daylight begins gradually to be seen through a hole at the top of the shutters.*

MARIE. No one is up yet. The moment is favourable. I will quit the inn before Mr. Germeuil awakes. He will, no doubt, seek to renew his examination, and I have not fortitude to bear it. Rather than cover myself with shame, by exposing my wrongs and my disgrace, I will quit the house. If I could get out without noise—(*she tries to open the door—finds it is locked.*)

*Enter PIERRE to the gallery, with a lighted candle, from R.U.E.*

PIERRE. It's scarcely daylight. I think I'm up early this morning after our jollification. (*he looks over the balustrades and sees MARIE.*) Hollo! what's that over there? Eh! 'tis the woman we gave shelter to yesterday. What the devil is she about? (*quietly descends.*)

MARIE. (*L. up.*) Unfortunate! I cannot open the door.

PIERRE. (*C. up.*) Why do you want to open it?

MARIE. (*starting.*) Ah!

PIERRE. Where do you wish to go so early? I thought you promised Mr. Germeuil you would not go away without speaking with him.

MARIE. 'Tis true. I had no intention of going away. I merely wished to—(*confused.*)—to—to take the air. The chamber where I slept was so small, I could scarcely breathe.

PIERRE. Indeed! now do you know I think it is as airy and comfortable a room as any in the house. But be that as it may, we don't open our doors until master and all the family are stirring.

MARIE. I beg pardon—

PIERRE. (*aside.*) I don't half like this. (*aloud.*) I think you might have waited till you were called. For my part, I think master is too good-natured; he gives an asylum to everybody, and often takes in idle people who ought to work for their living, instead of depending on charity.

MARIE. (*weeping.*) Another humiliation.

(*she takes out her pocket-handkerchief to wipe away her tears, and lets fall the purse given her by GERMEUIL.*)

PIERRE. (*taking it up.*) Hollo, what's this? A purse containing gold!

MARIE. 'Tis mine! give it me!

PIERRE. Hah! hah! it seems, then, you are not so poor and miserable as you pretend to be. (*returning her the purse.*) You are a deep one.

(*he blows out the candle, then goes up and opens the shutters and the window. MARIE sits at a table, L. H.*)

What a beautiful morning. I say, if you want a mouthful of air, put your head out of the window—(*blowing.*) capital for the lungs. (*bell.*) Hollo! who is that ringing our gate bell so early? (*bell rings again.*) Don't be in a hurry, I'm coming!

*Opens door, L. C., and exit.*

REDMOND and BERTRAND enter from their room, R. 1 E.—

BERTRAND has a short white bed-gown, and REDMOND an old dressing-gown, very large pattern, and a handkerchief tied round his head, the ends hanging down on the side.

BERT. Where does that noise come from? Oh, my poor nerves! Have they found it out already?

RED. No, no, you coward! (*seeing MARIE.*) Eh! isn't that the woman we saw last night?

BERT. Yes.

RED. I must see her face again, and clear up my suspicions. (*advancing towards her on tip-toe—BERTRAND seats himself on the stairs*)

MARIE. Fatal is the impression poverty inspires; the unfortunate is always suspected of being guilty of crimes.

RED. (*leaning on the back of her chair, and making his snuff-box creak.*) You seem unhappy, my good woman; what is the cause of your grief? Come, come, don't fear to trust me, for sometimes when we least suspect it, we may find ourselves in society and in places where we are known.

MARIE. Oh, heaven! do you know me?

RED. I didn't say that; nevertheless, at first, the sound of your voice, the contour of your figure and features, recalled to me a certain person. Were you ever at Grenoble?

MARIE. (*agitated.*) Grenoble!

RED. Yes. I lived there some time ; did not *you* also reside there ?

MARIE. I ?

RED. Yes—near the *prison* !

MARIE. (*aside.*) Ah, I am known. It is true, that—

RED. It is true that it *is* true, eh ?

BERT. (*aside.*) What does he mean by all these questions ? What is it to him where the woman has lived ?

RED. Did you know, about eighteen or nineteen years ago, a person called Robert Macaire ?

MARIE. Gracious powers ! what name have you pronounced ?

RED. That of your husband—your—

MARIE. Silence, sir ! repeat not the name of a monster who has embittered my days, and brought me to shame, to misery and ruin.

(REDMOND *bursts into a laugh, takes a pinch of snuff, and crosses to BERTRAND*—MARIE *ascends the staircase and enters her room.*)

RED. (*to BERTRAND.*) 'Tis she.

BERT. What she ?

RED. My wife.

BERT. Your wife ! Does she recollect you ?

RED. No.

BERT. Glad of it ; let us be off.

RED. Stay ; we'll have our breakfast first.

BERT. Breakfast ! I can't eat. You don't consider *my* nerves.

RED. Pshaw ! never mind your nerves. Take my dressing-gown, and give me my coat. (*taking off dressing-gown and appearing in a very ragged shirt.*) Hollo ! (*looking at his sleeves.*) I've got on one of my summer shirts ; give it me again. (BERTRAND *assists him on with his dressing-gown.*) Now call the waiter.

BERT. But I say—

RED. Call the waiter ! (*creaks box.*)

BERT. Oh, my poor—We shall get into another scrape. Waiter—waiter—waiter !

RED. (*taking the stage.*) Waiter ! waiter ! hollo ! hollo !

BERT. (*imitating.*) Waiter ! waiter ! hallo ! hallo !

*Enter PIERRE, door, L. C.*

PIERRE. Here I am, gentlemen. You are up early ; have you passed a bad night ?

RED. Oh dear, no ; quite the reverse, I assure you. (*singing, taking snuff, and flourishing his pocket-handkerchief.*)

BERT. Quite the reverse—quite the reverse, I assure you. (*imitating with torn handkerchief.*)

PIERRE. I have made you wait a little, gentlemen, because I was engaged putting up the horses of some guests who have just arrived; three gendarmes.

BERT. (*starting.*) Gendarmes. Oh, my poor nerves!

PIERRE. Hollo! your friend seems frightened.

RED. (*creaks box, and kicking BERTRAND.*) Frightened! Oh, no. (*taking PIERRE aside.*) The fact is, he is a little touched here in the upper story, and I frighten him with the name of gendarmine as they do children with that of *bogie*.

PIERRE. Poor fellow! I thought he was foolish.

RED. You mustn't mind what he says. Bring us our breakfast, young man.

PIERRE. Immediately.

*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*

BERT. (*aside.*) Now I shall be murdered!

RED. (*seizing BERTRAND by the collar, and dragging him forward.*) You infernal rascal! you cowardly villain, do you want to ruin us?

BERT. No, I don't, but—

RED. Be quiet, or I'll murder you.

*He forces him into the room, R. 1 E.—Music.*

*Enter LOUPY, BATON, and FLONFLON, D. in F. and PIERRE, L. H. 1 E. with plates, &c. which he places on the table.*

PIERRE. Well, serjeant, your horses are safe in the stable.

LOUPY. Yes, and eating their breakfast. Now it's our turn. Pierre, bring us some ham and eggs, and the best wine in the house.

*Enter REDMOND and BERTRAND, with their coats on, from their room, R. 1 E., and swagger down the front.*

PIERRE. Immediately. Have the kindness to sit down here. (*pointing to table, L. H.*) You can breakfast with these gentlemen. (*pointing to REDMOND and BERTRAND.*)

BERT. (*aside.*) Breakfast with three gendarmes! Oh, my poor nerves!

RED. (*affecting the fashionable.*) We shall feel honoured.

LOUPY. (*examining REDMOND and BERTRAND.*) I have seen these persons somewhere. Pierre! (*taking him aside.*)

BERT. How he examines us. Oh, my poor nerves!

LOUPY. Oh, I recollect—I saw them yesterday on the road.

PIERRE. They are very respectable gentlemen. I think they belong to the opera. They are such fine singers—the tall one in particular. (*REDMOND sings a verse of an Italian song in imitation of some popular singer—puts his hands in his coat*

pockets, and goes up, shewing a large patch on his trousers.) He can do anything with his voice.

LOUPY. Can he? then I wonder he doesn't make it get him a new pair of trousers. (*retires up.*)

RED. (*aside to BERTRAND.*) 'Tis the serjeant who examined us so closely yesterday. Impudence alone can save us. Do something to make him believe you are silly. Sing, dance—do anything. (*BERTRAND dances—he makes an extravagant pirouette, stumbles against REDMOND and knocks him down—PIERRE and the GENDARMES lift them up—REDMOND beats and kicks at BERTRAND.*) Oh, you blackguard! Oh, you thief! you rascal!

BERT. I couldn't help it! I couldn't help it!

PIERRE. Breakfast is ready, gentlemen.

LOUPY. Will you sit down, sir? (*to REDMOND.*)

RED. With the greatest pleasure. After you.

(*they bow with great ceremony, and seat themselves, REDMOND*

R. H. and LOUPY L. H. The other GENDARMES take off their swords, &c., which they place on table at back, R.—

BERTRAND remains in front, R. H.)

LOUPY. Does not your friend breakfast with us?

RED. Oh, certainly. (*takes a pinch of snuff, and makes his box creak—BERTRAND starts.*) Bertrand, my dear friend, come to breakfast.

BERT. No, I thank you, I'm not hungry. I want to go into the fields to hear the dicky birds sing. (*going.*)

RED. (*aside—stops him.*) If you dare to stir a step I'll murder you. (*aloud.*) Now do sit down.

BERT. (*aside.*) Oh, my poor nerves! (*aloud.*) I'd rather not. (*aside.*) Oh, those devils of gendarmes.

RED. (*creaks box.*) You fool, sit down. (*aside.*)

BERT. Oh, my poor nerves! (*sits down c.—the Two GENDARMES seat themselves on each side of him—he starts, looks from one to the other, trembles, &c. REDMOND makes his snuff box creak.*)

RED. You must not mind my friend, gentlemen—he stands too much upon ceremony. Come, Mr. Pierre, you must drink with us.

PIERRE. Thank you, sir—I never drink in the morning, but to oblige you I'll take a thimble full. (*fills a large glass and drinks.*) I don't care if I take a small taste of bread and ham. (*cuts a large piece of bread, takes a slice of ham, eats voraciously.*) It is some time since I have seen you, Mr. Loupy.

LOUPY. Why, yes, the country is so quiet; and if it had not been for two rascally thieves, who have escaped from prison—

(*BERTRAND starts and begins to cough violently, the Two GENDARMES think he is choking, and slap him on the back. He*



*endeavours to rise—they force him down—he struggles to get away, dreadfully alarmed.)*

BERT. Oh, my poor nerves! thank you—thank you, gentlemen. A piece of ham went the wrong way.

RED. From what prison have the rascals escaped?

BERT. *(aside.)* Oh, lord! Curse his impudence!

LOUPY. The prison of Lyons.

BERT. We are dished! *(slips down under the table.)*

LOUPY. *(after a pause.)* Hollo! where is your friend?

RED. Bertrand! Bertrand! *(finding he does not appear or answer, he makes his snuff-box creak—BERTRAND puts his head from under the table in front.)* What the devil are you doing there?

BERT. I'm looking for my tooth-pick.

RED. Come out! *(pulling him from under the table, and throwing him into R. H. corner.)*

BERT. Oh, my poor nerves! I couldn't stand it.

RED. And what has become of the rascals?

LOUPY. 'Tis suspected they have taken refuge somewhere in this neighbourhood. *(rising and going forward.)* I wish I could put my hands on them—*(placing his hand on the shoulders of REDMOND and BERTRAND.)* the rascals would find it rather difficult to shake me off.

RED. *(forcing a laugh.)* I should think so! Ha, ha, ha!

BERT. Oh, my poor nerves! *(trying to laugh.)* Ha, ha, ha!  
*(screwing himself from under his arm.)*

LOUPY. Come, gentlemen, we must be going.

RED. Nay, gentlemen, don't go yet. I really cannot part with you so soon.

BERT. *(aside.)* Curse his impudence! he'll persuade them to stay. Oh, you fool! Oh, my poor nerves!

LOUPY. You are very polite, but I must attend to my duty. Pierre, what have I to pay?

PIERRE. Three francs and a half.

LOUPY. *(taking out a purse, and giving him money.)* There! *(to REDMOND.)* Sir, your most obedient. *(returns purse into his coat pocket—REDMOND steals it.)*

RED. Well, if you must go, I suppose you must. Pierre, some wine! One glass at parting.

*(PIERRE fills glasses—LOUPY, REDMOND, BERTRAND, PIERRE, and GENDARMES, stand together and hob and nob—PIERRE and GENDARMES go off, L. C.—REDMOND shakes hands with LOUPY, and bows him off with great ceremony, L. C.)*

BERT. *(after watching them off.)* Tol lol de rol. *(dancing.)* They are off! Tol lol de rol lol!

RED. Well, Bertrand, what do you think of me now? Didn't

I deceive the gendarmes famously! they are fine jolly fellows—capital companions, are they not?

BERT. Capital—but I'd rather have their room than their company.

RED. I tell you what, good friend, it's no use disguising one's opinion—the fact is, you are a downright fool. You have several times been on the very point of betraying us. Now understand me—if you don't alter your conduct, I'll do myself the pleasure of cutting your throat.

BERT. Will you? (*aside.*) I won't give you a chance.

RED. Now then, let us return to our chamber. Call Pierre, and pay the bill.

BERT. Pay the bill! Nonsense, my dear fellow! We have no occasion to do that—we never pay.

RED. Why you unprincipled rascal! would you go away without paying your bill!

BERT. Why not?

RED. A pretty name we should leave behind us. They'd call us swindlers. (*calling.*) Waiter! Pierre! bring our bill.

PIERRE. (*without.*) Immediately, sir.

RED. And don't forget the bread and cheese.

BERT. Yes, don't forget the *ingun*.

REDMOND *pushes him into the room, R. 1 E.—Music.*

*Enter VILLAGERS, L. C. D. with PIERRE.*

PIERRE. You've come rather early friends; but I dare say the bride and the bridegroom are ready to go with you to church.

*Enter CHARLES, CLEMENTINE, and DUMONT, L. H. E., MARIE comes out of her room, and cautiously descends the staircase.*

CHARLES. We only wait for Mr. Germeuil; friends—we are quite ready.

DUMONT. He sleeps rather late this morning. We'll give him a few minutes longer, and then if he doesn't make his appearance we'll wake him.

CHARLES. It must be nearly eight o'clock. I wonder he is not up.

MARIE. No one observes me. Now to escape.

(*she steals round at the back, and is about to exit by the door, L. C., when she is met by LOUPY and GENDARMES, who look inquisitively at her, as she passes—she goes off over the bridge.*)

CHARLES. Ah, Serjeant Loupy, I'm glad to see you. What brings you so far from head-quarters?

LOUPY. I'm in pursuit of two thieves who have escaped from the prison at Lyons. I breakfasted here this morning, and have returned for my purse, which I must have dropped somewhere. Pierre, have you seen it?

PIERRE. No; I saw it in your hand when you paid me, but not since.

LOUPY. Help me to look for it—I daresay it's not far off.

DUMONT. Charles, you had better go up to Germeuil. *(they search)*  
(CHARLES ascends the staircase.) Perhaps he is ill. 'Tis very odd! I thought he was an early riser!

CHARLES. *(listening at Germeuil's door, and trying to open it.)* Ah! I think I hear groans! The door is locked!

DUMONT. Indeed! Pierre, you've the bunch of duplicate keys—give me No. 13.

PIERRE. Yes, sir. *(looking over the bunch.)* It's very odd—it isn't here.

CHARLES. Then I'll break open the door.

(CLEMENTINE runs up the staircase, R.—CHARLES breaks open the door and enters with CLEMENTINE—loud scream heard.)

DUMONT. Gracious powers! what has befallen?

CLEM. *(rushing distractedly down stairs.)* Oh, Mr. Dumont! my poor father is murdered! *(general start of horror.)*

OMNES. Murdered!

CHARLES. *(descending.)* Oh, horrible crime! Mr. Germeuil is covered with wounds, and weltering in his blood.

*(the VILLAGERS go up the staircase and enter the room—*

CLEMENTINE wishes to follow, but is prevented by TWO

WOMEN, in whose arms she faints, and is taken off, L. H.

LOUPY. Dreadful! had he any enemies!

DUMONT. None, I am certain—he lived but to do good.

CHARLES. No doubt he has been the victim of villains, who have robbed him. Here is his empty book, which I found on the ground beside him.

LOUPY. Do you suspect anyone.

DUMONT. No.

PIERRE. But *I* do. I suspect the woman to whom you gave shelter last night.

LOUPY. What, a poor looking person, in a dark dress?

PIERRE. Yes.

LOUPY. I saw her go out just now.

PIERRE. Let her be pursued.

(LOUPY signs to one of the GENDARMES, who exits in pursuit over the bridge.)

I saw her trying to leave the house early this morning. I saw a purse of gold in her possession.

DUMONT. Indeed! there certainly is cause, then, for suspicion.

LOUPY. It is my duty to investigate the business. Place yourself there *(to GENDARME.)* and take down the evidence. *(to PIERRE.)* Was this woman the only stranger who passed the night here?

PIERRE. No, sir; there were two more travellers—those gentlemen with whom you breakfasted.

LOUPY. Let them be called.

PIERRE. Yes, sir. (*crossing to door, R. 1 E.—bawling and knocking.*) Hollo! hollo! gentlemen, you are wanted.

REDMOND (*within*) What's the matter? Who knocks at my door in such a furious manner?

*He enters with BERTRAND, R. 1 E.*

Ah, Mr. Pierre!

PIERRE. The officer of the gendarmes wishes to speak with you.

BERT. (*aside.*) We are discovered! It is all over with us! We are dead and buried! Oh, my poor nerves!

RED. Oh, my esteemed friend and breakfast companion—~~what~~ what is the matter?

LOUPY. A murder has been committed in the house.

BERT. (*aside.*) Oh, my poor nerves! We are settled!

RED. (*pretending to start with astonishment, hits BERTRAND in the face with his hat—aside.*) Be quiet. (*aloud.*) Who is the unfortunate victim?

DUMONT. Mr. Germeuil!

RED. I recollect him well. (*to BERTRAND.*) The old gentleman we saw here last night, with cotton stockings, pepper-and-coat, and parsly-and-butter waistcoat.

LOUPY. Your passports.

RED. Certainly—there is mine. (*giving a paper.*) No, I beg pardon—that is a letter from a little countess—a lovely creature! That is it—no, that's a tailor's bill—that is it.

LOUPY. (*examining passports.*) You are called—

RED. (*bowing.*) Yes.

LOUPY. Your name is—

RED. (*bowing.*) You are perfectly right, it is—

LOUPY. I ask your name.

RED. Henri Frederic Louis de Tour de Main, de la Chateau Margot, de la Tonnerre Saint Redmond.

LOUPY. And your profession?

RED. I am a civilian.

LOUPY. I ask you what is your profession.

RED. I am a professor of Rhetoric and Elocution and Editor of the Royal Gazette of Fashion. (*crossing to R. II.*)

LOUPY. (*crossing to BERTRAND.*) Now, sir, your passport—have you one?

BERT. (*aside.*) Oh, my poor nerves! Now for it! I am melting away like a rushlight!

RED. The gentleman does you the honour to ask for your passport,

BERT. (to LOUPY.) Why I showed it you yesterday.

RED. What does that matter? Isn't the gentleman in the exercise of his functions?

BERT. (*aside.*) Curse his functions! I wish he wouldn't exercise them on me.

RED. He has a right to interrogate you, and—(*pointedly.*) you have no right to answer him.

BERT. There! (*lets a paper fall—aside.*) That's the duplicate of a pair of trousers—that's my other shirt—there it is. (*giving passport.*)

LOUPY. You are called—

BERT. Bertrand.

LOUPY. (*looking over passport.*) And how are you—

BERT. Pretty well, I thank you—how are you?

LOUPY. Psha! I mean how are you described—what is your profession?

BERT. An orphan.

LOUPY. I ask what is your profession?

BERT. I tell you, an orphan. I'm a natural.

RED. (*crossing to LOUPY.*) I beg pardon, but my friend is not in his right senses—he is deranged at times—a little cracked—half an idiot.

LOUPY. He seems so. Your papers are all regular—all correct. (*returning them—GENDARME appears at the back with MARIE—he brings her over the bridge.*)

RED. Then I suppose we may continue our journey.

LOUPY. No, you must not go until the inquest is over. No one must leave the house till then.

BERT. Oh, my poor nerves! we are in for it again!

*Enter GENDARME with MARIE, L. C. in F.*

MARIE. In the name of Heaven, what do you want with me? Why am I brought here?

DUMONT. Approach, unhappy woman, and let us hear if you can exculpate yourself from the dreadful crime of which you are accused.

MARIE. What mean you? Accused! Gracious Heaven! what crime do you lay to my charge?

DUMONT. (C.) Mr. Germeuil has been murdered!

MARIE. (L. C.—*wildly.*) And am I suspected of being his murderess?

DUMONT. You are.

RED. (*aside.*) How fortunate!

MARIE. I am lost! (*covering her face with her hands.*)

DUMONT. What have you to say, wretched woman, in your defence? Do you confess the deed?

MARIE. (*wildly.*) Confess! confess what? that I have deprived a fellow-creature of life? that I am a murderess? 'Tis

beyond belief—'tis too horrible to be real! Recal those cruel words! ah, you are silent—'tis no illusion, then. You *do* accuse me! Oh, sir—good gentlemen, do not let appearances or circumstances condemn me. I swear before heaven I am innocent! You may doubt my words—but look upon me; the truth is written here, on this pallid brow and care-worn cheeks, these streaming eyes, these feeble hands, which now I raise to you in agony of soul, for justice and for mercy. (*frantically kneeling to DUMONT, and grasping his hand.*)

DUMONT. Rise—rise, unfortunate woman! I pity you, but am sorry to say suspicion is strongly against your innocence.

PIERRE. How did you come by that purse you let fall this morning?

MARIE. 'Twas given me by Mr. Germeuil.

DUMONT. Indeed! and for what purpose?

BERT. (R.) Ah, for what purpose?

RED. (R. c., *striking him.*) Hold your tongue!

MARIE. He gave it me in charity, as an earnest of his future bounty.

DUMONT. How much money did the purse contain?

MARIE. Four Louis. I have not touched them—here they are. (*taking out purse.*)

DUMONT. Woman—woman, this last evidence is conclusive. No one would give so large a sum without first being acquainted with the person on whom it was bestowed.

LOUPY. (c.) There can be no doubt of her guilt. Arrest her! (*to GENDARMES.*)

RED. (*aside.*) We are safe!

BERT. Let us be off!

MARIE. Save me! save me! I'm innocent! Do not—oh, do not murder me!

LOUPY. Your name?

MARIE. Marie Beaumont.

DUMONT. (*starting.*) Is that your name

MARIE. Alas! yes, sir.

DUMONT. (*rapidly.*) Have you any children

MARIE. I had a son.

DUMONT. What became of him?

MARIE. I know not. Cruel necessity obliged me to abandon him nineteen years ago, at an inn on the road to Grenoble.

DUMONT. Did you ever live at Grenoble?

MARIE. Yes, sir, many years ago.

DUMONT. You were detained in prison there?

MARIE. Oh, sir, do you know—

DUMONT. You were accused, as you now are?

MARIE. I was, but as I am now, I was innocent. But why these questions—do you know anything of my son? Do not torture me! Tell me, tell me, is he still alive?



DUMONT. He is.

MARIE. Thank heaven! Where is he?

CHARLES. Here, mother, here! (*rushing into her arms.*)

MARIE. Yes, yes, he is my son! my heart knows him!

CHARLES. Mother, dear mother! (*retires up with MARIE.*)

(REDMOND, who, during this scene has become deeply interested, wipes a tear from his eye, takes a pinch of snuff, then relapses into his usual heartless manner, picks up a pocket-handkerchief, which CHARLES drops when he embraces his mother, flourishes it about, and makes his box creak.)

RED. (*to BERTRAND.*) 'Tis my son.

BERT. You have found all your family here.

MARIE. My son! my dear son! (*caressing him.*)

CHARLES. Dear mother, at what a moment do I find you.

MARIE. Be comforted—heaven will not desert me.

LOUPY. Madam, you must follow me.

CHARLES. Ah, sir, she is my mother! do not take her from me! I will answer for her appearance. Let her remain with Mr. Dumont, while we employ every means in our power to find the real murderer—for I am sure she is innocent.

LOUPY. I scarcely dare trust you. (*they go up together, consulting.*)

*Enter BAGUETTE and FUSEE, GENDARMES, D. in F., and give a paper to LOUPY.*

RED. (*advancing with BERTRAND.*) I try to be indifferent and callous, but I still feel my heart beat and yearn to embrace my son. I dare not own him—yet I should like to feel his hand in mine. Ah! this is his handkerchief—I'll return it to him. Here is your pocket-handkerchief, sir, which you let fall just now. (*seizing his hand and squeezing it.*) Charles—I beg your pardon—Mr. Charles, I congratulate you on finding your mother. (*CHARLES goes up.*)

BERT. (*taking REDMOND by the arm.*) Now then, let us be off.

LOUPY. Secure those men.

(*pointing to BERTRAND and REDMOND. The GENDARMES seize them.*)

RED. Secure us, for what?

LOUPY. For having escaped from the prison at Lyons.

RED. And do you see anything in the appearance of me or my respectable friend, to induce you to think that we have ever been contaminated by the atmosphere of a prison?

BERT. And do you see anything in our respectable appearance—

LOUPY. I have here a full description of your persons. One of you travels under the name of Bertrand—

BERT. Oh, my poor nerves! that's me.

LOUPY. And the other under the name of Redmond; but the first is no other than Jacques Strop, and the second Robert Macaire.

MARIE. Macaire! did I hear aright? (*REDMOND'S face is concealed with a black patch, LOUPY pulls it off.*) 'Tis he! 'tis my husband! (*faints.*)

RED. Subterfuge is useless. 'Tis true, I am Robert Macaire.

BERT. And I am Jacques Strop.

LOUPY. Away with them! (*BAGUETTE and FUZEE force BERTRAND off.*)

BERT. Oh, my poor nerves! This is my last kick! (*kicking GENDARMES as he is taken off.*)

RED. Stay a moment. (*to BATON and FLONFLON who are about to take him away.*) I have something to say. Serjeant Loupy. Robert Macaire has lived a bold and fearless man, and such he'll die!

(*with a sudden effort of strength he throws down the two GENDARMES who have hold of him, rushes up the stage, jumps out of the window, runs up the platform, and gains the bridge, waving his hand in defiance.*)

LOUPY. He will escape! fire at him!

(*The GENDARMES fire out of the window*

MARIE. Ah, they have killed him! Unfortunate man, he was doomed to die a desperate death!

(*REDMOND staggers on, supported by GENDARMES, his coat partly off, and blood on his breast; they bring him to the front of the stage.*

MACAIRE. 'Twas too late—yet it was a chance for life! I risked it bravely. He, ha, ha, ha! (*laughing wildly.*) I have foiled you, villains—I shall die like a man, and not by the hand of an executioner. I am growing faint—my senses are leaving me—Marie, Marie! come, come to me—(*she kneels.*) where are you? (*looking at her.*) Can you forgive me? (*she throws her arms round him.*) Thank you, thank you; heaven has avenged you. Ah, while life remains, let me do an act of justice. (*to LOUPY.*) She is innocent of the murder of Mr. Germeuil; 'twas I that did it; you will find upon me the twelve thousand francs. Approach, young man. (*to CHARLES.*) Give me your hand; be kind to your poor mother, and pardon your guilty, inhuman father. (*dies.*)

FLONFLON.

BATON.

LOUPY.

CHARLES.

MACAIRE.

MARIE.

DUMONT.

VILLAGERS.

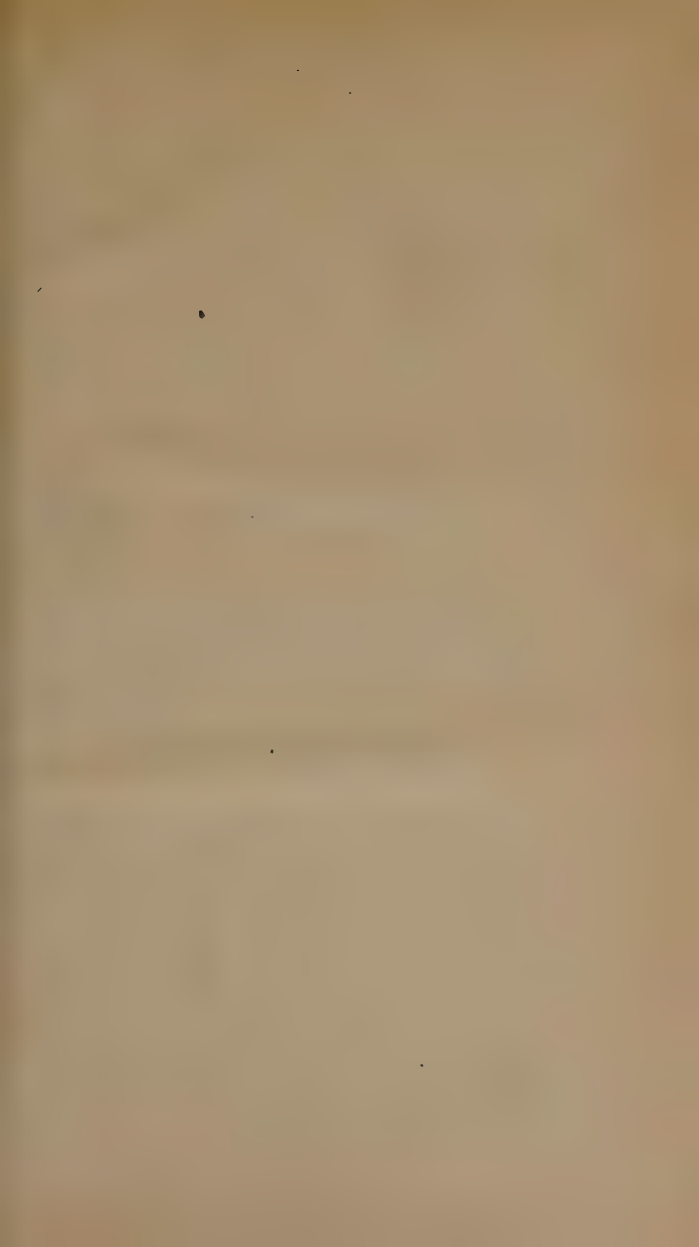
VILLAGERS.

B. H.

C.

L. H.

CURTAIN.



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